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MEMOIRS

RELATIVE TO

MARIA ANTOINETTA,

ARCHDUCHESS OF AUSTRIA,

QUEEN OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE.

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MEMOIRS

OF

MARIA ANTOINETTA,

ARCHDUCHESS OF AUSTRIA,

QUEEN OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE;

INCLUDING

THE MOST IMPORTANT PERIODS OF THE

French Revolution;

FROM ITS ORIGIN TO THE 16TH OF OCTOBER, 1793,

THE DAY OF HER MAJESTY'S MARTYRDOM;

with a

NARRATIVE OF THE TRIAL AND MARTYRDOM OF MADAME ELIZABETH;
THE POISONING OF LOUIS XVII. IN THE TEMPLE;
THE LIBERATION OF MADAME ROYALE, DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XVI;
AND VARIOUS SUBSEQUENT EVENTS.

BY JOSEPH WEBER,

Foster-brother of the unfortunate Queen, formerly employed in the Department of the Finances of France, and now a Pensioner of His Royal Highness the Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen.

Quæque ipse miserrima vidi. VIRG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY MRS. IEVERS.

VOL. III.

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LOUIS ANTOINE DE FRANCE,
DUC D'ANGOULEME. GRAND PRIEUR DE FRANCE.
Ne le 6 d'Aout 1776.

London Published May 1 1803, by Mr Weber, Bath Hotel, Leicester Square.

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CHARLES FERDINAND D'ARTOIS, DUC DE BERRY.

NÉ 24 JANVIER 1778.

MEMOIRS

RELATIVE TO

MARIA-ANTOINETTA,

Archduchess of Austria,

QUEEN OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE.

CHAPTER V.

The Royal Family of France during the Revolution. Second Period. Legislative Assembly. Principal Events from October 1, 1791, to September 20, 1792. Declaration of War with the Emperor. The 20th June, 1792. Federation of the 14th July. Arrival of the Marseillois at Paris. The 10th of August. Imprisonment of the Royal Family. Massacre of 2d September. The Author of these Memoirs imprisoned in the Hôtel la Force. Escapes from the Hands of the Assassins. Election of the National Assembly.

How tortured are my feelings on entering on this part of the history of my Benefactress! How painful and afflicting my task as I advance in the narration of a heart-rending epoch, of a fate so illustrious, yet so unhappy. How pleasing was it to me to retrace those scenes recorded in my first volume! Those days of the happy, cherished and honoured infancy of MARIA-ANTOINETTA! Those delightful and affecting recol-

lections of her talents, graces, and opening virtues!, Those faithful pictures of her brilliant youth, of those intoxicating scenes of homage, enthusiasm, enchantment, worship, and adoration, succeeding one another, and forming, as it were, the links of her destiny, from the period of her birth in the court of Maria Theresa, until seated on the throne of her august consort, amidst the regrets of Austria, the joyful shouts of France, and the prayers and benedictions offered up to heaven on her behalf by the united people of those two great empires. These recollections, then nearer to my thoughts, and to my pen, reanimated my powers at the commencement of this honorable but arduous undertaking! Now every thing discourages, oppresses, and overwhelms me!.....I have already surveyed three years of injustice, of privations, of sacrifices, of insults, and of misfortunes. Yet all these calamities vanish, and are, as it were, effaced from the mind, by those of still greater magnitude, whose terrifying aspect now menaces and appals me, but which my pious efforts compel me to record, though I suffer them again, if I may say so, in the recital.

Alarmed at their own excesses, the National Assembly seemed willing to arrest their course,

repelling with all their force and with their too feeble efforts that monster Republicanism, already too much excited by imprudent clamours, and by the successive annihilation of the rights and supports of the Crown. . . . . they resolved nevertheless to erect the tottering throne of Louis XVI. on that quicksand. The most furious of the Jacobins had already atoned with their heads at the Champ-de-Mars, for their error in mistaking, when they ordered obedience to the laws, the marks of those very men who had found them so docile at the councils of rebellion and of destruction.

The phantom of a constitution was raised beside the throne; but far from supporting, they served only to weaken each other. The new Assembly commenced by outrages on Royalty, that pretended mission of preservation, restoration and confirmation, which had been transmitted to them by their predecessors. Tempests were already secretly forming and murmuring from time to time during the winter, to burst forth in summer with the most dreadful fury.

This part of my work commences on the 1st. of October, 1791, and finishes on the 20th of September, 1792. The first six months of this period appear to have been only the preliminary

to the 10th of August, and the forty days following the prelude to the triple regicide to which they gave birth.

The Constituent Assembly had dragged the King from the throne of his forefathers, which they overturned; and the Legislative Assembly overthrew that constitutional throne on which he had been just placed, with so little precaution by the Constituent Assembly.

M. Bailly had ceded the inspection and administration of the capital to the factious republican Pethion. The commandant of the national guard, fatigued with his long insurrection and ashamed of having been two years the jailor of his sovereigns, had resigned his command and given up his august prisoners to six new national generals.*

Of the members of the National Assembly

* These were the chiefs of battalions whom M. de la Fayette had himself recommended. He preferred dividing this command, and thus diminishing the power of it, rather than have a successor who should have had more authority and more popularity than himself. This base jealousy on his part, compromised the security of the Royal Family; happily these chiefs of battalions were not uncivil people.

who had presided at the formation and at the revision of the constitution, there remained at Paris, only three men, who were the most avaricious and shameless, who ceased not to besiege the palace with their counsels and their demands; in the morning at the door of the treasurer of the civil list, and in the evening, engaged, for the most part, in losing at play, the scandalous product of their intrigues, of their counsels and of their menaces. These were the men who directed for the greater part the choice of the ministers who succeeded each other in crowds, in this short interval. No sooner did Louis XVI. nominate one of his own choosing, than the faction brought an accusation against him: when he took one from among the *bonnets rouges*, these very people accused him. From the first meeting of the Legislative Assembly the conspiracy against the throne clearly evinced itself. Their first act was an attempt to deprive the King of the usual mode of address, *Sire* and *Your Majesty*, and to replace these ancient and sacred titles by the abrupt appellation of *King of the French*; but on the following day the cry of public indignation obliged the Legislative Body to revoke this odious and over-hasty resolution. The King had frequent deputations from the Assembly, bringing him decrees to sanction;

when presenting themselves at court, they studied a negligence of dress highly disrespectful, and often indecent; and addressed the King in language worthy of Billingsgate.*

Parties, however, were equally balanced in the Assembly. It contained a great many worthy men who sincerely wished to make a trial of the new constitution: but unhappily this party had neither the activity, the courage, the foresight, the perseverance, nor the art of the republican party; thus, their inefficacious contest against the latter, served only to augment the list of proscribed Aristocrats and Royalists.

The first promoters of the Republic at this period, were the two legislators, Brissot and Condorcet, and the new Mayor of Paris, Pethion. The disorganizing party which presided at all the insurrections, were likewise directed by three legislators; Chabot, Bazire, and Merlin; and it

* In this general effrontery, the Capuchin Chabot, who had been stripped of his gown, a member of this Assembly, had the audacity one day to complain to the Jacobins, that having arrived at the place some time after the deputation of which he formed a part, in a riding coat, round hat, and boots, the door-keeper of the Council Chamber opened only one fold of the door to him.

is worthy of observation, that in these two first assemblies, the principles set up by a party were almost always propagated, and the revolutionary movements given by a kind of triumvirate.*

This party at times united and separated themselves from a new club which had just been formed in the ancient church of the Cordeliers, and the leaders of which were Danton and Camille Desmoulins, two of the most audacious villains that the Revolution gave birth to; and who, in spite of their violences, and the crimes which they excited, finished at length by evincing themselves to be susceptible of remorse, and capable of forbearance; which caused their ruin. It was at this club that the remains of the Orleans faction sought refuge. With regard to the chief of this faction it would be very difficult to say how far he participated in the revolution-

* Thus had they previously represented and denounced the high aristocracy under the names of Maury, Cazales, and Malouet. The Anglican monarchists were Lally, Bergasse, and Mounier; the constitutionalists, half English, half Americans, were arranged under the colours of Bailly, La Fayette, and Necker; another class of constitutionalists had at their head Lameth, Duport, and Barnave; in fine, the republicans were ranged under the standard of Pethion, Buzot, and Robespierre.

ary movements of this period. His actions and his munificence were at this time unknown, and we should be almost tempted to believe him personally a stranger to the manœuvres of these six months, if one had not seen him so soon after the 10th of August, re-appear triumphant at the head of his faction.

The true Royalists at that time divided into two parties: the one, believed it their duty to remain near the constitutional King, in order to defend, at the risk of their lives, the chief and the individuals of the Royal Family, who were at Paris exposed to the arrows of the factious. The other party, conceived themselves bound by duty, honour and example, to join the army, which the King's brothers were organizing in the ecclesiastical electorates. The nobility of France, even from the most distant provinces, flew to join the Princes. Whatever may have been said, after the event, on the imprudence and the bad combination of those meetings, one must allow that they possessed a gallantry and brilliancy worthy of ancient chivalry; which may serve in all times and under all monarchies as a fine example to adduce, a magnificent historical fact, to cite the formation of fifteen thousand men in a foreign country, bearing the first names in the

kingdom, conducted by four sons of France and three heroes of the House of Condé; believing themselves in the ardour which animated them, capable of overthrowing all the legions of the factions, of the brigands, of the *sans culottes*, and of the rebellious soldiers poured forth by the clubs against them, of taking the King from his prison, of replacing him on the throne of his ancestors, and of recovering for themselves, from thirty millions of men, their rank, their hereditary distinctions, and the property of which they had been stripped on their quitting France. As this formidable cavalry never had the opportunity of acting, it is impossible to say whether they would have succeeded in their noble and daring projects: but the glory which the different legions that were formed from its wreck afterwards obtained, proves that the hopes which they had entertained were not so chimerical as was supposed; and that the sacrifice of their persons, and the heroic relinquishment of their properties which formed three-fourths of all the lands in the kingdom, merited a better fate than they met with in many monarchical states, after the disappointment of their hopes.

The Royalists of the interior with pleasure saw themselves strengthened by the guard which

the Constitution had granted to the King, instead of his body guard. Although this guard consisted only of six hundred men, and care had been taken to oblige the ministry to form it principally of the military who had already given in their respective corps some pledge of their attachment to the Revolution; yet no sooner were they assembled than they evinced the best disposition to defend their Sovereign. The excellent chiefs whom the King had given them in the persons of the Duke de Brissac, their Colonel, and in that of Messrs. D'Hervilly and de Pont-l'Abbé, their Lieutenant-Colonels, inculcated a devotion as perfect as that of the body guards, their predecessors.

Besides, it was sufficient to approach for an instant the persons of the King and Queen, to witness their noble sorrow, their love for their people, the purity of their wishes for the welfare of their subjects in order to be penetrated with the liveliest indignation against their enemies, and to be ready to shed for them the last drop of one's blood.

Unfortunately, this guard were punished for the very first symptoms of fidelity which they manifested. They were hardly formed, when

a decree of the Legislative Body dissolved them. In the number of committees which gave secret counsel to the court, some were composed of members of the Constitutional Assembly; others of ministers retired from office, who had preserved the King's confidence. The respective conferences of all these, their manœuvres and their motions, were more or less known; they were consequently vaguely denounced in the journals, under the general term of the plots of the *Austrian Committee.* It was said that the object of this committee, at the head of which they did not fail to place Maria Antoinetta, was to deliver the patriots and France into the hands of Austria. A letter, by which a former minister was invited, in the name of the Sieur Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, a member of the Constituent Assembly, to join at the house of the Princess de Lamballe, in conferences to unite and combine the different heads of parties, in order to save the constitution, the state, and the King;—this unimportant letter served as a signal for an abrupt and imprudent attack, the re-action of which was terrible. The ex-minister who received this letter, took it into his head, in conjunction with his colleagues, to take advantage of this occasion to put the constitution to the trial, by setting the executive and the ju-

diciary powers in opposition to the legislative power. They calculated, that in opposing two powers to a single one, if they did not annihilate it, at least it would be forced to capitulate. Vain hopes! All the powers lay in the club of Jacobins, who governed the majority of the Legislative Assembly. The attack was commenced by a justice of the peace named Larivière, who afterwards lost his head for the energy of his conduct. He summoned the journalist Carra, to give his proofs that the persons, whom he denounced as members of the Austrian Committee, formed counter-revolutionary projects, and belonged to such committee. The journalist called for the evidence of three members of the Legislative Assembly, from whom he pretended to have received the information which he had published in his journal. These three legislators were precisely the most desperate of the demagogues of the Assembly: Chabot, Basire, and Merlin. They were summoned to appear before the magistrate to give their depositions. The Assembly considered their being summoned as an affront offered to their dignity. Their rage taking fire by degrees, they resolved themselves in a state of permanent sitting for eight days, which was a mode of indicating some great danger to the public. In this space of time, the magistrate was sent to

the High Court, there to be tried as a state criminal, the Constitutional Guard was disbanded, and its virtuous and loyal chief himself sent to the prison at Orleans, which he never left but to receive his death. In fine, the unfortunate Princess de Lamballe, whose name, but for this imprudence, would perhaps never have been brought into question, was from that hour exposed to the denunciations of the enemies of the court, and was at last torn to pieces. Such were the melancholy consequences of a measure which had no reasonable ground, and from which no favourable result could be expected!

Thus were most criminally disbanded the last of the King's Guards, those which had succeeded the sacred battalions of the intrepid defenders of the throne, and which were impressed, in spite of the factions, with that spirit of loyalty which continued to be the sentiment, and, as it were, the very devotion of France! It was like the last rampart of that throne, which seemed now to have no longer a support.

It is not consistent with the plan of these memoirs to enter into a detail of all the events preparatory to the last crimes, by a rapid and systematic degradation of the royal dignity.

The constitutional throne was left to the unfortunate monarch, much less as an honour than as a snare, in which the fury of his enemies had determined to destroy him and his august family. They did not cease labouring for eight months to vilify and shake it, in order to deliver it over at length, on the 10th of August, without protection or support, to the assaults of the most wicked of men, who had flocked from all the extremities of France.

Insult and anguish succeed rapidly. The King and Queen have the grief to behold those dreadful disorders in La Vendée, where loyalty, fidelity and attachment to the throne and to the altar begin to be considered as crimes, and the name even of the monarch himself placed at the head of proclamations, which threaten to punish those virtues now transformed into foul crimes. They see the factious of the first Assembly, who possessed at least *the inefficient glory of talent*, replaced by a majority of men without sense, without morals, without decency, and without education; and who united grossness in their manners with hatred in their hearts. The King and Queen are obliged to blame those whom attachment to their cause has driven far from France in the train of the Princes; in-

surrections multiply arrests, and people the prisons with Royalists; Louis XVI. beholds the possessions of his Royal Brothers confiscated, a price placed upon the heads of his most zealous adherents, and acts passed in his name; he every where sees that religious liberty, proclaimed with so much emphasis and hypocrisy, reduced in practice to the persecution of the priests and of the faithful who remained in communion with Rome; to the most religious of Princes, it is imputed as a crime that he does not banish from his person those whom he prefers as ministers of his religion, and as the depositaries of the secrets of his conscience; the mock prerogative of the *Veto*, that last phantom of monarchical authority, ceases, from the moment that the monarch exercises it, to be any thing more than a proof of his slavery, and of the impotence of those laws which entrust him with the use of it; impeachments without ground, and even without pretext, swallow up in the dungeons of Orleans the unfortunate victims of loyalty, who leave them only to be massacred. The Queen, in the midst of this cruel winter, in which every thing announces the future tempests, ever heroically devoted to her duties, constantly imitates her august consort, and accomplishes with him that magnanimous reso-

lution of removing all excuses, and every pretext for the commission of crimes, by all the precautions of wisdom. She appears once at the opera, in that very box where she had so frequently received the homage and adoration of France; a tribute which she never for a moment had ceased to merit; and, as if her enemies had that day forgotten their arts to corrupt and deprave the public mind, the illustrious Princess again receives those marks of universal love to which she was no longer accustomed, and returns to tell the King, with the most lively emotions of sensibility, "that she was applauded as she had been ten "years before." The Colony of St. Domingo, devastated by the negroes, sends a deputation of its inhabitants to solicit assistance from the King; they wait on MARIA-ANTOINETTA, and their President addresses her in these few remarkable words, "Madam, under great calamity we re-"quire a great example; we come to seek that "of courage from your Majesty."

Now suddenly the howl of fury arises from all parts to force the Royal sanction in favor of two laws of blood: the one against the emigrants and priests; the other for collecting twenty thousand banditti, whom the faction are de-

termined to have encamped at hand near Paris, in order to intimidate, to corrupt, or even to combat the national guard, who evinced an excellent spirit. It is resolved to make Louis XVI. the executioner of his servants, of his most faithful defenders: but in his invincible resistance is again found the religious heroism of the worthy son of St. Louis.

The very council of the Monarch is polluted by the presence of ministers chosen from amongst the brigands; and who, after having insulted his goodness, and fatigued his patience, leave it only to denounce him to villains by every calumnious report, and to present him to the poniards of assassins. The insipid and injurious nickname of *Veto* is reiterated with increased inveteracy in the journals, written on the walls, and repeated under the Queen's windows; infamous slaves are brought from the galleys, carried in triumph through the streets of Paris, and admitted to the honours of the sitting with the Legislative Body; a horrible massacre is committed at Avignon, the bodies of the victims are thrown into, and shut up in an ice-house. Yet the voice of their blood piercing the vault, calls aloud to the assembly for vengeance; but, who will be-

lieve it!—The Assembly not only pardon the assassins, but likewise invite them to Paris, receive them into their bosom, and call them the *Providence of the South.* Louis XVI. is obliged to declare war against the blood of his brother-in-law, the august son of the wise Leopold!—MARIA ANTOINETTA has the sorrow to learn, almost in one month, the death of her brother: that of Maria Louisa, who falling an illustrious victim to conjugal love, soon followed her husband to the tomb; the declaration of war against her nephew; and the assassination of that Hero of the North,* who promised to be her Knight, and who perished the victim of a regicide, at the very moment he was preparing to avenge the cause of Kings.*

The furies have shaken their torches, and we are about to behold the dreadful 20th of June. To represent that day more clearly, I shall resume the subject, and describe the circumstances which led to it.

* The Emperor died the beginning of March, 1792; the 29th of the same month, Gustavus III. was assassinated by Ankarstroom. On the 20th April war was declared against the King of Hungary and Bohemia; and some months after died the Empress Maria Louisa, Dowager of Leopold.

Insurrection of the 20th June, 1792.

To avoid wounding the feelings of my readers, I shall not notice the libels and caricatures, which the Jacobins and their creatures showered at this period on the Royal Family. Decency likewise commands me to pass by in silence, the declamations of their orators, in all the public places, to exasperate more and more, the populace against the Court. I shall confine myself to an exposure of the means they employed to give birth to another insurrection, that might lead to the object which they had in view from the commencement of the Revolution, the massacre of the Royal Family in a public commotion.

The National Assembly, the Jacobins, and the Municipality in concert, published in the democratical journals various letters, asserting, and endeavouring to persuade all the foreign powers, that the King, under the new Constitution, enjoyed perfect liberty.

Louis XVI., not to expose his family and deserving men to new outrages, was compelled to sign the proclamation which was presented to him relative to this pretended liberty. Every line of this declaration was contrary to the fact.

His Majesty was also constrained to sanction the decree which commanded the ecclesiastics to take an oath contrary to the discipline and laws of the church, or to quit the kingdom.

The King had objected for a considerable time, but in order to determine him, the Jacobins had recourse to their usual means, met under the windows of the Palace of the Thuilleries. There the hirelings came and cried aloud: "That "they would commit every excess against the "Priests, if the King refused any longer to "sign the decree on the civil constitution of the "clergy;" adding, "that the Court would "never be secure, until the refractory Priests "were banished."

Less affected by the insults and menaces of an uncontrouled populace, than alarmed at the danger of exposing the clergy to a general massacre, the King sanctioned the decree; with the exception of those ecclesiastics necessary for the offices of instruction and divine worship in the Royal household.

This act of piety and justice was considered in his Majesty as a crime; and the satellites of the faction by their proceedings obliged Louis XVI. to banish also the clergy attached to the Court.

The evident intention of the factious was to efface every sentiment of religion, of obedience, and of respect, from the minds of the people, and to lead them on to the murder of the Royal Family, the sole end and aim of all their atrocities.

Not satisfied with their first triumphs, or rather emboldened by the facility with which they succeeded in their enterprises, the Jacobins compelled his Majesty to declare war against the Emperor.

In faultering accents, and not without tears, did this good Prince demonstrate the injustice and impolicy of this war. In vain he represented to them its fatal effects to the people, whom he still loved in spite of their errors; he was obliged to comply and sign, because the Jacobins had so resolved. They had had the precaution to place their creatures * in the ministerial employments, to deprive the King of all resource; and this unfortunate Monarch was compelled, some time after, to sanction a decree of proscription against the emigrants, and against his own brothers.

* Roland, Servan, and Clavières. The last signalized his entrance on the office of Minister of Finance, by the dismission of the Governors-general of the Posts, and of every one whom he thought attached to the Royal Family.

Let the reader imagine the grief of this Prince, an honest man, a fond husband, a tender father, an affectionate relation, an excellent friend, when he found himself constrained to sign the decree, which punished with death his own brothers, and all those faithful subjects, who had abandoned their families and their fortunes for the purpose only of breaking his fetters!

The war having commenced at this period, no more remained for the Sovereign, but to approve the resolutions of his ministers, who alone were responsible according to the laws of the constitution.

Notwithstanding all these sacrifices, the Jacobins continued to declaim against him; they accused him of holding intelligence with Foreign powers; and every time the French army sustained any check, they made every effort to prove that the King betrayed his country: he who could not articulate a phrase, or write a line, that was not known and published.

Such was the incessant conduct of the Jacobins to stifle every sentiment of respect and of attachment in the hearts of those subjects who had continued faithful. By this management they com-

pleted the corruption of the people, who had, till then, avoided any violence against the King and his family; but who, at length, rendered furious by their infernal machinations, abandoned themselves to the perpetration of the greatest crimes.

Once secure of the multitude, the Jacobin Club no longer made a mystery of their infamous views; and, in their frenzy, they openly declared that they would employ every means imaginable to dethrone, assassinate, or poison all kings, and Louis XVI. was marked out as the first victim.

An innumerable multitude of both sexes, and of all ages, armed with pikes and guns, of which the greater part came from the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, proceeded to the National Assembly, exclaiming—"The country is in danger! The "King has refused to sanction the transportation "of the non-juring priests, and the camp of "twenty thousand men around Paris. Blood "must be shed!"

The National Assembly, the majority of whom were confederates of the Jacobins, sent, by way of form, an order to the Mayor to take those measures

which circumstances required. They knew that on that day a national festival was celebrated designedly at Versailles, in order to furnish a pretence for the absence of Pethion; and that, consequently, he could not be at the Fauxbourgs. They made no other effort to stop the progress of the seditious, who having placed Santerre at their head, marched forward, declaring, on their leaving the Riding-house, that they were going to attack the King's asylum.

The National Guards, aware of their project, had taken the precaution to fasten the gates of the palace courts; aud the King, knowing that the horde had an aversion to the servants of the Royal Family, who had assembled to share their dangers, ordered them to retire. He caused them to be conducted, six at a time, to all the gates, by the door-keepers of his chamber, with orders to the porters to let them pass.

Meanwhile the mob, which had been increased in its march with brigands from every quarter of the city, advanced towards the Thuilleries, preceded by a deputation with tri-coloured scarfs, hoping to get those gates opened by artifice which they feared being able to effect by force.

No sooner were the gates opened than the factious rushed at once into the courts, up the stairs, and into the apartments: the guard-room was invested; the assassins fell upon the inner door, which the footmen had bolted, and all, even to the King's antichamber, were broken open with hatchets or pikes, and the Royal Family would certainly have been lost but for the admirable presence of mind of Acloque, commandant of a battalion of the Fauxbourg St. Marceau, of Joly and Canolle, cannoniers of the National Guards of the section of the *Filles St. Thomas*, and particularly of the brave grenadiers of that section, who, having suspected the intentions of the assassins, had had the precaution to remain in that room.

Marechal de Mouchy, Septeuil, the King's first valet-de-chambre, receiver general of the finances, and treasurer of the civil list, and Gentil, first keeper of the King's and Dauphin's wardrobe, having informed his Majesty of what was going forward in the antichamber, the King instantly went into that room, where there were some officers and grenadiers of the *Filles St. Thomas*.

With a heart unagitated, the blessing of an

irreproachable life, the Monarch, on entering, saw a pannel of the door forced by the blow of a pike, which had nearly wounded him. Seeing another pannel fall at his feet from the strokes of the hatchets, he calmly ordered the doors to be opened, and went forward to meet the rebels, saying,—" *What do you want with me? I am* " *your King.*"

The sudden appearance of the Divinity, surrounded with thunder and lightning, could not have produced a more striking impression upon this troop of brigands than did the presence of the Monarch, without guards, alone, and unprotected.

Those men, though armed, appeared petrified; many recoiled with astonishment, and a profound silence reigned for some time; so much were they awed by the virtue and serenity of the King!

Some moments after, the tumult commenced, and from all sides were heard the cries of

" The Sanction, or Death!"

" The Camp around Paris!"

" Banish the Priests; Banish the Aristocrats!"

At this instant a villain in the uniform of the

paid National Guard of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, was seen advancing to bayonet the King; but Joly, guided by Providence, fell like lightning on this demon and threw him to the ground; at the same instant another raised his pike to pierce Louis, but Canolle, already mentioned, had the felicity to ward off the mortal blow.

At length the brave Acloque, and the grenadiers of the section of the *Filles St. Thomas*, rapidly seized a moment to surround the Monarch, and to remove him to some distance from the assailants.

They conjured him to get upon a low seat near a window, and having placed a very large table before him, they formed themselves round it, three deep, to avoid by that distance the attempts of the pikemen.

Marechal de Mouchy remained continually behind the King, to protect him from the dangers which menaced him from the court.

A grenadier of the *Filles St. Thomas*, after his Majesty was disengaged from the assassins, in the fulness of his heart addressed him: "Sire, fear "nothing, we are here to defend you; and we

" will all perish rather than suffer any one to " come near you:" and in the warmth of his zeal he added: " do not be afraid."

The King immediately replied: " A man of " irreproachable conduct feels neither remorse " nor fear;" and taking the grenadier's hand, which he laid upon his heart, the virtuous monarch added, with inconceivable serenity: " touch this heart, brave grenadier, and judge " whether it beats more strongly than usual!"

Other grenadiers perceiving Madame Elizabeth, drew up to let her approach. This Princess, shedding a torrent of tears, supplicated assistance from every body who appeared to her well disposed, not for herself but for the King. Coming up to him she clasped him in her arms, and sobbing assured him, " that she would " not survive him an instant." But the vile populace, excited by their commandant Santerre, paid no attention to the profound sorrow of this Princess, and insulted her without remorse, believing her to be the Queen.

At this moment a ruffian attempted to strike her, exclaiming: " *Here is the Austrian we must* " *kill.*" An officer of the National Guard imme-

diately called her by her name. " Why," said Madame Elizabeth, " not let them continue " to think me the Queen ? it might perhaps pre- " vent a greater crime."

What a situation for affectionate and faithful servants ! they beheld, without daring to defend him, lest they should expose to greater dangers their Sovereign, the most worthy of men, the object of the rage of the basest and most abandoned of the human race, and his august sister, equally exposed to the fury of those madmen ! Zeal urged them to repulse this raging multitude ; affection restrained them, lest they should exasperate them the more !

My courage will scarcely support me through this melancholy recital :—the rebels filled up the measure of their outrages by forcing Louis XVI. to place the Jacobin cap on his head, which they presented to him on the end of a pike.

During this time, the daughter of Maria Theresa did not experience less painful moments, but without the tender precautions of the King, and the assistance of the grenadiers of the *Filles St. Thomas*, she would have fallen the victim of that

unbridled populace who were calling for her head with a thousand imprecations.

Trembling for her husband's safety she at first attempted to go to him; but the communication was intercepted by the factious. The Queen then shut herself up with the Princess de Lamballe, the Duchess de Luyne, and the Duke de Ch[illegible], who remained with her in the Dauphin's chamber, and did not quit her until these dreadful scenes were over.

Aubier * and Pannelier † being at this time with her Majesty, conjured her not to expose herself uselessly to certain death, as she could not

* Aubier de la Montille, a gentleman of the King's household, highly esteemed by their Majesties, a native of Clermont in Auvergne. This province furnished the Princes' army with a throng of every description of military men, and among the rest with more than three hundred gentlemen mounted, armed, and equipped at their own expence, who made the campaign of 1792.

† The keeper of the forest of Compiègne; his uniform of the National Guard of this city caused him to be respected by the brigands: he had the happiness, in these critical moments, to bring information to the Queen, and to render her, as well as the Dauphin, various services.

cross the rooms but through the midst of assassins.

In spite of these reasons the Queen persisted. "What have I to fear," said she, "the being "killed? It is as well to-day as to-morrow! What "can they do more? Let me go to the King, "that is my place, my duty calls me there; and "if I must perish, let it be at his side: it is at "his feet I would expire!" But at that instant she was surrounded by the grenadiers of the *Filles St. Thomas*, whom the King had sent to her and her children's succour.

While these scenes were passing, a party of the seditious, dissatisfied at having sought in vain for their victims, went into every corner of the apartments of the palace in search of the Queen.

Not being able to find her, and not knowing that her Majesty occupied the ground floor, they went to the Dauphin's apartment, which they broke open with a hatchet, expecting to find his august mother there.

In the interval she had retired with her children, under the escort of the grenadiers, into the King's apartment, where the brigands obliged her

also to receive the national cockade, which was presented to her by the fishwomen.

How magnanimous was MARIA-ANTOINETTA at this moment of horror! Although oppressed with grief, the greatness of her mind enabled her to speak with calmness to all who surrounded her, to think only of her children, to be interested only for her husband and Madame Elizabeth; that angel* whom heaven had bestowed on them to console them in their extreme misfortunes.

Amongst a multitude of magnanimous traits which will reflect eternal honor on the Queen, I must not pass over in silence the following, as it pourtrays the soul of that Princess.

After the Queen had miraculously escaped the dangers with which she and the King had been this day surrounded, the officers of the battalion of the *Filles St. Thomas*, who had suspected and prevented the design of the conspirators, were so exasperated against them that they resolved to put to death Santerre, the acknowledged chief of

* In the utmost alarms she turned her eyes secretly towards heaven, and clasping and wringing her hands, indignation and despair never extorted from her soul any other expression but those of, "*Divine goodness! Divine goodness!*"

the assassins, whom the hope of perpetrating his crime still retained in the apartment: one of the officers was going to run him through with his sword, when the Queen, who perceived his intention, stopped him, and requested him to spare him. This greatness of soul so affected the persons present, that many of them shed tears.

As to Santerre, more mortified than softened by her magnanimity, he so far forgot himself, that conceiving himself alone, though amidst so many spectators, he cried out, with marks of despair, "*The blow has failed!*"—and instantly the villain disappeared.

After the departure of the brigands, tranquillity was in some degree established in the palace. The Royal Family were again surrounded by some faithful servants, who for want of the uniform of the National Guard, had not dared to approach their Majesties, without the certainty of exposing them, and of being themselves needlessly massacred.

In the morning, the King, as I have already said, had sent away his servants. The Count de Valence, the Chevalier de Vieuvigne, the Queen's *Ecuyers-de-main*, and myself, were the only persons who had the honor to attend on their Ma-

jesties at the time they were going to sit down to dinner, an hour before the invasion of the palace.* We afterwards went to spend the afternoon with the Queen's first *femme-de-chambre*, who lodged on the ground floor next to her Majesty's apartment, in order to be at hand in case of any event; but we were obliged to remain shut up with all the ladies belonging to the Queen and *Madame*, the King's daughter, till nine o'clock at night, without being able to wait on the King and Queen, as the brigands had levelled two pieces of cannon at our windows, and one at the entrance door; the other

* A chief of division of the National Guard came at that time into the room where their Majesties were: perceiving his embarrassment at not finding more than three persons in the dining-room, I approached him as he was retiring, to prevail on him to remain, assuring him that his presence could not but be agreeable to the King. He stopped to assure me how sensible he was of their Majesties' goodness. The Queen, judging by my motion that it was my intention to make him stay, and every moment expecting some irruption in the palace, spoke for an instant with the King, then, both advancing, said to the officer, in our presence: "Sir, we "are told there is some idea of a commotion; what is the rea- "son of it? The King has approved of the constitution and "wishes only to follow it. You appear to be well-disposed; "make our sentiments known to the multitude, and endea- "vour if you can to prevent further calamities."

doors were bolted: the demons roared from all parts, "that the servants should be put to the "sword."

Madame Campan* and the two waiting women† could not for the same reasons, attend upon the Queen till nine o'clock at night.

The National Assembly, to insinuate that this violation of the King's asylum was not their act, sent at ten o'clock at night a deputation, to ascertain the damages and thefts committed in the palace.

The next day, a general cry of indignation was raised against these wicked attempts. The journalists who defended the King's cause§ extolled to the skies the bravery and good conduct of the grenadiers of the section of the *Filles St.*

* First *femme-de-chambre* to the Queen, in reversion after the Baroness de Misery.

† Mesdames Terrasse and d'Arcambal.

§ Peltier, editor of the *Correspondence Politique*, in the pamphlet entitled, *Le Cri de la Douleur.*
Durozzi, author of *La Gazette de Paris.*
The editors of the paper called *l'Ami du Roi.*

Thomas. The attendants, as well as all those who were devoted to the Royal Family, now regretted that they had not sooner taken the uniform of the National Guard, and all those who had access to their Majesties immediately assumed that dress.

In less than eight days, those who were in the service, as well as all the gentlemen who had before been in the King's Guard, caused themselves to be inscribed in their sections. They congratulated themselves in having now no obstacle to fear from the National Guard, and of being able to be usefully employed at the palace, if any new storm should burst over the Royal Family.

I lived by chance in the section of the *Filles St. Thomas*: the unfortunate event of the 20th June had given to that section a great reputation for loyalty; I hastened to be inscribed amongst them; I was admitted into the hall of the Royal Lottery, and was generally applauded.

The recitals which I daily made of the dispositions of the King, Queen, and their august family, the anecdotes which I had it in my power

to collect, and which I related to them, electrified my comrades, already full of zeal and devotion to such a degree, that the grenadiers of the *Filles St. Thomas* were always the first to present themselves for the patroles and reinforcements wanted in the environs of the Thuilleries, in the apartments, and in the courts of the palace.

The King and Queen knowing that the grenadiers of this battalion were composed but of sixty men, learned with satisfaction, that this number was tripled; and beheld with joy, about eight days after, on going to mass, four knights of the order of St. Louis in the ranks as privates.

I find among my notes a narrative of the events of this day, written by another eye-witness: I think it incumbent upon me to add it to that which I drew up myself, from my own observations. This narrative is extracted from a letter, written by a member of the States General. It contains several unknown facts, which it will be interesting to learn.

....." For some days a considerable commotion, evidently the effect of a conspiracy, presaged that the factious were about striking a great blow. The terror of the Jaco-

bins excited them to fury and despair. The expulsion of the three ministers who were their favourites, the letter of the execrable Roland, which was an incitement to the murder of the King, sent to all the departments; that of M. de la Fayette, which had arrived in the interval, and to which more importance was attached than it unfortunately possessed; the avowal of the King's determination not to sanction the two decrees on the transportation of the priests, and the camp of twenty thousand men; the dismissal of Dumourier—all combined to bring the Throne and Republicanism to issue, and force them to a contest. I came to Paris on the 19th: I went to the Thuilleries, and I mixed in the groups. The letter of M. de la Fayette had just been read in the Assembly. I heard it said on one side, "*he is become a fool;*" on the other, "*he's a traitor;*" here, "*he is coming with his army,*" and I added softly, God grant it!—there, "*he is going to set out to Coblentz.*" Some women cried aloud, "*he has violated the rights of men;*" some men answered, "*he dictates to the Assembly.*" The majority, however, pretended that the letter was not his; that it was necessary to find the author and to treat him as he deserved. The King then became the subject. I heard it said of this Prince, who is so upright, so humane, that

he was a *scoundrel*, a *robber*, an *assassin*. It is not possible to repeat the outrages uttered from all parts against the Queen. To insults, menaces succeeded; "We must," they said, "create another executive power. It is necessary to make "a terrible example of him, who, having been "appointed to it by the liberality of the Nation, "has so grossly abused it." The Wednesday following was announced as the decisive day, when the Fauxbourg St. Antoine and the Fauxbourg St. Marceau would call *this man and woman to account*. Such was the state of affairs on Monday evening.

"On Tuesday symptoms multiplied and wore a still more aggravated character. The King hastened to send his *veto* on the two decrees, that it might be ready for the next day. A party of the battalion of St. Marceau went in quest of their chief, the comedian St. Prix, and required him to march at their head with arms and cannon, to meet the citizens whom the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, commanded by Santerre, were also to meet the next day, to proceed in a body, to petition the King and the National Assembly. St. Prix replied that he would not march until ordered; that the law prohibited armed assemblies, and that as to the cannon

he should lie upon them, wrapt up in the colours, and there wait till they shot him.

" On this same day there was a grand dinner at an inn, called *Le Jardin Royal.* It consisted of from four to five hundred covers: the principal guests were Condorcet, Brissot, Gensonné, and the three popular dismissed ministers. Here the *sans-culottes* received bread, meat, wine, money, and instructions for the next day. They went from dinner to the evening sitting of the Assembly.

" A secretary read a letter, written by the Marseillois army, to the Legislators. The following are some extracts from it: " *The men of the South* " *are armed for liberty..... The day of the* " *people's anger is arrived..... The people are* " *weary of parrying blows, they will now return* " *them..... to employ the popular power.* " *..... no more quarter..... let us be au-* " *thorized by a decree to march towards the capital* " *..... the people are determined to put an* " *end to the revolution..... ought you, can* " *you prevent them?.....* " Here followed approbation, furious applauses, ineffectual resistance, from the *Côté Droit,* a decree ordering it to be printed, honorable mention made of it, and it was sent to the eighty-three departments.

The *Côté Droit* took the barren revenge of bestowing similar applause on a wise and strong resolution, by which the Directory of the Department warned the citizens of the plan formed by the factious to renew their wicked attempts, and enjoined the Mayor, the Municipality, the Commandant General, *to take, without delay, every measure in their power to prevent illegal assemblies, and to make such dispositions of the public force, as were necessary to restrain and subdue the disturbers of the public peace.*

" Yesterday morning, Wednesday 20th June, this resolution was posted up every where at the break of day; but the infamous Pethion and the imbecile Romainvilliers took no precaution to execute it. The people laughed at the Department, and the two Fauxbourgs commenced their march. The Assembly had opened their sitting by a pantomimic ballad, which the young people of both sexes, belonging to St. Dennis, in groups *fleuris* and *jolis*, according to the expression of a speaker, were come to dance before the Legislators. The flowered group were invited to the honor of sitting. The Directory of the Department arrived soon after. Rœderer announced in the name of all his colleagues, that the law was violated, that the constituted au-

thorities were despised, that a mob of armed people had assembled, and that they were then marching towards the Assembly and the Palace, intending to support a petition by force of arms. The Directory required that the law should remain sacred, and that the Assembly should not admit into their presence rebellious citizens. A debate took place: M. Vergniaud exclaimed, that they had insulted the people by attributing to them evil intentions; " it was true a law " forbad the exposal of arms in the sanctuary of " the Legislature, but the Assembly had so " often counteracted this law *by infringements* " *no doubt very excusable*, that they might very " well infringe them once more." Commissioners of Police sent word that they could not restrain the mob, who were armed on the Boulevard de l'Hôpital. A letter was delivered from Santerre. The inhabitants of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, who were this day celebrating the anniversary of the oath, taken at the Tennis Court, asked leave to march through the hall before the Assembly. M. Ramond moved that they should be required to lay down their arms at the door before they entered. The President announced that the whole number of these people amounted to only eight thousand men who demanded entrance. M. Calvet proposed to break

up the sitting: M. Ramond insisted on disarming them. It was put to the vote whether they should enter or not. A door-keeper opened the bar and they came in. Some members called out against it, when the door-keeper said he thought the decree had passed. It was passed in presence of the petitioners, and decreed that they should be admitted after they had come in. "*The people* "*are ready to avenge themselves,*" said their speaker, "*and if the King swerve from the Con-* "*stitution, he is no longer King.*" They filed off from eleven to half past four, men, women, labourers, and beggars, their faces blackened with charcoal to render them the more hideous, some half drunk, others half naked. Their arms were pikes, pitchforks, scythes, spits, pincers, hooks, clubs, and guillotines; their colours were old rags, bloody dish-cloths, and breeches (excepting some of the National Guard who were mixed amongst them and had their guns and colours). Fifes, drums, songs, shouts, howls, constant applauses of the Assembly and of the galleries, formed a concert worthy of this sitting and of this infernal theatre. In fine, M. Santerre finished, by offering the Assembly, in the name of the two united Fauxbourgs, a standard of colours: the Assembly accepted it, and the President requested these gentlemen to respect the law in their

pleasures. So much for the Assembly; let us proceed to the Palace.

" At eleven o'clock the King ordered the Thuilleries to be shut up; at half past twelve, orders, as from the King, were brought to M. Champcenetz to open the gates. He knew not the bearer of this pretended order, and not conceiving the slightest distrust, commanded the gates to be opened. Between one and two o'clock I passed by the *Place de Louis XV.* I saw very few people there. The *Pont Tournant* was occupied by a strong detachment of the National Guard; some cannons levelled, a battalion of troops of the line drawn up near the statue, and I thought all was tranquil. Returning by the quay, I observed the gate opposite the *Pont Royal* open; and every body going in, I alighted from my carriage and mixed in the crowd; never doubting but that amongst them there were many worthy people, ready to throw themselves in the palace to defend the King, should he be in danger; and, in fact, I found a great many. I was informed that the King had begged all those who were with him to retire, not wishing, he said, to renew the scenes of the 28th February. I asked several how many there were; and was informed from six to seven

hundred. The banditti consisted of forty thousand! On entering the garden all idea of danger vanished from my mind.

" The National Guards, three deep, the two last rows with fixed bayonets, lined the terrace, from the gate of the *Pont Royal* to that opposite St. Roch. The banditti filed off quietly enough. A few groups stopped, from time to time, under the windows of the royal apartments, tossing their arms, and crying, " *Down with the Veto, Vive* " *la Nation!*" I heard one of these, whose arms were the most terrific, and whose good physiognomy formed a singular contrast with his ferocious costume, say, on seeing the King's windows shut, " *But why does he not shew him-* " *self? What does he fear, poor, dear man? We* " *shall do him no harm.*" I heard this phrase often repeated. " *He is deceived:*" another answered, " *Why then does he rather believe six men, than se-* " *ven hundred and forty five? They have given him* " *a Veto and he does not know how to use it!*" An enormous machine, divided like the tables of the law of Moses, and on which were written, in letters of gold, the declaration of the Rights of Man, was the grand standard of the procession. Beside women who carried sabres and spits, were seen men bearing olive branches. The *bonnets rouges*

were innumerable; and to each gun and pike was suspended a streamer bearing this inscription, *The Constitution or Death.* Thus each bore his condemnation over his own head! In fine, having roved about from two o'clock till four; and having seen only some wicked fellows standing alone who did not appear to be alarming, and a body of men forming a disgusting and ridiculous procession, I thought I might go and dine at the Luxembourg, proposing to return in the evening, solely from curiosity, and without any of those ideas which urged me to come down in the morning. I dined with a member of the National Assembly, a good man, who thought, with myself, the day was concluded, when we were informed that the chosen band of the Fauxbourgs had gone round the Thuilleries, presented themselves at the side of the *Carrousel*, and had forced the gate and the Palace. I ran to the Thuilleries, where the following occurrences had taken place. On the garden side order had not been disturbed. On the side of the court the municipal officers had stationed twenty-three excellent National Guards, who alone had kept back the whole column, to let those whom these gentlemen called *petitioners* pass. Then all the banditti, enraged, rushing into the Palace, had seized on a part of the can-

non belonging to the National Guard, and levelled them, as well as those which they had brought with them, against the Palace. The National Guard, half of whom were disaffected, were so placed, that had they fired, they must have killed one another; and, besides, having received no requisition from the Magistrates, nor order from the Commandant, they remained merely spectators. The grenadiers, weeping over their loaded guns, which they dared not fire; others indifferent; several, and far too many, encouraged and shook hands with the rabble. When arrived at the door of the apartment, an universal cry resounded from all parts of, "*Let us* "*break in! Let us break in! Let us break in!*" The first blow was given by a National Guard on duty: a grenadier prevented the second, saying to him, "*Wretch, you dishonor the coat you wear!*" A cannon, dismounted from its carriage, had been dragged up by main force into the guard room. The King, after having examined from the apartment of his first *Valet de Chambre*, M. de Septeuil, what was passing in the courts, and hearing the repeated blows that were given to the door of the Œil de Bœuf, had torn himself from the Queen, advanced towards the door, accompanied by Marshal de Mouchy, and said, "*I am* "*going to them; here, four grenadiers, open the*

door." Having opened, a blow of a bayonet directed to the door to force it was near striking the King, but was turned of by a grenadier. The worthy Acloque placed himself before the King, crying to them: "*Respect your Sovereign, you shall not reach him but through my body.*" Another grenadier said to the National Guard who had given the first blow to the door, and who in entering was going to curse the King; "*Wretch, cry Vive le Roi!*" and he cried "*Vive le Roi!*" This cry was repeated by the banditti, whose first feelings on seeing the King were those of surprize and confusion. The Marshal de Mouchy, Acloque, and the four grenadiers, had drawn the King into the recess of the third window, that he might not be surrounded there. He stood raised upon a step and asked them what they required; at last a man, named Le Gendre, furiously advanced amidst a group of assassins and offered him the *bonnet rouge;* another presented some drink to him. The King drank and accepted of the *bonnet rouge.* To this horrible pitch had matters arrived, when I entered the Thuilleries. The middle iron gate was shut. A deputation from the assembly were in the King's apartment, several deputies were there of their own accord. Dumas ran to inform the assembly that *the King was in the utmost danger; insulted and threatened,*

he could neither make himself heard or give any orders; I saw him degraded with a woollen red cap on his head. Many exclaimed: "*Well! what then?*" M. Thuriot desired those might be called to order who had insulted the people. Isnard and Vergniaud cried in the apartments, "*Respect our Constitutional King; "trust in the National Assembly.*"

"The people cried to the King: *Vive la Nation!* and the King answered *Vive la Nation!* But when they required of him a repeal of his *Veto*, and the return of the three dismissed ministers, he reminded the people of the constitution, professed an inviolable attachment to it, and invariably answered, that nothing should prevent his using for the benefit of the nation, the power which it had intrusted to him. The deputation went up to the King and proposed to him to go with them to a room, where the concourse was not so great, and he accompanied them. From this time the danger had in a great measure decreased. Every half hour the deputations relieved each other near his person. I saw four of them enter. Pethion came to enjoy his triumph. Applauded in the Courts, he told these deluded men, *that he had only done his duty; and that he was very sensible of their friendship.*

When come to the King he meant to harangue him, which occasioned a kind of tumult.

" A National Guard then desired this unfortunate Monarch to fear nothing and to be tranquil. " *Tranquil !* " replied the King, " *I am so; when* " *one possesses a clear conscience there is nothing to* " *fear.*" And taking the hand of the nearest grenadier, he placed it on his heart and said, " *feel, my* " *friend, whether it beats more quickly than usual,* " *and say if I be tranquil.*" This had a wonderful effect. The Brigands were struck by it: the Assembly highly applauded it when reported to them by the second deputation. With the assistance of Santerre, whose protection it had been found necessary to request, the crowd was at length turned out of the Palace.

" When the King advanced to open the doors, Madame Elizabeth, the only one of his family who had followed him, remained the whole time in the recess of the first window; less afraid perhaps than the others of this scene, because the King appeared to her a martyr. The tygers were softened, in spite of themselves, on beholding her, and their rage a little abated before they reached the King. As for the Queen, seven or eight persons, amongst whom were the Vi-

comte de Monteil and the Duke de Choiseul, had surrounded her, and notwithstanding her cries, had forced her into the council chamber. The table was placed across. Some of the National Guards formed a horse-shoe from the two extremities of this table to the two doors. The Queen was at the other end of the table with her ladies and some domestics; not seeing her son, she enquired for him. A femme-de-chambre running in, cried that *the Dauphin was carried off.* The Queen fainted. Another woman brought in her son with the man who had defended him. "*Here,* "*Madame,*" said she, "*is the man to whom you* "*are indebted for your son's safety.*" The Queen expressed the most lively acknowledgements. The Brigands filed off by the council-chamber. They threw in a red cap for the Dauphin. They desired him to be placed on the table, where he remained half an hour; becoming familiar with this sight he at length laughed as he held up the vile red cap. The Queen displayed a highly dignified deportment, by which some were affected, and to which others remained insensible. Here they cried *Vive la Reine!* there they uttered horrid reproaches. The Deputies of the Assembly who were near her, left the room penetrated with respect, and many were softened in spite of themselves. At length,

at half past nine, all were dispersed. The King returned to his apartment; the Queen went and threw herself at his knees, and pressed him in her arms with tears and groans.

" This morning all Paris was in a state of consternation: the Assembly ashamed, and the National Guard plunged in remorse and rage.

" The King sent for a magistrate to examine the traces of violence, and the thefts committed in the Palace. They had stolen from the apartments furniture, and iron-work; from a detachment of the National Guards, seventy-five guns; and from another, forty-two. The department caused an information to be lodged. M. Pethion, and another of the municipality, named Sergent, were in the morning, hooted, threatened, and stoned, in the court of the Palace, by the National Guards and by the people. The department thought of suspending, and of even dissolving the municipality. The Assembly decreed that no armed troops should be admitted to their bar, nor suffered to march through their hall; and that the citizens should not unite in arms, under the pretext of presenting petitions. Merlin and Couthon proposed a decree, that the King could not affix his *Veto* to decrees occa-

sioned by temporary circumstances. They would not even hear them. The King wrote a wise and spirited letter to the Assembly, with which I shall end my long narrative.

" *The National Assembly are already informed* " *of the events of yesterday. Paris is doubtless* " *alarmed, and France will not learn them with-* " *out sorrow. I commit to the wisdom of the* " *Assembly the maintenance of the Constitution;* " *and the individual liberty of the hereditary re-* " *presentative of the people.*"

" P. S. I forgot to tell you that I went yesterday evening to the Assembly to be present at the report of Pethion. He surpassed in audacity and folly all description: he dares to commit crimes, but he has not sufficient wit to palliate them. He said to the Brigands in the Palace, " *Friends* " *and citizens, male and female, finish this day* " *with as much dignity as you have begun it: you* " *have shewn yourselves at the height of liberty;* " *do as I do, and go to your beds.*"

It is impossible to recal to mind, without emotion, the cries of indignation which resounded throughout the kingdom, on hearing of the

outrages of the 20th June. Yes, all France, except some men equally thirsting after crimes, blood and pillage, and who had never considered the Revolution but as the means of glutting themselves, all France was amazed to feel themselves once more Royalists. The administrations of the departments, although created by the Revolution, and all composed of men animated with its spirit, and wearing its liveries, sent nevertheless to the feet of the throne, expressions of regret and feeling from every town and province.

Their addresses contained at once, professions of horror against the monsters who had menaced the throne and insulted the King; of interest and love for his sacred person; ardent wishes for the suppression of such excesses, and for the security of his authority. The city of Troyes, amongst others, expressed in the following manner the opinion of its inhabitants, on the danger incurred on the 20th June by the Royal Family. " *No,* " *Sire, they cannot have been Frenchmen who have* " *been guilty of such excesses, nor those wretches* " *who have excited them. Why, Sire, were we* " *not near your Majesty! With what ardour* " *should we have formed a rampart of our bodies* " *to defend you! With what alacrity should* " *we have placed ourselves between your sacred*

" *person and the regicide iron which threatened*
" *it! Why cannot we protect it for ever from*
" *similar foul attempts!*"

An energetic ministry could easily have derived great advantage from the spontaneous emotion which then manifested itself amongst all good people throughout France. A vigorous appeal from the insulted King to all who remained faithful to him, would have collected instantly a hundred thousand brave men in arms around the Royal Family.

But the King's ministers were new men in general unfit for their office, who were taken from wherever they could be found, some amongst the authorities created by the Revolution, others from amongst the bad parts of the capital. They did nothing but appear and disappear at the council table.

Besides, the Court was besieged by a crowd of other counsellors who had each a new project of flight, or of resistance; by former ministers; by foreign ministers, who gave their opinions; by ordinary and extraordinary envoys; by people who coveted the emoluments of the civil list, and by others who suggested all sorts of loans. One

proposed to take the King to Rouen ; another, to conduct him to the army of La Fayette, by the forest of Compiègne.

The plan which had most partisans, was to place the Royal Family in the hands, and at the disposal of a man whom their Majesties could not hear of without repugnance.

M. Terrier de Monciel, at this period minister of interior, who must be distinguished from those of his colleagues of whom I have been speaking, countersigned, and promulgated, on the 22d of June, a proclamation of the King's, in which his Majesty declares, " That violence shall never " extort his consent to any measure but what " he considered consistent with the public wel- " fare ; and that he would expose, without re- " gret, if necessary, his tranquillity and security, " to fulfil his duty."

The army evinced its discontent ; La Fayette ventured to quit it and come to Paris. The war went on so very slowly on the frontiers that the general's absence did not derange the trifling operations which were going forward there, since the rash and unsuccessful enterprizes of Tournay and of Mons. On his arrival at Paris, the gre-

nadiers of the National Guard came once more around their old commander, and placed a guard of honor at his hotel. He presented himself at the bar of the Assembly: there he denounced the Jacobins, declared himself their enemy, and threatened them with the vengeance of the army. The Jacobins in their turn accused him of being the author of the massacres of the Champ-de-Mars, of calumniating the army, of being a member of the Austrian Committee, which gave secret advice to the Court, and of plotting with the Queen to deliver France to its enemies. The day after his arrival, a review was announced of all the Parisian National Guards at the Champs-Elysées, by this general of the constitutionalists: a few of the battalions only assembled. The cabal which had thought of calling M. de la Fayette to Paris, desired that the Court should appear at this review; but the King despising their petty measures, and seeing that there was nothing either sufficiently ready or strongly enough combined for a movement truly great and useful, refused to countenance so dangerous a demonstration. La Fayette escaped the day after to his army. One day more, and his person would not have been secure; so active and audacious were the Jacobins and the Orleans faction in their manœuvres, whether in the Assembly, in the Clubs, or in the Faux-

bourgs. His effigy was burnt the day after his departure at the *Palais Royal*.

The Directory of the department of Paris, composed entirely of la Fayette's partisans, at the head of whom at that time was the unfortunate Duke of Rochefoucauld, a well-meaning man, of contracted views, not judging very justly, and speaking still worse, solemnly suspended the Mayor, Pethion. The King confirmed this decree some days after. The Legislative Assembly removed this suspension of the department confirmed by the King, on the evening previous to the day of the Federation. Some days before it had disbanded the staff of the National Guard of Paris, and that of all the cities throughout the kingdom, whose population exceeded fifty thousand souls. During this time all the citizens of Paris went in crowds to the different notaries of the Capital; there they signed, to the number of twenty thousand, a petition relative to the events of the 20th of June, which was drawn up by an ex-constituent, named Guillaume. The Court, the Constitutionalists, the Jacobins, all feared one another. The Constitutionalists rallied as much as possible at Court; but they had given so many proofs of hypocrisy, perfidy, and of insolence in triumph, that the Court seemed inclined to perish, rather than con-

tract obligations with confirmed villains, who assumed a mock of loyalty only to conceal their fear; for they never felt remorse for an instant. Their means were so weak, that by adopting them every kind of danger would have been incurred. Besides, to have fallen with them would have been to have fallen without glory; and had they triumphed, the first use they would have made of their victory would have been to throw the Court again into the chains, the shameful and humiliating submission in which they themselves before had held it. The King daily raised his hands to Heaven and resigned himself to his fate.

I was witness to an original scene which took place about this time in the National Assembly. At the conclusion of a speech pronounced by a constitutional bishop, named *Lamourette*, the *côté droit* and the *côté gauche* of the Assembly, precipitately quitting their seats, threw themselves into each others' arms to give the kiss of peace, of union, and of concord, disavowing for the future every republican idea, all quarrels, all political animosity. The King was brought to witness this *affecting* scene. This Monarch, like a good father, exhorted the legislators who had just fraternized, to continue to live like good

brothers, to give the example of union to all his people, and thus to second the dearest wishes of his heart. He seemed to have said to them from Athalie ;

"Enfans, ainsi toujours puissiez-vous être unis !"

Nevertheless, these brothers, so well united, went to dine together, drank copiously, and returned at the evening sitting to take up again their former seats and former hatred ; and the division became still stronger between the Jacobins and Constitutionalists.

The anniversary of the Federation of the 14th July 1790, was not celebrated in the year 1791, on account of the arrest of the Royal Family, and their detention in the palace of the Thuilleries at that unfortunate period. It was decreed that it should be celebrated this year for the second time, and that the oaths of patriotism should be renewed upon the altar. But under what different auspices was presented this time the anniversary of the first Federation, which in 1790 was so gay, so joyous, so numerous, and in general so loyal ! The minister of Foreign Affairs at last announced the march of the Duke of Brunswick and of the King of Prussia to the frontiers of France, with a combined army of

Prussians, Austrians, and French emigrants, forming altogether more than seventy thousand men. Three days before the Federation, it was resolved that there should be a mournful and terrifying ceremony in the streets of Paris, where it should be proclaimed, that the country was in danger. Petitioners in rags, from the same sinks which cast forth the Brigands of the 20th June, spread themselves, the night before, through all the streets of Paris, and around the Legislative Assembly, affectedly howling with sepulchral voices, some, *vive Pethion!* others, *Pethion or death!** others again, *vive la mort!* and their vociferations forced the Assembly to re-instate the Mayor in his functions.

As this proud and vindictive magistrate would enjoy the first authority at the Federation, and was besides known to be devoted to the Orleans faction, all the friends of the Royal Family trembled, on that day, for the lives of the King and Queen. Placards recommended to the citizens and good people, not to leave the Champ-de-Mars the next day, without having revenged the blood which had been spilt there on the 17th

* The generality of the petitioners had these words, written with chalk, on their hats.

July, the year preceding; and in the shops arms were exposed for sale, which some ferocious imagination had delighted in inventing, and which made one shudder to behold. A thousand counsels were given to the King and Queen, some sincere and many perfidious, dictated either by indiscreet zeal, or by malignant rage; they were informed from all parts, that this day was marked for the execution of the most dreadful crimes, and that from amid the crowd assassins would spring upon their sacred persons, and that balls would be fired at their carriages. The Swiss Guards, and some battalions of the National Guards, were destined to protect the retinue of the Royal Family against Pethion's hordes.

The grenadiers of the different sections courted the honour of escorting the King's carriage on that day.

On the thirteenth, the battalion of the *Filles St. Thomas* was intended for that service. I learned their determination in the evening. I ran instantly to inform Madame Campan, first femme-de-chambre to the Queen; I waited for her in an apartment near that of her Majesty, when the Queen herself opened an inner door, and, surprised at seeing me, said with affability, " *You*

" *there, Weber ! are you also looking for Madame* " *Campan?*" I hastened to inform her Majesty of the object of my coming, and to tell her that the grenadiers of the *Filles St. Thomas* being appointed to form on the following day the retinue of the Royal Family, I should have the happiness of being one of the number. Affected with my attachment, and with the tears with which, in spite of me, my eyes were filled, the Queen, no doubt thinking of the approach of that perilous day, and as if oppressed with grief, turned her face from me, and allowed me to kiss her hand. I did not then foresee that the 13th July 1792, was the last time I should be permitted to throw myself at her feet.

On the day of the Federation, the grenadiers of the battalion of St. Roch, jealous of the repeated praises which Durozoi (editor of the *Gazette de Paris*), bestowed whenever he found occasion on the battalion of the *Filles St. Thomas*, wished to arrogate to themselves only the right of guarding the King's carriage that day on the Pont Royal; and although commanded to form the advanced guard of the escort, they stopped on this bridge to force us to retire; but our proposition to participate this honor, by marching

in two ranks,* and particularly our conduct with regard to them in the apartments of the Military School during the whole day, so far disarmed their anger, that they swore to us union and friendship, and proposed, in order to bind us the more firmly together, to join us with the grenadiers of the Petits-Pères in a public dinner.

My comrades agreed without hesitation, but I represented to them the danger of such engagement, and cautioned them against any public parade at a moment so critical. I reminded them of the interpretation affixed to the feast of the Gardes-du-Corps: they replied, that every precaution should be taken to prevent similar

* Some impulse urged me in this moment of alarm to seize by the arm the most violent of these grenadiers, and to say to him near the door of the King's coach: " Dear comrade, " the King thanks you for your zeal; observe him, and you " will see he wishes only for our union. We are all here " to serve him. We will participate this honor, and " we shall contribute to his satisfaction." The King seeing my anxiety, gave me a look full of goodness. The grenadier, after having looked at the King, said to me: " *Do you think so, comrade? let it be so.....* " *I have no objection.....You are in the right, com-* " *rade.....My friend, we will remain together.....* " *Let us not separate any more.*"

consequences; but that it was impossible to refuse the invitation of these gentlemen, who might conceive that our battalion would not fraternize with them: adding, that the good of the service, and the interests of the Royal Family required this meeting. I shall resume the subject of this dinner, but must previously describe what passed at the second Federation.

Description of the Federation of 1792.

On the 14th July 1790, the Champ-de-Mars was crowded by four o'clock in the morning. Instead of that universal eagerness of foreigners as well as natives, this year it was at eight o'clock in the morning a mere desert: a large, parched sandy field, like the channel of a lake, whose waters had found a vent, and had entirely disappeared. On hills of sand were circularly placed eighty-three small tents, and before each tent a poplar, but so small and so weak, that a breath seemed sufficient to overturn them, and scarcely able to resist the waving of the tricoloured streamer suspended from each. This puerile preparation signified the eighty-three departments. It was observed by those around me, that as the departments were not in favor, it was surprising that forty-four thousand poplars had

not been placed, representative of the forty-four thousand municipalities. In the middle of the Champ-de-Mars, were four canvas frames painted grey, which would have been deemed a paltry decoration for even a shew at the Boulevards. These were to form a tomb for all those who had died, or should die, on the frontiers. On one of the sides was written, "*Tremble, tyrants, we will revenge them.*" One was filled with indignation at the barbarous prodigality with which they devoted thousands of victims to death, contrasted with their ridiculous parsimony in supposing their manes appeased with the scenes of a play-house. The altar of the country was not to be seen, but in its place was a broken column, erected on the top of those innumerable steps raised in 1790. On the four little angular altars were burned perfumes. Two hundred yards behind the altar a great tree was planted, called the tree of the feudal system, to the branches of which were suspended escutcheons, helmets, and blue ribbons entwined with chains. This tree issued from a funeral pile, on which were heaped crowns, tiaras, cardinals' hats, the keys of St. Peter, ermine cloaks, doctors' caps, lawyers' bags, and titles of nobility. Amongst the crowns was one Royal; amongst the escutcheons were those of France, of Province, of Artois, of Condé,

and the King was to be asked to set fire to the pile. A statue of the Laws, and another of Liberty were placed on rollers, by which means these divinities were to be moved. A large tent at the right, was intended for the National Assembly, and for the King; one on the left, for the Administrative Bodies of Paris. They were considerably higher than the others, which was an infraction of the Constitutional Equality. Fifty-four pieces of cannon lined the field on the river side, and the red cap crowned all the trees.

All this was deserted, and the few individuals who ran up and down in this enclosure, far from being enthusiasts, were scarcely curious. It was reported that the people were at the Bastille, to see the first stone of the column laid by sixty members of the Legislative Assembly, which was to be erected on the ruins of that famous castle. None of the Marshals of France came this time to the ceremony; because, on the evening before, the Minister of War had written to invite them, in the name of the Municipality, to figure in the procession, informing them that the Marhals of France were intended to carry the Royal Standard, and that they must repair, at six o'clock in the morning, to the square of the

Bastille. They unanimously refused to attend this ridiculous masquerade.

It was announced that the oath would be taken at twelve o'clock. The King arrived at eleven. The retinue was very striking. A detachment of cavalry opened the procession, then another of infantry of the line. The pages, the equerries, and a great number of grooms followed. There were three carriages; in the first was the Prince de Poix, M. de Brezé, young Tourzel, the Count de St. Priest, &c.; in the second, the Queen's ladies, Mesdames de Tarente, de la Roche-Aymon, de Maillé, and de Macau; in the third, the King, all his Family, and the Princess de Lamballe. Five hundred grenadiers, national volunteers, escorted the carriages, and the ministers were on foot at the doors of the King's coach. Four companies of Swiss grenadiers brought up the procession. Trumpets and drums, and a discharge of artillery, announced the King's presence. He presented himself in the apartments with the calmness of a pure conscience, which never forsook him. The Queen possessed her usual dignity, but the impression of misfortune was visible on her countenance, which her fortitude endeavoured to efface. Madame Elizabeth had always the appearance of an

angel. Madame Royale displayed an interesting melancholy, and the Dauphin was as beautiful as Love. They saluted with sensibility all who approached them. A part of the troops crossed the Military School, under the portico in the middle, and proceeded to draw up in battalion in the Champ-de-Mars, whilst the other occupied the avenues on the side of the Boulevard.

A shout of *Long live the King* was heard. The Champ-de-Mars began to fill. A numerous group of well-dressed people assembled under the balcony. The King, with all his Family, had just appeared there. The shout was continued, and it had all the appearance of cordiality.

A message was sent to say that the Federates would not arrive before three or four o'clock. They had gone to the Fauxbourg St. Antoine before six o'clock, but the National Assembly had not sent before nine the sixty members who were to lay the first stone of the famous column; and it was thought of little importance, and perhaps very pleasant, to make the King wait three long hours. These hours glided away at least tranquilly, and afforded him some consolation.

The most excellent spirit animated the grenadiers of the national volunteers. They filled the antichamber of the apartment where the King was. One of them said, "*I am one of the "grenadiers who did not quit the King on the 20th "of June.*" Another, "*I slept in his room. "He was very calm during the day, but at night, "what sleep! What agitation! How he started!*" Another, rushing through the crowd, cried: "*There is Canolle, who, on the 20th of June, "seized a wretch by the collar, who enquired "for the King to kill him, and said to him, 'There "is your King, scoundrel! Kneel down and cry "'Vive le Roi,' and the assassin obeyed.*"

"*Fear nothing,*" said they, to the attendants of the Royal Family, "*We will suffer ourselves to be "cut to pieces for so good a man!*" The King shewed himself, and was received with cries of *Vive le Roi, Vive la Reine*, applauses, and an universal clash of arms. The Queen appeared with the Dauphin, in the national uniform. "*He "has not yet deserved your bonnet,*" said she to the grenadiers. "*Madam,*" replied one of them, "*there are many here at his service.*" And shouts of enthusiasm recommenced.

The cannon at last announced that the Na-

tional procession was entering the field of the Federation. The King and his Family placed themselves in the balcony, which was covered with a rich carpet of crimson velvet embroidered with gold. They were surrounded by every person present.

The National procession entered on the Champ de Mars by the gate of the Rue de Grenelle, proceeded by the King's balcony and went on to the Altar of the Country, on the right and left. They were formed in the following manner. After fifty national Gens-d'Armes there followed a group of men, women, and children, armed with pikes, hatchets, and sticks. Analogous music played the famous air of *ça ira*. Beggars made grimaces and exhibited insolent papers to the King. Cries of *Vive Pethion, Death or Pethion*, were heard. Bands of the dregs of the people; beggars, assassins, to judge by their arms; women dead drunk crowned with flowers; all the rabble of the Fauxbourgs, having written on the back part of their hats with chalk *Vive Pethion:* the six Parisian Legions, dishonored by having in their ranks a mixture of women, and *sans-culottes*, here with red caps, there with bits of bread or meat stuck on the ends of their guns; chaplains dancing at the

head of their regiments; infamous songs sung by a species of furies, who stopped under the King's balcony; bills stuck to the end of sticks, some atrocious, many nonsensical, such as placards placed amidst the drums to give notice that they were drums; and others on which were seen "*Vivent les braves gens morts au Siége de la Bastille*, LIVE THE BRAVE MEN WHO DIED AT THE SIEGE OF THE BASTILLE:" contempt of all propriety, of all decency, and of all reason: confusion of languages, of men, and of things: such is the picture of this grand solemnity!

It was remarked, that the cries of *Vive Pethion* ceased, when the armed troops filed off, particularly the grenadiers of the legions and the troops of the line. The 104th regiment took place of a group of brigands who were uttering infamies, and halted under the balcony, amidst the applauses of the spectators: its bands playing,

Où peut on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?
Where can one be safer than in the bosom of one's family?

The 105th regiment acted in the same manner, and continued playing until they reached the section of the Fauxbourg St. Marceau. It was observable, that the seditious vociferations proceeded always from the same voices, and from persons posted expressly for that purpose. The

brave Acloque now dispersed the crowd, and there were a few moments of tranquillity: at last came the National Assembly, preceded by the tables of the Law, a small representation of the Bastille, and a machine, supposed to be *the guillotine*, but disputed and denominated by some spectators to be a printing press. The procession stopped under the balcony to wait for the King.

His Majesty came down to join them. Those who belonged to the King's service followed him, the others surrounded the Queen and the Dauphin. The President of the Assembly, *M. Aubert Dubayet*, a young infantry officer, whose head was turned by the Revolution, received the King on the left, with a respectful carriage and a decent deportment. On the other side was the Vice-President, *La Croix*, with his hair rolled, and in a garb worthy of a Jacobin. A little altercation arose about the King's suite. M. Dubayet insisted that all those who composed it should go before. He was also seen to harangue a door-keeper to stand behind him, and not behind the King: recalling to mind the words of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* to his lackeys: "*be* "*sure to stay near me that people may see you are* "*my servants.*" A double row of national and of Swiss grenadiers surrounded the King, and the

Assembly; but the King, the Deputies, the soldiers, and the mob, crowded and pressed on each other, producing a continual undulation; there was no vacant space. At last the cavalry going before and clearing the ground, the King was seen from the Military School in a kind of open square formed by the troops. While he marched towards the altar, the fifth legion or section began to file off. Until then the cries of *Vive Pethion* appeared to have been bought, because the same voices always gave the signal, and were often heard vociferating for a considerable time before they were answered. Here they became more general. It is not known where this mob was collected, but the arms, the faces, the howls, the dress, were all terrific. It is remarkable that they did themselves justice, by crying without interruption, *long live the beggars, long live the brigands, long live Pethion.* Groups of prostitutes, surpassing those who preceded them, sung and addressed to the Queen couplets, more atrocious, more obscene, than any one will allow themselves to imagine. They cried, "*Down with the Austrian! Down with Mr. and Mrs. Veto! Pethion or Death!*"

At length the Mayor, who was reinstated the night before, arrived at the head of the Muni-

cipality, cries, shouts, and blasphemies redoubled on his appearance. At that moment, one might almost have thought he had a conscience. Embarrassed, pale, and trembling, his head hanging down, he durst not raise his eyes to the balcony, nor cast them on that populace, partly intoxicated, and in part hired to insult the Royal Family, and to do him honour; the Queen was distracted and terrified by those acts of insolence. When she was no longer able to see the King, she took a spy glass, and remained immoveable for a full hour, watching his progress, holding the Dauphin in one arm, and with the other extended supporting the glass; at one time she exclaimed, *he has fallen down two steps.* This made every one near her shudder. In fact the King could not ascend the altar, because the crowd, and particularly people half naked, had taken possession of the upper part; an alarming movement then took place. Deputy Dumas, having the presence of mind to cry: "grenadiers, attention, handle your arms;" the *sans-culottes* stopped and retired in the crowd. The moment of taking the oath, under the discharge of fifty pieces of artillery, ranged on the bank of the river, was impressive and awful to those who stood near the altar. The sixth legion had not filed off, when the cavalry announced the King's return; then

marching with increased pace, was crossed by the King's escort and almost overthrown by the mob, who rushed into the ranks. The president proposed to the King to descend from the altar on the side of the river, and set fire to the tree, representing the feudal system to which hung the escutcheon of France. *There is no longer any feudal system*, replied the King, returning the same way he came. When the Queen saw him approach, she arose and accompanied by all the Royal Family went to wait on his Majesty at the foot of the staircase. The King, always calm, took the Queen's hand with tenderness. Madame and the Dauphin kissed the King's hand the one playfully, the other in tears. It is impossible to form an idea of the intoxicating joy which seized on all who were in the court of the Military School; the national guard, the troops of the line, the Swiss, people in the court, at the windows, in the balconies, those who had climbed on the iron railing, all shouted *Vive le Roi, Vive la Reine!* On entering the Thuilleries the enthusiasm increased an hundred fold. From the *Cour Royale* to the staircase, the grenadiers, beside themselves with joy, for having conducted the King back without any accident, had the appearance of distracted men; having been apprehensive, even in that short distance, that they

might have been deprived of the fruit of all their cares, and of their glory. Obliged to let the carriage pass by itself through a very narrow gate, they hurried forward, with the eagerness of fidelity and affection, to form lines from one gate to the other. To the blessings bestowed on the King were added imprecations against the Jacobins.

Next day a decree was passed to remove the troops of the line and the Swiss. A plan announced to destroy the national grenadiers. A petition requiring the suspension of the King, and the impeachment of la Fayette. One member spoke of impeaching *the whole army*, and was applauded.

I have already said that we had agreed on the Federation day to unite ourselves, more closely with the grenadiers of the battalion of St. Roch, and to dine together, in order to cement our union.

Dinner of the Grenadiers of the Filles St. Thomas, of St. Roch, and of the Petits-Pères.

We took near eight days to consider of the best mode of assembling, without giving offence to the

people, and above all not to excite distrust in the Jacobins, of a meeting that had no other object than to gain a personal knowledge of each other, and to enable us to fly to the succour of the Royal Family, with more ease on every emergency.

On the 25th of July, the day fixed on for that purpose one hundred and sixty grenadiers of the three sections, separately repaired at two o'clock to an eating-house in the *Champs-Elysées*, a distance of about twelve hundred yards from the Palace.

Having resolved to avoid politics and healths, our dinner passed off without the least noise. Near the end of our repast we learned that Santerre had just arrived near us, with five hundred federated Marseillois,* well armed, that he had

* These Marseillois had arrived in Paris the same day at twelve o'clock, therefore we knew it not. When the Jacobins saw that the King would not sanction the formation of a camp of twenty thousand men about Paris, and that the wicked attempts of the 20th June had not succeeded, they brought to Paris, from the extremities of France, bands of desperadoes, who had spread terror in the departments, in order to support their project of dethroning the King. These banditti from Marseilles were, for the most part, fellows who had

ordered a dinner for his people in the same garden in which we were, and had sent spies, with orders to report to him how we were employed, and the subject of our discourse.

We immediately resolved to go all together and take our coffee at the *Place de Carousel.* We therefore quitted the garden of the Inn where we had dined. The people whom we met, and who did not belong to Santerre's troop, seeing so many grenadiers marching in such good order, and in silence, took off their hats, crying, " *Vive* " *la Nation.*" We answered in the same words; but scarcely had we proceeded two hundred

escaped from the gallies, assassins of the glacière, Genoese, Corsicans, and Luccayans, in a word, the scum of the Mediterranean shores.

Brissot publicly called these hordes of ferocious beasts *the Providence of the South.* They were not allowed to halt on their journey in the towns of Lyons and Autun. The National Guard of these cities ranged themselves in two rows, and made them come in at one gate and go out at the other, that the public peace might not be disturbed by their presence. And they sighed for the dreadful disorders which they forsaw would be committed by them in the capital, which was the residence of the Royal Family. To these were joined the National Guard of Brest, a kind of men less wicked than the Marseillois, but abrupt, impatient, passionate, and devoid of reason.

paces farther, when the populace, already excited by Santerre, encircled us from all parts, crying; " *Here is la Fayette's army! here are* " *the Royal grenadiers, they must be killed: these* " *aristocratic dogs! these slaves of the Court!*" We were assailed with a shower of stones.

In an instant the Marseillois and Santerre's people fell on us sword in hand. Women, or rather furies, threw themselves into our ranks, to create disorder. They had perceived we were repugnant to draw our swords on the men, who had provoked us, and believed, with reason, that they had still less to apprehend.

We redoubled our pace and were soon at the *Place de Louis XV.* There we made a firm stand. The Marseillois and the other Jacobins, urged by Santerre, came down upon us; but seeing that we disposed ourselves for a vigorous resistance, they parleyed: " *We have no ill will,*" said they, " *but to a small number of grenadiers* " *particularly attached to the Royal Family; we* " *know that the others are good citizens.*" But none of us were duped by their hypocrisy, and each placed himself in a posture of defence.

Whilst this was going on, a little lame man

of an hideous figure, named Colin, Solicitor of the Châtelet, member of the Jacobin Club, and the first who had openly preached regicide, rushed through the crowd. He approached me, and supporting himself on his crutches, menaced me with his fist, and, foaming with rage, he apostrophized me thus: "*There you are then, you "aristocratic dog! There you are at last, caught "like a rat! How often have you spoken of the "Jacobins with the greatest contempt! You did "not expect to find yourself so soon at such a "feast as this! Now you will have it! Your "time is come!*"

A man named Le Changeur, clerk of the war department, who had been dismissed, joined Colin, and cried with all his might to the Marseillois: "*Knock him down; he belongs to the "Palace! Kill him; he belongs to the Queen!*"

I had staid a little behind, to prevent one of my comrades drawing his sword on the populace, who had already thrown stones at us. I felt myself seized by the hair, but placing my hand on my sword, and at the same time giving the fellow who wished to throw me down a kick, I got out of his hands, and advanced towards

my comrades. I then saw the Jacobin who had pulled my hair, arise, and join his band.

Surrounded by this crowd of assassins, we now drew up sword in hand. This alarmed the mob, and as they all began to retire, Santerre ordered the Marseillois to fire. A great number of these brigands were armed with pistols: they fired at random. Two of these wretches then took aim at me, but missed, though I was not more than ten paces from them, opposite the statue of Louis XV. Many exclaimed at this moment: "*Let us exterminate them; let us march to the Palace; we must get rid of Mr. and Mrs. Veto!*"

We availed ourselves of the surprise and disorder which the report of pistols caused amidst the populace, to open ourselves a passage with our swords. My comrades dispersed themselves into different quarters of the city; and I, alarmed at the menaces which I had just heard against the King and Queen, took the way to the *Pont Tournant*, which is at the entrance of the garden of the Thuilleries, to go to the Palace. When I reached the bridge I found it turned to the garden. Not being able to get in on this side, I instantly leaped into the ditch; but one of these wretched Marseillois, who had, unperceived,

stolen after me, aimed a blow at me with a sabre the moment I leaped in; his precipitation however prevented its being well directed, and I escaped with a severe contusion, and a streak of extravasated blood, which I did not get rid of for a month, on the upper part of my neck. This blow rendered my fall into the ditch so violent that I dislocated my foot. In spite of this accident, I retained sufficient power to drag myself as far as the little staircase of the Swiss guard-house, in the garden of the Thuilleries. I reached it time enough to inform the staff of what was going forward, and the new danger which threatened the Royal Family. The gates were immediately fastened, and cannon planted to prevent an entrance; in the hope that when the Marseillois should appear, and find all the avenues so well guarded, they would not dare hazard an attack. Santerre, who was at their head, might have again said: "*le coup étoit* "*manqué; the blow has failed:*" he was furious for having lost so fine an opportunity of revenging himself on the grenadiers of the *Filles St. Thomas*, whom he detested more than ever, since they had, on the 20th of June, defeated his intentions of massacring the Royal Family. However, as he would not entirely forfeit the fruit of his labours and exertions to raise insurrection,

he rallied his cohorts towards nine o'clock at night, and attempted an attack on the grenadiers of the *Filles St. Thomas* at their head quarters; but having learnt that the National Guard of this section had received a reinforcement of men and ammunition, and perceiving the cannon levelled on the two streets leading to his guard-house, and the matches already lighted, his followers declined coming to action, and chose rather to retire, than to earn the assignats which Santerre had been prodigal of that day.

On my arrival at the Palace I could not sit up, and was obliged to throw myself on the bed of an officer attached to the Queen's household, whence I was conveyed at midnight to M. Diette's, at the Louvre, an officer of her Majesty's chamber, and master of the wardrobe to Madame Elizabeth. Here I past several days in recovering from a violent inflammation which succeeded the dislocation of my foot.

In the attack made upon us at the Place de Louis XV. there were on both sides about ten men killed and wounded. A brave young man, sub-lieutenant of the grenadiers of the section of St. Roch, named Duhamel, was dragged by a crowd of Federates to the street called St. Flo-

rentin, and massacred under a table in a coffee-house. A second, named Villeneuve, and two others, died of their wounds a few days after. Our battalion were apprehensive of losing the Chevalier Dangest, captain of cavalry and knight of the order of St. Louis, who had become a private in the section of the *Filles St. Thomas*. I saw him fall at my side, by two balls which he received at the same moment, in the hip and in the thigh. He recovered, notwithstanding. The wounded were carried to the guard-house of the National Guards in the court of the Palace. The Queen and Madame Elizabeth, informed of this melancholy accident, gave orders to dress the wounded, and sent linen for that purpose. This act of humanity was construed a crime, and gave rise to fresh complaints against the Royal Family.

I have now a painful duty to fulfil; to give a concise description of unheard-of horrors committed in the months of August and September It would require volumes to depict in detail all the atrocities which at this period dishonoured a people, until then considered the mildest and most civilized in Europe; I shall therefore confine myself to the facts of which I was an eye-witness in those days of desolation.

The 10th of August 1792.

All the month of July was passed in the most dreadful agitation. Daily more seditious movements, more alarming rumours kept up the fury and delusion of the people. The factious incessantly reported, and this report gained credit as it spread, that a depôt of white cockades, of arms, and of ammunition of all kinds, had been formed at the Thuilleries; they added, that a formidable party was ready to declare for the Royal Family; that the Duke of Brunswick's advanced guard, by which they designated the assembled emigrants, had already secretly entered Paris, and, that as soon as the enemy's army should have reached the city gates, the King, assured of their assistance, would place himself at the head of the numerous Royalists with which the city was now filled, fall with them on the Assembly, resume his power, and inflict on the people the most terrible vengeance.

His Majesty no sooner heard of these seditious clamours, and of the disturbances which they created, than he wrote to invite the Mayor (for this unfortunate Monarch could no longer command), to visit the Palace, and convince himself of the falsehood of these imputations.

Pethion did not comply with this urgent request: he did not even deign to send a municipal deputation to the Palace, as he had promised, in the familiar answer he sent the King. His Majesty addressed the same solicitation to the National Assembly: but they did not think it becoming their dignity to answer him; and still less did it suit their policy to support any measures that might undeceive the people.

Meanwhile the aspect of the capital became every day more tumultuous and alarming: insolent placards were affixed on all the public buildings, and even on the Palace walls; the Marseillois and the Federates ran about continually; the furious cries of a mutinous populace called from all parts for the alarm bell, and threatened a formidable insurrection if the National Assembly did not instantly satisfy the wishes of the Nation by pronouncing the dethronement of the Monarch: every thing announced that the fatal blow was about to be struck.

Such was the state of things the beginning of August.

The battalion of the *Filles St. Thomas* had, in every alarm, evinced themselves the most

attached to the Royal Family. Their ardour seemed to be redoubled in these extremities. They were seen, every evening, either as patroles or reinforcements, watching over the dwelling of their Sovereigns.

With a detachment of this battalion I repaired to the Champs-Elisées on the night of the 8th of August. At two o'clock in the morning we fell in with and disarmed thirty Marseillois, who were uttering the most execrable imprecations against the King and Queen. As I had just reached home, about six o'clock in the morning, I received a summons to attend instantly at head quarters. A hundred men were ordered to the *Caisse d'Escompte*, to the *Caisse Extraordinaire*, and to the Treasury, to protect them from the excesses to be feared in a general insurrection. I was to have been of this detachment, but at ten o'clock the commandant having received orders to send an immediate reinforcement to the Thuilleries, I earnestly solicited, and obtained permission to join it.

Various emissaries whom we had sent to the Fauxbourgs St. Marceau and St. Antoine, reported to us, in the course of the day, that the factious were running from house to house, and com-

pelling the inhabitants to join them. They informed us, that the army of the rebels would undoubtedly be at the Palace the night following.

The force of the posts at the Palace were tripled: from eight to nine hundred Swiss Guards had arrived there two days before, and the staff of the National Guard had sent about four thousand six hundred men. The measures taken, besides, for the defence of the interior, were confined to the placing, in haste, barriers at the entrance of the courts, and to the forming in order of battle, opposite the great gate, forty grenadiers of the *Filles St. Thomas* and as many *Gens-d'Armes*. The Swiss Guards were posted at the foot of the King and Queen's staircases. About three hundred persons, amongst whom were some old officers distinguished by their rank and by their bravery, were distributed in the apartments where they had hurried in the evening, on the first intelligence of the new dangers which threatened the Royal Family.

Pethion appeared at midnight. The apparent object of his visit was to satisfy the Court on the preparations for insurrection; but the real motive was to discover those that they had made for

their defence. Some of the grenadiers of the *Filles St. Thomas*, by whom he was instantly surrounded, had resolved to detain him as an hostage. A decree of the Assembly recalled him; and he was immediately permitted to depart, that the rebels might not have, by his detention, any pretext to commence hostilities.

Towards five o'clock in the morning his Majesty appeared at the balcony, to shew his guard, and the reinforcements enclosed in the courts, the satisfaction he felt at the zeal they evinced for his protection. On his appearance an almost general cry of *Vive le Roi* was raised. He then descended into the Cour Royale, to review the troops with which it was filled. Acclamations were redoubled. It was, however, impossible to believe the sincerity of all. So early as the preceding day, several cannoniers, even in our presence, made use of the most dreadful menaces against the Court. "To-morrow," said they, pointing out, with furious gestures, the balcony of the Palace, "to-morrow we shall do justice "on all. Perhaps we may spare the King, but "the rest, all the rest, shall be exterminated."

We flattered ourselves, notwithstanding, that the greatest number of the National Guards

would do their duty, and we had taken precautions to watch and restrain the most suspected. We resolved, besides, that four of our grenadiers should be placed at each cannon to secure them; but, at the very moment that we determined on this measure, we discerned, notwithstanding the repeated cries of *Vive le Roi*, a crowd of traitors amongst the *Gens-d'Armes*, and above all, amongst the cannoniers of the different corps. "*Vive, Vive la Nation,*" shouted they with fury: "we have not,—we acknowledge no other master but the nation." "*Yes,* "*my children,*" replied the King, with a tone which might have penetrated the most ferocious heart, "*Yes, the Nation and your King make,* "*and ever will make, but one.*"

After this scene, the more painful to his heart as it had so cruelly deceived his hopes, Louis XVI. had hardly entered his apartments, when several *Gens-d'Armes* and National Guards began to provoke us by their insults. In another quarter, the cannoniers, drawing their sabres, called us, in derision, *Royal Grenadiers.* And turning their cannon against us, at ten paces distance, shouted with rage: "*That amongst the* "*grenadiers of the Filles St. Thomas there were* "*none but men sold to the Court, and that the*

" *commanding officer, Mandat, had sent aristo-*
" *crats only to the Palace;*" and, at the same time, they loaded him with abuse and menaces the most atrocious.

Whilst we endeavoured to appease them, remonstrating with the most outrageous, assuring them *that they were deceived, that our conduct was irreproachable, that the Hôtel-de-Ville having required a reinforcement of twenty men from each battalion, we were come, as well as themselves, to defend the King's asylum; that this was not the moment to quarrel, or to suffer ourselves to be exasperated by any misunderstanding; that we were all comrades, and that we ought to assist each other mutually instead of cutting one anothers throats;* we observed an extraordinary movement in a mob which had just collected behind us. The guards who received pay, and who had an instant before uttered a thousand injurious expressions against M. Mandat, threatened to massacre his son, who not being able to restrain his indignation at hearing his father abused, had taken up his defence with energy.

I knew this gallant young man; he had served in the King's Constitutional Guard. I told this to my comrades, and seconded by the grenadiers

of St. Roch, we rushed into the middle of the crowd to join a chasseur * of our section, who alone, and with his eyes filled with tears, represented to these furies, "That this young man "had not uttered a word either against the "National Guard or against the Constitution, "and that he only yielded to the instinct of na- "ture in exculpating his father." Our sudden irruption saved young Mandat; and continuing our efforts to calm his enemies, we insensibly drew him to the side of the Palace staircase, which we made him enter to shelter him from their fury.

It was remarkable that the defection increased in the National Guard in proportion as they mixed with the *Gens-d'Armes* and the Federates; their menaces and their caresses every moment decreased the number of the King's pretended friends. Many of them, seduced or intimidated, retired between four and seven o'clock in the morning. Several even went and joined the rebels in the Place du Carousel.

A resolution was then taken to address directly a petition to the Assembly in the name of the National Guard, to ask the removal of the Fe-

* M. Mignot, an Exchange Broker.

debates. M. Dupont de Nemours, one of the members of the Constitutional Assembly, being on guard at the Palace with his battalion, drew up the petition. Such was the terror those men excited amongst the Parisians by the murder of some of our comrades, and by all the excesses to which they gave themselves up since the first moment of their arrival in the capital, that different sections immediately united, and the petition was instantly crowded with signatures. The National Assembly on hearing this request, which was evidently the wish of the majority of the citizens, coldly passed to the order of the day.

The constant desertion of the National Guards, and the reinforcements which the rebels continually received, augmented every instant the danger, and with it my inquietude for the fate of the Royal Family. We were still drawn up before the great gate of the courts, when the report reached us that a deputation of the Department, and another of the Municipality, were going to unite, to prevail on the King to go alone to the National Assembly. I saw in the separation of their Majesties still more imminent danger to the Queen. Resolved to fly to her succour, and to contribute, at the risk of my life, to rescue her from the hands of the assassins, I quitted

my post to go to the apartments, telling my comrades that I should return immediately and inform them of the situation of the Royal Family. On reaching the Palace, I beheld the Queen holding the Dauphin in her arms, pressing him to her heart, and bathing him with her tears, "Weber," said she coming towards me the moment she perceived me, "what do you "do here? this is not your post: you cannot "remain, you are the only National Guard here." "Madam, I beseech your Majesty to consider "that my post is wherever your life is in "danger." "I acknowledge in that your at- "tachment for us," she replied with her usual goodness; "but I will not suffer you to remain "here alone; go, rejoin your comrades; I desire "it." I returned, but with the intention to go back with them, as quickly as possible, to the post I had thus been obliged to abandon. "It is true," said I to them, "that there are a great number "of gentlemen in the apartments, and all devo- "ted, even to death; but they are badly armed, "and beheld with distrust by the multitude: it is "much to be feared that they themselves will be "assailed, and that the danger of the Royal Family "will only become the greater. Will it not be a "shame and a crime in us to lose such an occasion "to evince our fidelity and our zeal? Let those

" who are of my opinion follow me," added I with ardour; "when we are many in number the Queen " will not send us back." Eight only presented themselves, and I lost no time in conducting them to the door of the King's apartment.

The Queen again perceiving me, made a sign as if to renew her last order. " Madam," said I, " excuse me, behold men who feel and think as I " do." A slight motion of the head, in token of approbation, was my recompence.

This first success encouraged me to make a second attempt on my other comrades, and some minutes after I conducted ten grenadiers more, who were welcomed by all the gentlemen assembled at the Palace with the most lively tokens of approbation and esteem. " *Vivent les* " *grenadiers des Filles St. Thomas!*" cried they with enthusiasm pressing our hands, " *Vive cette* " *fidèle garde nationale*; comrades, we will together " defend the Royal Family, we will defend them " even to our last breath." Their Majesties approaching, addressed us with grace, dignity, and energy. " Brave grenadiers," said the Queen, " every thing most dear to you, your children, " your property, depend on our existence, our " interests are the same; I trust in you." " Yes,

" grenadiers, " added the King, " take courage, " let us all share a danger which is equal to all." And with a still firmer tone, " courage, grena- " diers, courage, I rely on your fidelity." At this instant, and all together, we hurried towards M. D'Hervilly and took an oath before him to perish at that door before a single rebel should enter.

We were however only nineteen in number, and our resistance could be but of short duration, if the factious should once succeed in forcing the apartments. Their army advanced, and the peril became every moment more imminent. I proposed to my comrades to place the best marksmen in the first rank, and for six only to fire on the rebels at a time, aiming at the most ferocious; six others were to fire immediately after, and the remaining seven were to advance to support with the bayonet the efforts of the whole. They unanimously approved of these dispositions, and promised to conform strictly to them.

I shall be pardoned for having at that moment thought of my mother and sister; how pleasing it would have been to them to receive this testimony of my tender and last thoughts. One of my

friends * at last coming up to me to congratulate me on being at this honourable post, I hastened to put into his hand the few effects † I then had about me, beseeching him, if he should survive me, to send them to my relations. Taking them without being seen, this worthy and sensible man made me no answer, but pressed my hand with an emotion equal to my own, and gliding instantly between Madame Elizabeth and me to

* M. Diette, a gentleman of the Queen's chamber and master of the wardrobe to Madame Elizabeth.

† A pocket book filled with double louis and assignats, a gold watch with the chain and seal. The faithful Royalists having sought in 1789 to counteract the effects of the emblems, engravings, and libels invented by the different factions, many of my acquaintances and friends, adopted as a rallying sign a green frock with yellow buttons, ornamented with the arms of France, and the inscription: *Vive le Roi*, or *Vive la Reine*.

Desiring to bring to justice, or rather wishing to insult those who thought proper to abandon their legitimate King, I invented the inscription and engraving annexed, and I called it *Cachet Royaliste*—which has been shewn and explained to every body, on every occasion.

The idea so interested people of sensibility, that a quantity of rings, ear-rings, and bracelets, all bearing the same emblems, were immediately ordered at the most famous jewellers. I never omitted wearing the same frock, and the same seal, till the 4th September 1792.

make his own station gain, his looks assured me at a distance that my wish should be accomplished.

It was now half past seven o'clock in the morning, and every minute the attack was expected. A deputation * from the directory of the department was announced. They came to represent to the King the danger he was in, and to press him to place himself in the bosom of the Assembly, with the Queen, his children and Madame Elizabeth. The *Procureur-Syndic*, Rœderer, declared that the department, notwithstanding the measures they had taken, could no longer answer for the multitude, that the danger was at its height; that, in a word, there was no other means to save the Royal Family. This speech, twice interrupted by the opposition, strongly urged by one of the ministers present, but resumed with still greater vehemence by Rœderer, prevailed in the end; and the departure of the King and his Family to the hall of the Assembly was resolved on. This Monarch, less employed at this moment with cares for his personal safety, than animated with the desire, always so powerful in his heart, of preventing the effusion of blood, believed that by his retreat

* Rœderer, Camus, and Beaumetz.

the factious would be deprived of all pretext to pursue the course of their wicked machinations. The commissioners perceiving that all those persons, who by duty or by zeal were assembled about their Majesties apartments, resolved to defend or perish with them, were preparing to accompany them, made every effort to prevent them. " *Grenadiers, you are about to cause the* " *death of your King,*" cried Rœderer; and sometimes addressing himself to the King, and sometimes to the Queen, he asserted with warmth, " *such a retinue, exasperating still more the* " *rage of the people, could not but add to their* " *danger.*" Their Majesties, apprehensive only for their faithful servants, and seeing not the perils which awaited themselves, besought us with earnestness not to follow them.

My eighteen comrades and myself remained all this time at the post where we had sworn before M. D'Hervilly to die for our Sovereigns. We now believed that circumstances rendered it an indispensable duty to disobey the King, on this occasion, and the vehement cries of the *Procureur-Syndic* had not the effect which he had hoped for from his perfidy. The Royal Family had hardly set out when we followed them. Being joined, on descending the stairs, by a

great number of our comrades, we escorted their Majesties on the right as far as the door of the Assembly; an hundred Swiss grenadiers took the left. As for me, finding myself in the middle of my comrades, I placed myself as near as possible to Madame Elizabeth. We crossed the garden of the Thuilleries with a slow pace. My excessive agitation and my pale countenance struck the Queen; she looked at me earnestly leaning towards her sister and whispering her, she transmitted to me these words which still vibrate on my heart, " *Weber, the Queen desires* " *me to tell you to preserve your presence of* " *mind.*" Oh, ye last marks of that goodness with which she honoured me from my childhood! Oh, last look that she cast on me, you shall be ever present to my thoughts; in every circumstance of my life you will ever be retraced by my gratitude and by my sorrow! Perceiving by a fresh tear that had revealed itself in spite of me, the anxiety and the profound grief to which I was a prey, but which I endeavoured to conceal, Madame Elizabeth, with the utmost goodness, laying hold of my arm, added from herself, " *Compose yourself, Weber, be rational!*"

The terrace of the Feuillans was, from three o'clock in the morning, covered with the armed

populace of the fauxbourgs and of the chosen troop of the most determined villains. They refused the King a passage, and it was not until after a quarter of an hour of the grossest insults, and threats the most atrocious, that it was opened by the efforts of the *Procureur-Syndic* and the members of the department. Whilst the King ascended the staircase, imprecations were redoubled, shouts of death were heard, and fear possessed every soul. The Assembly, at the requisition of a municipal officer, at last resolved to send a deputation to receive the Royal Family at the entrance of the place of their sitting: it was decreed that their escort should remain without. The kind of passage which led to the interior was narrow, dark, and crowded. A multitude terrified at, or accessary to, the massacres which had been already committed, and were committing in the passage of the Feuillans, passed through this gloomy avenue at the same instant. Here their Majesties were obliged to stop a considerable time. A grenadier of the National Guard, apprehensive of danger from such a crowd, took the Dauphin in his arms, and raising him above his head, carried him in this manner to the hall of the Assembly. On returning to us, "I have just," said he with enthusiasm, "carried "the son of my King, to me the whole world,

" in my arms; *Vive M. le Dauphin!*" These few words drew tears from every eye.

The Royal Family at the same time entered the hall, announced by one of the municipal officers, accompanied by the ministers, preceded by the members of the department, and received by the deputation nominated to meet them at the door. The ministers conducted them to the seats which they themselves had occupied in the Assembly. The Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the rest of the Royal Family were seated on them, and the King seated himself in an arm chair, placed for him on the left hand of the President: " Gentlemen," said he, with a firm accent and in a loud tone, looking at the galleries and at the Assembly; " I am come here to save France from " committing a great crime; I thought I could " not be any where so secure with my family, as " amidst the representatives of the nation, and I " propose to pass the day here." Vergniaud, who then presided, replied to the King: " That " faithful to their duties, the Assembly would " remain at their post, and would die there to " maintain the constituted authorities."

The Royal Family, the Princess de Lamballe, Madame de Tourzel, governess to the children

of France, the ministers, and some persons of the King's suite, were then confined, or rather shut up, in the *box of the Logographe*, situated behind the President's chair.

The rest of the retinue, in the gardens of the Thuilleries and at the foot of the stairs of the terrace of the Feuillans, awaited the result of this dreadful sitting. The King had hardly obtained permission to continue his way, when the threats were directed towards us. We every moment expected to be obliged to come to blows with these furious beings. On a sudden, we beheld an enormous cloud of dust arise on the terrace, from the side of the *Manege*, and a prodigious throng of people run into the midst of the army with pikes, uttering cries, or rather howls of joy. This crowd advanced as far as the door of the Assembly, and stopped before us to shew us the heads of two of our comrades * carried upon pikes, and to threaten us with the same fate. This horrid spectacle inspired us less with fear than rage, and we should all have thrown † our-

* Suleau and Vigier.

† We had much difficulty in restraining one of our comrades, who had become furious at the sight of the brave Suleau's head. He cried, continually sobbing and struggling

selves upon them, if we had not dreaded exposing still more the precious hostages which the Assembly retained.

At this time one of the Swiss of the Palace guard came to add to our consternation and fury. He told us, in accents of despair, that the Marseillois having learned that three fourths of the reinforcement of the National Guard had withdrawn, and ranged themselves with the factious party, instantly forced the gate of the great court, and had already murdered several people.

A dreadful noise, which resounded even to us, the rolling fire of musquetry, and a few moments after, the report of cannon; all, in fact, convinced us that the Palace had been attacked, that those left in it, were engaged with the rebels, and that every thing was involved in fire and in blood. In a moment, the populace, who were opposite to us on the terrace, broke all the railing to pieces, and converted them into arms: the pike and pitch-fork-men threatened * to fall

with his rage, "*Do not abandon me, let us kill these assassins; "let us avenge our comrades!*"

* At the same instant M. Goguellas, an engineer officer, approaching me said, loud enough to be heard by both our columns, "Grenadiers, if you separate you will all perish."

on us: the paid guards appeared * with cannon, and fired with cartridges. To form in order of battle in two columns, to run up the stairs and take possession of the door of the passage to the National Assembly, which the pikemen defended, was, on our parts, but the work of a moment.

Having reached the passage, we endeavoured to penetrate to the hall, with the design of surrounding the Royal Family, and to save them, by securing all the members of the National Assembly.

We called out to two *gens-d'armes* to open. They answered, that the thing was impossible; that the doors had been barricadoed within since the arrival of the Court, and they ended by im-

* Without ammunition and without cannon, we thought ourselves lost; the first idea that occurred to me was to call to my comrades, "See if your arms be in good order; kill the "most hideous of this rabble, but first look to your priming." My gun being loaded since the preceding evening, I took, by way of precaution, a cartridge to fill the touch-pan well, and I fixed my eye on one of the most ferocious who stood near the door, at the head of a platoon armed with great pieces of wood. Our manœuvres and my gestures being perceived by the hordes, made them dread a discharge on our part, and seeing us immediately run up the stairs, they retired in alarm.

ploring our protection. The pressing danger of the Royal Family animated and redoubled our exertions. We threw ourselves, a dozen at a time, against the great door: it seemed to give way; but for want of instruments all our efforts proved unavailing. At this moment, whilst deliberating on the conduct we had to pursue in this terrible situation, I perceived the cannoniers of the guard-house of the court of the Feuillans running up and down, sword in hand, in great agitation. The gestures and convulsive movements of these cannoniers having excited in me much distrust, I cried out and demonstrated to my comrades, that the passage where we were being too narrow, we could not return if we were attacked on both sides, which the manœuvres of the cannoniers led me to suppose was their intention, and that we ought directly to quit the place, to be the more readily able to resist the violent and rapid measures with which we were menaced. We had, in short, only time to get out, by pressing against the wall to make room for the multitude, who drew along a piece of artillery with such rapidity, that the wheels passed over the breast of a cannonier, whom they carried off for dead. This cannon, charged with canister shot, was instantly levelled at the post we had quitted; to exterminate, as they said, all who

had dared to follow the Royal Family, against the prohibition of the deputation of the Department and that of the *Commune*.

I shall not undertake to describe all the horrors to which I was witness, from six o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon, when we at length left this place of carnage. Suffice it to say, that I saw brought and distributed to the vilest populace, the arms of the Swiss officers, of the National Guard, and of almost all the Royalists, who having gone to the Palace to defend the Royal Family, were there massacred; that I saw disarmed and stript, eighty-six Swiss grenadiers, fourteen others having been killed before by pikes and bayonets in the garden, on the stairs of the terrace, and at the passage door of which we had taken possession; that I heard, during this interval, the reports of the musquetry and cannon of the rebels who had possessed themselves of the Palace, though valiantly defended by the Swiss guards; that I learned from eye-witnesses, that these villains had broken to pieces the furniture and pictures of the King and Queen, besides stealing their most valuable effects; that they then set fire to all the houses and guard-rooms within the three courts, carried away or drank all the wine in

the cellars ; that, in their drunkenness, they made a jest of stripping the dead bodies by hundreds, throwing them naked out of the windows of the apartments, in order, by this horrible spectacle, to gratify the inhabitants of the fauxbourgs who had not arrived at the beginning of these massacres. I shall add, that I heard young people, from fifteen to eighteen years of age, *chasseurs* of the National Guard, boast of having killed one drummer and two disarmed Swiss soldiers ; that I saw come out of the Assembly, and file off, the patriot army, who had gone there to demand the King's deposition, in his Majesty's presence ; that each of these cannibals wore at his button hole, as trophies, tatters of black and red coats, and pieces of human flesh.

The black cloth designated the stripping of the persons at the palace, and the red, that of the murdered Swiss. I was obliged to accept of six cartridges, which one of the guards distributed to each of us, to shoot, he said, the Swiss of the barracks of Courbevoye, which the pikemen were to bring at four o'clock. At last, exhausted, dismayed, trembling with rage and horror, at seeing so many and such execrable foul deeds, without the hope henceforth of succouring the Royal Family, we took advantage

of the tumult and quitted this infernal place, at the risk of being recognized and followed, rather than be obliged by the assassins to mix with the murderers of the unfortunate Swiss, whose fine regiment almost wholly perished, the victims of their duty, of their zeal, and of their fidelity.

Eighty-six of their grenadiers, the remainder of the retinue which had accompanied the Royal Family to the Assembly, and who were disarmed by the paid guard, were forced to consent to serve in the National Guards, under the promise they made to them to obtain their pardon on that condition. These brave soldiers, who suffered themselves to be conducted with confidence by the National Guards to the Hôtel-de-Ville, there to take the patriotic uniform, were shut up in the court of that Hôtel at nine o'clock at night. At the moment they expected to receive from their new comrades tokens of the promised fraternity, they were shot; and their bodies, still palpitating, were pierced with pikes and bayonets, by the Marseillois and the populace. These monsters, glorying in their barbarity, added the very next day to their title of "*Conquerors of the Bastille,*" that of the "*Men of the 10th of August.*"

Every day, I may say every minute, of the Revolution, was marked by outrages more and more cruel and infamous against the King and his family. The 10th of August filled the cup of their miseries, and completed the perfidious villainy of their enemies. The National Assembly, without respecting misfortune, or the sacred rights of the asylum which he came to seek amongst them, concluded by breaking his crown in his own presence; and terminated this dreadful sitting on the 13th, by dragging, and shutting up these august victims, in the tower of the Temple.

The men of the 10th of August employed the 11th in preparing piles of wood, to burn the dead bodies heaped together at the Palace and in its neighbourhood; and they concluded, by erecting a monument in the garden of the Thuilleries, to the memory of their comrades who died by the fire of the Swiss, at the attack of the royal apartments.

But of all these atrocities, the description of which I feel conscious of having weakened, that which posterity will have the greatest difficulty in believing, is, that those very men who premeditated them, who had announced them, long before, the Jacobins, and even the members of the

Legislative Assembly, used every possible means in spreading all over France, and succeeded in persuading the populace, that all these crimes, and the effusion of so much blood, were the acts of the King and of the Royal Family; and even on the trial of Louis XVI. they persisted in imputing them to him, making the means of defence employed at the Palace on the 10th of August an article of impeachment.

Such was the issue of this day, which will be for ever memorable in the annals of guilt! I shall now describe how my companions and myself succeeded in escaping from the court of the Feuillans.

The escape of the Editor of these Memoirs, after the 10th August, and his last efforts to serve the Royal Family.—The dangers he incurred amidst the massacres of September, and before quitting the Kingdom.

I hope to be excused in returning so often to my personal affairs. My object is not to attract the attention of the public; (alas! what am I compared to so many illustrious victims!) I have no other motive than to make more generally known the revolutionary manners, and the spirit

which animated the least, as well as the principal actors who have figured on this bloody theatre; besides, even the recital of what appears to be personal to me only, refers, nevertheless, almost always, to the different situations in which the Royal Family are found, from the commencement of the Revolution to the moment when, no longer enabled to give fresh proofs of my devotion, I adopted the resolution to employ every possible means to escape, and return to my brave countrymen; to that nation so good, so loyal, and faithful to its sovereigns, and so different from that whose crimes compelled me now to abandon it for ever.

As soon as we had left the court of the Feuillans, many of my comrades* stole away on different sides, and five of us only remained at the entrance of the street St. Honoré. To be less noticed by the hired assassins, with whom this street and the Place Vendôme were filled, we crossed them, affecting an air of indifference which might deceive, and lead them to suppose that we had been just relieved at a post; we also affected to wipe our faces at almost every step, to

* Dupont de Nemours and his son, &c.

expose them as little as possible to their notice; and thus contrived to gain, by degrees, the street *des Petits Champs*.

My comrades having quitted me in the street de Gaillon, I proceeded forward with the intention of regaining my abode in the street St. Anne. On approaching the street St. Augustin, by which I was obliged to pass, I heard the wife of a labourer in my section say to her neighbour, " *Behold! see that rascal of an Aristocrat, I see* " *they have not killed him: but go on,*" added she, shewing me her fist, " *my husband will know* " *where to find thee; thou shalt no more escape* " *us than the dogs thy comrades.*"

I pretended not to hear this fury, and proceeded: but a little farther on I was accosted by two unknown men, who, passing close by me, but looking on the opposite side, said, in an under voice, " Sir, we know who you are; " we tremble for you; you are sought for, as " well as all the grenadiers of the *Filles St. Tho-* " *mas*; you will be massacred as were the Swiss: " do not enter your house just now, for you " will betray your dwelling by your dress."

I availed myself of the advice of these gen-

tlemen by instantly entering the Hôtel de Choiseul. I informed the Countess de Choiseul d'Aillecourt of the danger which I should risk in going to my own house with the dress of a proscribed battalion. This lady, whose esteem I had obtained by my conduct at court, sent for the Chevalier Guibert, Major of the King's Constitutional Guard, who lodged in the same hôtel, and requested of him to give me a change of cloaths.

He conducted me into his apartment, where I laid by my feathers, my gun, my pouch, and even my gaiters, fearing that the populace, or the *Gens-d'Armes*, who were sentinels at the Hôtel de la Régie, opposite to the Hôtel de Choiseul, should recognise me for a grenadier of the battalion *des Filles St. Thomas*, and seize on me as belonging to the Palace.

When arrived at home, I disguised myself as well as I could, and after having solicited, in vain, many of my acquaintances for an asylum for myself and my faithful domestic, I was at last so happy as to obtain permission from M. Arcambal, first secretary of the war department, to pass the night in his house.

I learned the following day, that the disbanding and proscription of the grënadiers of the *Filles St. Thomas* were published and posted up. Not knowing where to retire; despairing, after the trials I had made the preceding day, of finding any one sufficiently courageous to afford me shelter, I determined to repair to the hôtel of my Lord Gower (now Marquis of Stafford), then Ambassador from the King of England to the French Court, to describe to him all the horrors of my situation, and to venture to implore an asylum from him till his departure, which I foresaw could not be at a very distant period. I made this attempt in the hope that he would permit me to pass into England as one of his suite.

I resigned myself to this idea with the more confidence, as I well knew how highly the Ambassador and Ambassadress (the Countess of Sutherland), had been considered by the Queen, who always treated them with kindness and with friendship. I therefore flattered myself that they would not refuse their protection to a man whom they knew to be entirely devoted to the interests of the Royal Family.

The Ambassador being ill, I could not have

the honor of being presented to him; but the Countess of Sutherland received me in the most flattering manner. Impelled by her native generosity, she had the goodness to offer me whatever sum of money I might have occasion for, in the circumstances in which I was placed. With the most lively sensations of gratitude, I returned my respectful acknowledgements, and assured her I did not want money, having still more than one hundred louis d'ors about me. These first marks of her benevolence inspired me with increased confidence: and I instantly presumed to request a temporary asylum in her hôtel; and to include me, if possible, in the number of those persons who were to have the good fortune to leave France in her train.

The Countess expressed, with great goodness, the regret she felt in not being able to grant me the favour I solicited. She informed me that there were in her hôtel, as well as with all the Ambassadors, two or three kinds of Jacobins, of whom they could not possibly get rid, and that I should risk being taken there; a circumstance that would give her a great deal more pain than seeing her hôtel pillaged by the populace. To all this goodness she added that of sending for

the Secretary of Legation,* in order to consult with him on what I ought to do in a moment so critical. After they had considered my situation, the Countess advised me to go, as from her, to a German, proprietor of the porcelain manufactory of Angoulême, in the street du Temple. She told me besides, that she did not doubt but the known attachment of this man for the Royal Family would induce him to contribute, as much as lay in his power, to my personal security.

I took leave of the Countess, and departed immediately to find the person she had mentioned.

In passing by the hôtel of M. de Mory, son of the Cashier to the India Company, I went in to communicate my plan to him. He was sensible of the confidence I placed in him, and, after having advised me how he thought I ought to act, he informed me that the Royal Family were to be shut up in the Temple: but, on reflection, finding that the National Guard would then have a guard-house opposite the porcelain manufactory, and that they would certainly, in the end, recognise me; that, besides, a workman

* Mr. Huskisson, since first Secretary of the Treasury, under Mr. Pitt, and now a Member of Parliament.

might inform against me; he instantly offered me an asylum in his house, and besought me, in the name of that friendship which united us, not to refuse his invitation.

I accepted of M. de Mory's offer with the more eagerness, believing that I should place my life beyond the reach of danger, without fear of exposing him. I knew that he possessed the confidence of his section ;* that, besides, he bestowed a great deal on the poor, and that he was sincerely beloved: I was therefore very certain that nothing disagreeable could assail him.

When I accepted the obliging invitation of this generous man, I had formed the plan of waiting at his house the opening of the barriers, and to obtain, by his means, a passport from the Hôtel-de-Ville to leave the kingdom, and to take refuge as soon as possible in London.

Arrest, Imprisonment, and Deliverance, of the Editor of these Memoirs.

I passed five days at my new host's in the most perfect security. The purity of M. Mory's

* *De la Croix Rouge.* It was in this section that the Count de Clermont-Tonnerre was murdered by his cook, whom he had dismissed some days before.

principles and his probity were too well known to me, to allow me to have the slightest doubt respecting the sincerity of his conduct. My servant was, besides, the only person who knew the place of my retreat: I did not hesitate to confide in him this important secret, after the long experience I had had of his fidelity and attachment; he never would, in fact, have been capable of betraying me, if the demagogues had not had recourse to the most terrifying means to force him to discover my new habitation.

I had ordered him to go daily to certain persons belonging to the Queen, to obtain information of every transaction in the city, in the Assembly, and above all, in the Temple; and to give me an account every evening. But having perceived from the first day, that his proceedings were observed, and that spies followed him every where, he thought it necessary to employ artifice to come to me, without exposing himself. He used, to this end, the most probable means of deceiving the ill-disposed: when he left my apartment, of which he was the guardian, he immediately went to a distant quarter; there he took a coach which carried him to a certain distance; and he then returned to me on foot. I recommended to him from the first, to tell every one who asked for

me, that I was gone into the country, he knew not where.

This conduct, which prudence required, at a time when I knew that all my battalion,* who had escaped the 10th of August, were either arrested or had fled, protected us until the 18th; but at this period, the Jacobins, enraged at not being able to discover my retreat, resolved to sieze upon my servant.

After having in vain exhausted every means of seduction, they then had recourse to rigour. Overwhelmed with ill treatment, and even threatened with the guillotine, if he did not point out the place of my retreat, he was under the cruel necessity of discovering it.

Six men, armed with pikes, were immediately sent by my section to secure my person. But they were so confused and terrified at the idea of arresting a grenadier of my battalion, that they thought it prudent to demand a reinforcement of six of their comrades, of the section in which I had sought refuge.

* Tassin, Commandant of Battalion; Wermaring, Captain; Guischer, Lieutenant; Heck, Sergeant.

They arrived, twelve in number, at M. Mory's, my respectable host, as we were going to sit down to table, at a moment when we little expected such a visit. Without giving me time to take leave of M. Mory, whom this event had thrown into the greatest consternation, they conducted me to the office of the section of the Croix Rouge, in order to record in the *protocole* of the day, the *procès-verbal* of the assistance which that section had given to mine on this occasion, and to promise them aid in similar circumstances.

This customary ceremony being finished, I re-entered the carriage; the reinforcement retired, and the six men of my section only, escorted me directly to my guard house in the street Favard, where I was some time detained, and whence we proceeded to the Convent of *Filles St. Thomas* in the street Vivienne, there to undergo a first examination.

On passing the shop of my linen-draper, in the street de Richelieu, I remembered that I had a rouleau of fourty double louis about me. Confident that I should be deprived of this money in prison, I asked permission of the escort to allow me to go into the shop for an instant.

They agreed, on condition that I should not stop more than one moment.

I explained briefly to the shop-keeper's wife my situation; I told her in a low voice, " that I had just been arrested, was going " to prison, and that I should unquestionably be " plundered; I requested her to let me deposit " in her hands forty double louis, and to give " me one hundred livres only in assignats for my " daily expences."

Without waiting for her answer, I threw the rouleau on the counter, taking the precaution to cover it with linen, from the sight of her brother-in-law, and two young persons who worked at her side.

The linen draper's wife replied, that it was not possible for her to give me the assignats, that her husband was in the country, and that he had in mistake taken his keys with him.

To this I was easily reconciled, still having fifteen double louis in my purse; and considering myself very happy in having saved my rouleau, I joined my conductors.

When I reached my section, I was interrogated by the president* in the most insignificant manner, arising in a great measure from the instigation of several Jacobins, whom I knew to be as weak as they were furious, and who ceased not to speak in an under voice against me; but their violent gestures and menacing glances forcibly explained their meaning.

While I was answering a number of questions, the brother-in-law of the linen-draper's wife arrived. He begged to be heard, and said before all the committee: "I am too good a "patriot not to denounce citizen Weber; I de- "clare that he quitted his escort, to go into "my brother's shop, and that he deposited on "the counter a rouleau of forty double louis; "he desired my sister-in-law to keep this "sum in trust for him. But my family, not "wishing to have any thing to do with the "effects of a man under arrest, I lost no time "in coming to place this gold on the beaureau "of the citizen president."

After having asked me where this sum came from, and what I intended to do with it, a

* Collot d'Herbois, a bad Comedian of Provence.

question which was followed by hisses on the part of the bystanders, the president, accustomed to applauses of this kind on the theatre, decided, without being disconcerted, that the rouleau should be consigned to the treasury of the section. He questioned me " on the place " of my birth, of my age, and my rank in " life." When I had satisfied those questions, he added, " were you of the number of those " who drew their swords against the Marseillois " in the *Place de Louis XV.* ?" I answered in the affirmative, adding, that I acted only in my own defence.

He continued, " did not the Queen interest " herself much in your situation? Where did " you and the other grenadiers retire after- " wards?"

I answered: " Neither the King nor Queen " knew any thing of us. I am wholly ignorant " of what became of my wounded comrades on " that day: as for myself, I remained all night at " the house of an officer of the household."

" You are very much attached," said he, " to the King and Queen?" " They are my

" benefactors," I replied, " and it is my glory to " devote myself to them in life and in death."

Several persons remarking with what animosity the president had directed the insertion in the *procès-verbal** of the last declaration I had made, and believing they saw in it the sentence of my death, cried aloud, " Oh, God! How foolish! " My God! How ill-timed is that declaration! " He is certainly lost!"

At last, after having kept me some time at the bar, and some time shut up in a chapel, secured by iron bars, from four to nine o'clock at night, and having made me sign the *procès-verbal* of the examination which I had undergone, the president sent me to the guard-house for the night, without troubling himself about the murmurs or the cries of disapprobation which proceeded from all parts, against the prejudice and hatred which visibly influenced his conduct with respect to me.

The next day, at ten o'clock in the morning, they conducted me in a carriage, under the same

* This *procès-verbal*, of the 18th of August, should be on the register, or in the archives of the section, of 1792.

escort, to the Hôtel-de-Ville : there a commissioner of my section, after having verified the examination which I had undergone the night before, read aloud the four crimes of treason against the nation, of which I was accused: " first, of being an Austrian; secondly, of be- " ing foster-brother to the Queen; thirdly, of " having been of the number of the grenadiers " of the *Filles St. Thomas*, who had drawn their " swords against the Federates; fourthly, of " having escorted the Royal Family, contrary to " the order of M. Rœderer, to the door of the " National Assembly, on the 10th August, at " nine o'clock in the morning."

This commissioner added a new deposition, signed by my landlord and by my porter; it was conceived in these terms: " We congratulate the " section and the Committee of Inspection, on " having succeeded in arresting so dangerous an " aristocrat as citizen Weber; we certify, that " there is no man more dextrous in the ma- " nagement of fire-arms; and that, moreover, " he has instructed all his aristocratic friends in " the use of pistols, and that, in fact, he has " brought a great quantity of these arms from " his own country, and has distributed them " here."

On this new accusation I begged to be heard in my justification; but I was interrupted by hootings from all the galleries, where the populace relieved one another, night and day, after the 10th of August, to invent denunciations or utter applauses. A cannonier of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, having asked permission to speak, denounced me in the following manner. "I "well know this citizen; I saw him surrounded "with Swiss officers, and all those of the staff "of the National Guard, who were so insolent "when the aristocrats doubled the guard at "the palace; I heard him harangue on that day, "and on the 9th of August, formally promise, "in half an hour, to cut off the heads of Pe-"thion and of Manuel."

This cannonier, who had never either seen or heard me, not satisfied with charging me with those calumnies himself, brought forward, as a witness to the truth of his assertions, an old man in the national uniform seated near him, who confirmed his accusation, without having ever seen me, or even troubling himself to cast his eyes on him to whom these crimes were imputed.

Pethion and Manuel smiled from their throne,

with complacency on the cannoneer; and after having bestowed merited encomiums on his patriotism, and having thanked him above all for the means which he afforded them, of immolating another victim, they gave him the order to conduct me, accompanied by four *Gens-d'Armes*, to the Committee of Inspection, and thence to the Hôtel de la Force.

The joy of the populace, when they saw me as it were, at their disposal, became general. And this *canaille* would not so soon have suspended their insults and menaces if Manuel had not assumed the conversation to amuse them; but in a manner a thousand times more torturing to me, as the Royal Family were the subjects of his vile pleasantries.

This scoundrel, to divert his friend Pethion, as well as the rest of the Assembly, amused himself particularly with the Queen in the most indecent manner. Thus did he express himself: "It must "be acknowledged that there is nothing in the "world so troublesome as a Royal Family and "their train! It is time, at last, to sweep "away this retinue; to tear from the Queen all "the women who surround her, and to secure "them from annoying us in future."

These words excited general approbation. Instantly cries of " to the *Abbaye*, to *la Force*—*à la* " *Force* with the Queen's women,* " resounded from all sides; he continued: " Yesterday I saw " the King's wife; she was no longer that " haughty woman that nothing could bend; I " saw her actually shed tears; I spoke a great " deal to her, and to her son also; he was be- " dewed with tears, and I must say the little " fellow has greatly interested me. I told the " King's wife, amongst other things, that I would " send her some women of my acquaintance to " wait upon her; she told me she did not want " them; that she and the King's sister could " assist each other: upon that I replied to the

* The Princess de Lamballe, superintendant of the Queen's household.

The Marchioness de Tourzel, Governess to the Royal Children.

Madame Thibault, first femme de chambre to the Queen.

Madame Bazire, first femme de chambre to Madame Royale.

Madame Le Moine, first femme de chambre to the Dauphin.

Madame St. Brice, second femme de chambre to the Dauphin.

All these ladies were shut up in the Hôtel de la Force on the 19th of August. The Princess de Lamballe was the only one of them massacred on the 3d of September 1792.

" King's wife : very well, Madam, as you do not
" choose to accept from my hand women to
" wait on you, you may serve yourself, if you
" like ; you shall not be disturbed about the
" choice."

In uttering these indecencies against the daughter of Maria Theresa, Manuel was often interrupted by the applauses of Pethion, and of all his auditors.

Whilst these things were going on, the cannoneer, who had not lost sight of his projects against me, arrived, accompanied by two commissioners, to place me again in the hands of four *gens d'Armes*, with orders to conduct me to the Committee of Inspection.

A troop of fish-women, accompanied by other assassins hired by the faction, hurried after me, and said aloud to those who endeavoured to stop them : " we shall go but for an instant to *shew*
" *the country* to the Queen's foster brother, who
" intended to cut off the heads of M. Manuel
" and of the Mayor."

After these expressions, which I confess alarmed me exceedingly, I expected to be assassinated,

as Messieurs Foulon and de Launai had been, on the steps of the staircase which I was to pass in my way to the Committee.

Heaven intending to save me, inspired me at the moment with the idea of addressing myself to an officer * of the guard-house, who was near the fatal staircase. He listened to me with attention, and having learned the fate that threatened me, detained me some minutes, whilst the populace went on to see the installation of Santerre, whom the faction had appointed Commander-in-chief of the National Guard of Paris, a situation which he had long aimed at.

In fact, the assassins dispersed to assist at this ceremony, and the officer seized on this moment to have me conducted to the Committee of Inspection in a carriage which shut me in from all observation.

Thus did I escape from these assassins of which one of the most resolute, I had been informed, had prepared his sabre to give me the first blow. The others would not then fail to have fallen upon

* He was a Chevalier of St. Louis, whose name unfortunately I could not learn.

me, torn me in pieces, and to have finished as usual by carrying my head in triumph on the end of a pike.

Arrived at the Committee of Inspection, the cannoneer again made his deposition; after which they sent away the *Gens d'Armes*, and I was shut up in a room where I was obliged to remain from twelve to seven o'clock in the evening; then two commissioners * arrived to conduct me in a coach to the Hôtel de la Force.

I was here registered according to custom; *Le Beau*, warden of that prison, promised to treat me with all the respect possible, and had me placed in a room † where were already confined the Chevaliers de Rhulières, ‡ and de la Chesnaye, § Messieurs Jurien, || Vochel, ** and

* One of them was probably the executioner, for he said to his comrade on crossing the Place de Grêve: "*I had a great deal of work here yesterday.*"

† Called the *Chambre de Condé.*

‡ Commandant of the Horse Guards of Paris.

§ Commandant of the National Guard; he was on duty near the King's person on the 10th of August.

|| First clerk of the King's household, and of the civil list.

** First clerk of the war department, and of the artillery office.

Desmarais, * these three last were enlarged some days after, and replaced by Messieurs Le Fauchet, † St. Brice, ‡ Baron Battencourt, § Poupard de Beaubourg, ‖ de la Merlière, ** and Magontier. ***

The warden's wife, having learnt from the two commissioners that I was arrested in consequence of the 10th of August, demonstrated the utmost satisfaction, saying, " *very well; ça ira! ça ira!* "

Le Beau, observing that his wife's expressions afflicted me, after the departure of the commissioners, endeavoured to console me; he told me I ought not to be affected at these political demonstrations, rendered necessary by circumstances.

The turnkeys, followed by two great dogs, came regularly at seven o'clock in the morning,

* Academician.

† Distributor of powder and saltpetre; his father, at the moment of his arrest, blew out his brains with a pistol.

‡ Brigadier of the body guards of the Count d'Artois.

§ General officer.

‖ Monsieur's Guard.

** Commissioner of the *Comptabilité.*

*** First Valet de Chambre of Monsieur.

to open the doors of the prison, and left us at liberty to walk under the shade of two rows of trees which were in our great court.

They returned, with the same escort, at eight o'clock in the evening, and with loud cries, and the repeated ringing of a bell, we were warned to go in. All the prisoners were then shut up; we were obliged to provide for our subsistence and to pay the expences: there were two cooks amongst the people under arrest; who were detained on suspicion, they supplied our table at the rate of three livres per head.

I passed thirteen days in this prison, which appeared to me as many months; and I can truly affirm, that the inquietude which consumed me, proceeded as much from my ignorance of the fate of the Royal Family as from the uncertainty of my own.

The Chevaliers de Rhulières and de la Chesnaye appeared to be equally afflicted.

I was informed that M. de la Porte,* the

* Minister of the King's household and Comptroller of the Civil List.

brave Durozoi,* and the Baron Backmann, † were successively guillotined. As these three victims of their fidelity were not more culpable than us, and that in the eyes of the factious we were as much to blame, we every moment expected to be dragged out of prison to share the same fate.

However, I still escaped this danger, whilst my two companions in captivity sunk under it, as I shall explain hereafter.

Massacre of the Prisoners in all the Prisons of Paris, in the Month of September 1792.

I was thirteen days in prison without being able to guess the fate that awaited me; all I saw, all I heard, was not calculated to tranquillize my mind.

During the night of the 27th of the same month, we heard, from our prison, a great deal of noise in the Court de la Force, and in the

* Author of the *Gazette de Paris.* He was guillotined the 5th of August, at the Place du Carousel, called *Egalité,* crying, "That he had the glory of dying on St. Louis's day, "for the cause of religion, and for that of his King."

† Major General of the Swiss guard. He died like an hero.

rooms which were over ours. This noise disturbed us exceedingly; at an early hour next morning, we learnt that our keeper had been carried away by an armed force, and dragged to the bar of the National Assembly, to justify himself for having sent to the Committee of Inspection one of the prisoners who had been called up to this Tribunal, and who was in liquor. Considering the situation in which this man was placed, no one can be surprized that he was very cautious in his answers; the Assembly, who arrogated to themselves the privilege of judging, even of intentions, pretended that this was a premeditated plan of the warden; of this, however, he proved himself innocent; yet, to expiate a fault which, in any case, could not merit heavy punishment, had he had honest men to judge him, he was condemned by the Committee of Inspection to be placed in the pillory.

This unfortunate man, becoming frantic by this act of despotism, flew into the utmost rage, which was spent in accusations against the National Assembly, against its Committees, and against the populace who were paid to insult him; and when he descended from the scaffold, his gestures were energetically expressive of rage and contempt.

This scene was contrived by Robespierre: this man of blood sought to excite the people against the prisoners, and instigate them to massacre them all; thus to make room for more proscriptions, without appearing to crowd the prisons.

The satellites of this miscreant shouted, with fury, "*We must have the head of the prisoner, "who has dared to insult the nation.*" And proceeded towards his prison to do justice on him themselves.

The following day, this unhappy man was tried, condemned, and conducted to the scaffold; but he was promised pardon, the moment before execution, if he would say and support with firmness, "That all the prisoners were armed in "a formidable manner; that they were in a state "to effect a counter-revolution; that, as to himself, he would sacrifice his life without regret, "for he was certain his comrades would not "fail, in a little time, to avenge his death."

This unfortunate man had nothing now to do, but to vociferate his menaces against the populace, and to overwhelm them with his predictions; but the Jacobins, who meant to make his

words the pretext only for their hired brigands and the multitude to fall on the prisons, caused him to be guillotined, notwithstanding their promise, as soon as he had ended his harangue. Such was always the fate of those whom Robespierre found necessary to admit to his confidence.

Still more enraged by the clamours of the satellites of Marat and of Robespierre, the people became entirely furious: not finding the tribunals sufficiently expeditious, they proclaimed, on the 28th, in the sections, their own sovereignty; and, for the purpose of assisting the Jacobin army, they resolved to take upon themselves, at once, the functions of accuser, of judge, and of executioner.

During this period, the unhappy prisoners, aware of Robespierre's plan, expected every moment to be murdered without the power of opposing the slightest resistance. They passed their nights writing the most affecting letters to their families, to their friends, and to all their acquaintances, to bid a last farewell, or to solicit their exertions for their enlargement.

Many of these unfortunate men, sought every means to escape, and had the imprudence to say,

loud enough to be heard, that it would be an easy matter to break through the walls, with the beams which were in the middle of our court, into the street of the Théâtre de Beaumarchais.

Whether the spies who were employed to observe us, or that the *Gens-d'Armes*, who had a watch on the first floor, heard these remarks, the municipality were informed of it, and the beams were carried away the same day, by twenty workmen of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, who, all the time their employment continued, cast on us the most terrible looks, and appeared to us, in their pantomime, like the mutes who precede the fatal bow-string.

On the 30th of August, the official advice which we had asked, according to the law, which at that period granted it to all confined, informed us, that the letters to our relations, and to our friends, had only served to light the warden's pipe; they informed us likewise that the guillotine had been proclaimed permanent in the Place de Carousel, that that square had just been named the Place de l'Egalité, that it had been determined to handsel it by the execution of the Prince de Poix,* who was every

* Captain of the Body Guards, and Governor of Versailles; he had the good fortune to escape every search.

where sought after for that purpose; and that all those detained on account of their conduct on the 10th of August, should suffer the same fate.

Thus deprived of all consolation and almost without hope of escaping from the Jacobins, I wrote out my trial, from the two examinations which I had already undergone, and I composed answers to all the questions which might be again asked in the interrogatories to which I must be still subject.

In some degree relieved by this precaution, and still more by my confidence in the Supreme Being, I waited with resignation the awful moment of appearing before the judges of the new popular tribunal.

We passed several days in a situation which it is impossible to describe.

On the 2d of September at four o'clock in the afternoon, the turnkeys called the prisoners under pretence of going to speak to the commissioners, or to be inscribed for the frontiers.

This call continued till the evening, and we

were informed that the prisoners who did not return, had been removed to another house of confinement.

The disturbed air, the serious and embarrassed tones of the turnkeys, who went and came continually, accompanied by *Gens d'Armes*, or National Guards, gave us so much uneasiness, that we did not undress; at length, wearied with listening to the noise in the street, without the power of distinguishing what it was, we threw ourselves on our beds about one o'clock in the morning, to take a litle rest.

I had hardly thrown myself on my miserable bed, opposite the window, when my eyes were dazzled on a sudden by a great light, produced by a number of flambeaux which were carried before an armed hord. This troop, conducted by the turnkeys, advanced rapidly to the corridor of our prison.

The door was opened with a violent crash, six men with pikes presented themselves, and demanded M. de Rhulières, one of those who belonged to my chamber.

This prisoner sitting up, repeated twice, "I "am he, gentlemen, I am he."

A municipal officer then spoke, and raising his voice, so as to be heard by the armed men who accompanied him, and whose fury the turnkeys could hardly restrain, said, " You are accused, " M. de Rhulières, of being one of the con- " spirators of the 10th of August. I come to " tell you to recommend your soul to God, for " the people demand your head. I am sorry to " be charged with such a mission, but my duty " compels me to obey."

The Chevalier de Rhulières answered with the utmost calmness, " I have long expected the " fate you announce; yet I thought they would " at least have interrogated me."

On this answer the municipal officer approached the door, and perceiving that the people would not wait, he reminded them that he had promised to obey the law, that he had sworn it, and he asked this hord, thirsting for blood, if " he could rely on their promise ?" To dispose them to attend to him, he added; " My com- " rades, my fellow citizens, will you allow M. " de Rhulières to go to the Registry to be in- " terrogated ?" they altogether began to howl; " *Yes, yes, let him come! but let him make* " *haste!*"

The Chevalier de Rhulières was carried at two o'clock in the morning of the 3d September, to undergo his examination before the popular tribunal, established in the warden's chamber.

An hour after, they came in the same manner to seek the Chevalier de la Chesnaye. Uneasy with respect to the fate of the Chevalier de Rhulières, we ventured to ask the turnkey what was become of him? "Do not be disturbed "about him," he answered, "he has been now "a great while at the Abbaye!"

Not knowing that this phrase meant that the unfortunate man had been massacred at the door of the prison, we were none of us affected by it; on the contrary, we congratulated one another on hearing that Heaven had preserved the life of so interesting a man as the Chevalier de Rhulières; and we entertained much less anxiety on account of the Chevalier de la Chesnaye, who had in his pocket, for his justification, the requisitions of the Hôtel de Ville, of the Committee of Inspection, and of the Commune; by which they ordered him to repel, in case of events, force by force. We were far from thinking that what ought to have justified him, would be on the contrary the signal of his death.

Having thus seen carried away forcibly these two brave and loyal gentlemen, accused of the crime of treason against the nation, and knowing that I was detained for the same cause, I expected every instant a similar fate.

I instantly took up the papers which contained my trial, the answers to all the questions and accusations which they could possibly make; and I read them over with the utmost attention, in order to be ready for all events.

The departure of the Chevaliers de Rhulières and de la Chesnaye, reduced the prisoners in our chamber to Messieurs de St. Brice, Baron Battencourt, Poupart de Beaubourg, and myself; Messieurs le Fauchet de la Merlière, and Magontier, having been enlarged some days before.

At four o'clock in the morning the Chevalier de la Chesnaye, for whom we waited with the utmost impatience, to learn the particulars of what was going forward, had not yet returned; the cries in the streets continued without intermission; the prisoners, who were lodged on both sides, above, and below our chamber, were incessantly torn away and dragged with the greatest violence before the dreadful tribunal:

this extraordinary noise redoubled our fears; it was impossible for us until eight o'clock, to form any idea of it. At this moment we saw a crowd of armed men enter the Court. They looked in at all the windows of the rooms on the ground floor, and perceiving four prisoners quite dressed lying on their beds, they ordered the gaoler to open the door of that chamber.

They entered like madmen, collared us, and shaking us with violence, calling us, " *scoundrels*, " *aristocrats*," reproaching us with an inclination of hiding ourselves, and with a thousand blasphemies, swore " they would not quit us " any more, and that they were going to take " measures to discover who we were." As I did not know at that instant that their intention was to lead us to death, I abandoned myself to all the indignation which this treatment inspired; I seized one of these armed men by the breast, I took another by the collar, and shaking them most vigorously in my turn, I said to them, " The turnkey might have informed you that " we are neither scoundrels, nor men inclined to " hide ourselves; you ought to respect misfor- " tune, if you have any souls, and above all " remember that the law forbids you to ill-treat

" prisoners, without knowing whether they be " guilty or not."

Stupified by my boldness, they looked at each other for a moment, and then let go their hold; I continued, " an honest man does not resist when " he is called upon to obey the law; but you are " only vile oppressors; you are armed, and I am " not; your conduct is cowardly; I serve in the " National Guard; I can, like you, take up my " arms in a moment, and then I invite you to at- " tack me."

The turnkeys having spoken to them in our favour, these satellites began to use us with a little more respect; they nevertheless ordered us to follow them: because it was, they said, their duty to conduct us before the tribunal established in the warden's room.

As soon as we had left the Court, each escorted by two armed men, I lost sight of my companions in misfortune, and not being able to divine what was meant by the number of naked swords stained with blood, which I beheld, and the shouts of " *to the Abbaye, to Coblentz, to the* " *Abbaye,*" with which they accompanied a prisoner from time to time to the entrance of the

street; I waited my turn with resignation at the door of the audience chamber.

It was ten o'clock in the morning when I was introduced; I saw a very corpulent man in the uniform of the National Guard, and decorated with a tri-coloured scarf, seated at a great table on which were placed the registers of the cells of the prison; beside the man with the scarf, who performed the functions of president of the popular tribunal, was seated the clerk of the prison, and around the table, two grenadiers, two fusileers, two chasseurs, and two porters, these were the personages who composed this tribunal; in fine, several Marseillois, and other federates, filled up the audience chamber as spectators.

The president began thus his interrogatory: "your name, your age, your country?" He then directly examined in the register, the article which referred to me, called in the prison language, the commitment. The clerk of the Hôtel pointed it out to him, it appeared to contain twenty lines.

After having cast his eyes over it, and found that I was detained for four crimes of treason

against the nation, and above all, for having passed the night of the 10th of August at the Palace, he limited himself (his motive I know not to this day) to this question: Why were you on the 9th and 10th of August at the Thuilleries? I answered, " I served in the National Guard of " Versailles, but for some time past my affairs " having prevented my doing duty, I have " regularly paid forty sous per day, to the " citizen who supplied my place. The National " Assembly having since decreed, that every " man in lodgings, with his own furniture, should " be considered as a proprietor, and as such, be " obliged henceforth to mount his guard in per- " son; I had myself inscribed in the section of my " residence, and have done duty there punctually. " For three months past, I have mounted guard " twice at the National Assembly, and as often at " the Palace; having received on the 9th, at seven " o'clock in the morning, a printed note from " M. Tassin,* to go directly to the guard house, " I was sent at ten o'clock, as a reinforcement " with nineteen of my comrades, to the Palace " Courts, under the command of Messieurs " Guicher † and Laurent, ‡ and I remained there

* Commandant of Battalion.

† Lieutenant.

‡ Sub-Lieutenant.

" by order of my commanders to the last mo-
" ment."

The president having heard me with much attention, addressed the by-standers in the following words: " Are any of you, citizens, acquainted with the facts which Citizen Weber advances in his justification?" Several arose to attest " that they were perfectly well acquainted with what I had advanced; and that I had said nothing but the truth;" a little Chasseur in particular confirmed by his words and gestures the exactness of all my answers.

" Then I see no further objection to declare the gentleman's innocence," said the President, rising from his seat and taking off his hat. He then joined all the spectators in crying *Vive la Nation!* and ordered me to do the like; I obeyed and cried with the others *Vive la Nation.* This second ceremony being terminated, the President proclaimed my innocence in these words: " You are free, Citizen, but the country is in danger; you must be enrolled, and depart in less than three days for the Frontiers."

As I thought myself according to this sentence quite out of danger, I answered; " it is abso-

" lutely impossible for me, Citizen President, to " conform to this last order, I have an aged and " infirm mother, an unhappy sister; and they " have both need of my assistance, they have no " other support but me, I must return to them, I " cannot abandon them."

The two men who stood behind me, answered directly in a kind of fury; " Citizen, this is not " the time to give such reasons; men are wanted " for war, the country wants soldiers; we our- " selves, like good patriots, we have forgotten that " we are husbands and fathers; forget, after our " example, that you have a mother and a sister."

The President, after casting a glance at the clerk of the prisons, as if to make him understand that it would be my own fault if I perished, looking attentively at me, said angrily, " I warn " you, Sir, that you must be enrolled, and that " you must depart without delay for the Fron- " tiers; I see no other alternative for you." He then made a short pause.

His looks, his gestures, and the sound of his voice, impressing me with the suspicion of some mystery, I took my cue instantly; and in the hope of soon escaping (for I had rather have

died than carry arms against my Sovereign, or the interests of my benefactors), I answered with affected serenity : " As you do want me, gentle-" men, I shall go to the frontiers when you " please."

This answer again excited in the room fresh shouts of *Vive la Nation.* The President hastened to expedite my enrollment and made me sign the roll.

I then received according to custom the fraternal embrace from the President and some of the by-standers, a porter rushed through the crowd to come to me; but what surprized me much, and what will equally surprize my readers, was, that he did not embrace me, until he had asked my leave, which I took good care, as may be imagined, not to refuse ; he then said, " Citizen, it is with me you will have to " do henceforward, you have only to follow " me."

Two armed men, at the end of the ceremony, taking me by the arms, conducted me with loud cries of *Vive la Nation,* to the door which led to the street ; there they made me halt, and they first passed by the little wicket; such was the

counter-sign given to the assassins who stood outside, to spare those who had been tried; those on the contrary whom this tribunal sent *to the Abbaye* or *to Coblentz*, preceded their conductors, and were put to death at this fatal passage. When I had gained the street they again took me by the arm and continued, whilst raising and twirling their hats on the point of their swords, the cry of "*Vive la Nation*," after which we continued our rout by the narrow street * which leads to the *Rue St. Antoine*, between rows of satellites of the same Faubourg and of Marseillois.

At last the porter who preceded us, commanded us to halt a second time. He placed himself before me and cried, "hats off!" thousands of spectators uncovered themselves with the utmost rapidity; silence was then proclaimed to listen to the oath which I was to pronounce according to his order, with the right arm extended on a level with the shoulder: it was conceived in these terms,

"I swear to be faithful to the nation, and to "die at my post in defence of the new system "of liberty and equality."

* Called, *Cul-de-sac des Prêtres*.

After taking this oath, which I could not possibly refuse, the same man having turned towards me to shew me a heap of dead bodies, pierced and hacked with swords, said, with a fierce and ferocious air: " you see, citizen sol-" dier, that we punish traitors as they deserve ! "

I again received the fraternal embrace, I passed from arm to arm for more than an hundred paces, constantly embraced by the National Guards of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and by an infinite number of other people almost all intoxicated. At last delivered from their caresses, the two armed men, on whom I leaned, conducted me into a church, * where were assembled the small number of persons whom the popular tribunal had spared.

Two commissioners, after having carefully examined my certificate, said, " we have orders to detain you, until you are claimed by some of those who have known you most intimately."

Deceived by the public papers, which our officious advisers, and Coffee-house keeper

* *L'Eglise de la Culture St. Catherine,* in the section of the Arsenal, named by the people, *Dépôt des Innocens.*

brought us every day, I imagined that the greatest number of my comrades had been saved. I consequently instantly wrote a note to the commanding officer, and in his absence to the lieutenant, or to the sub-lieutenant at the guard-house, beseeching any one of these officers to send some of my comrades to appear for me, informing them that the popular tribunal had pronounced me innocent. In truth, it is impossible in reflecting on what these brigands called innocent, not to blush at having been considered in that light by them! What a horrid abuse of words, and of things!

I put this note, in presence of the commissioners, into the hands of a young National Guard of the Faubourg St. Antoine; and with it an assignat of an hundred sols, beseeching him to take a coach and to return as soon as possible with three or four of my comrades, whom I would spare as well as himself the trouble of walking so far.

When the National Guard reached the guard-house in the *Rue Favard*, he met with some patriots and pike-men only, to whom the acknowledgment of a royalist, like me, was unintelligible; however the young man in uniform was conducted with my letter to the section.

Chenier,* the new president of this section, had agreed with Collot d'Herbois to destroy me; accordingly he had hardly finished reading my letter, when he wrote to the section of the Arsenal where I was detained, " to take good care not to let me go, and to deliver me to the section of 92,† under a good escort;" he finished his note by informing them that he had sent five men for that purpose.

It would be difficult to describe the surprise of the section of the Arsenal, that of the commissioners of the dépôt, and above all my own, at the reading of this billet; they ceased not to pass it from hand to hand and to read it over again; " how could he have come here?" said they one to another; " it is incomprehensible; the style of this letter proves him to be more guilty than we thought him." But what added still more to the danger of my situation was,

* The author of a tragedy which inculcated regicide.

† My section of the *Filles St. Thomas*, after having lost the greatest part of their loyal grenadiers on the 10th of August, took, as has been already seen, the name of the section *de Bibliothèque*, which they preserved till the 2d of September, the day of the prisoners' massacre; they then took the title of the section of 1792, which they again have changed to take that of Le Pelletier.

that the populace climbing the windows of the church required " that the commissioners would " deliver up to them the royalist who," said they, " had offered gold to the National Guard to de- " fend the King and his Family, who had dis- " tributed counter revolutionary papers, and who " could not have escaped, except by surprise, the " vengeance of the tribunal."

This picture bore some resemblance to me; I saw at the same time, persons climbing up the windows of the chapel, who seemed to point at, and threaten me with their furious gestures. I went to communicate my fears to the commissioners, when four National Guards arrived, and said to a man seated on one of the steps of the altar at my side, " that they were come to conduct him home, and that he need not be the least uneasy." This man, * whose name I could not learn, was of the first order of fine figures; he did not cease to represent to the commissioners, that the popular tribunal had proclaimed him innocent, he particularly desired not to quit our

* The Abbé Bardy, generally believed to have been the assassin of his brother; he was shut up in *la Force* and massacred by the people on the 3d of September 1792. He had been sentenced to be hanged the 20th of January: but judgment had been carried by appeal to other tribunals.

asylum, but without regarding his prayers he was instantly hurried away.

As soon as he went out the populace, or rather the cannibals, descended from the windows; all became calm in the court. I began to think I was deceived, and that it was not me they meant to molest.

An instant after the Sieur Tréfontaine * came into the chapel to learn whether Citizen Chamilly † was amongst us.

He was informed by a little boy, who was tranquilly rubbing, at the foot of the principal altar of the church, a pair of blue stockings, which were all over blood, that M. de Chamilly was killed at eight o'clock that morning. "These "stockings and this hat," said he, "belonged to "that gentleman; but I have been made a pre- "sent of them."

After these explanations M. Tréfontaine re-

* Commissioner of the *Comptabilités*, and grenadier of the *Filles St. Thomas*, having given in his resignation in the month of June 1792, he was elected a municipal officer after the 10th of August, and guillotined in 1794.

† One of the four first *Valets de Chambre* to the King.

turned without perceiving me; I stopped him to say, that having been claimed by my section, where I was to be carried in open day by pike-men, I might probably be recognized, and fall into the hands of the mob, who, considering their dispositions, and the distance, I had reason to apprehend that they would not hesitate to violate the law of the day which prohibited offering the slightest injury to one acquitted by the popular tribunal.

M. Tréfontaine was full of soul and humanity; he had, besides, a particular friendship for me: he felt all the horror of my situation; and did not quit me until he had given me every assurance that he would go without delay and use his friends and his own interest to watch my personal security, and to have me claimed with the utmost speed without any risk or danger.

The commissioners of the *Dépôt des Innocens*, witnessing the interest that this municipal officer took in my fate, promised to make the pike-men wait until night; and then advised me to go up to the first floor into the committee room, where I should be more tranquil and might rest myself.

About half past four I was informed of the

dreadful treatment, which the handsome man, who sat near me in the chapel, had experienced, and who had been carried away by four guards under the pretence of conducting him to his residence.

A member of the committee coming in, informed us, "that the man whom the National Guard "were conveying home had not proceeded farther "than four streets, when the populace massacred "him in the midst of his escort, exclaiming, "*he is an Abbé attached to the Court.*"

This recital urged me to renew my entreaties to the pike-men to defer my departure.

It was now near five o'clock in the evening, and they had not yet dined. Finding the time tedious, they addressed themselves sometimes to one Member of the Committee, sometimes to another, urging them to expedite them; at last they lost all patience, and told me they would not wait any longer; I redoubled my prayers, and conjured them to grant me still a few moments. I represented to them the danger I should incur, which they could not deny after what they had just heard, and that they would subject themselves to the pain of seeing me

massacred in the midst of them. In fine, I implored them to restrain their impatience, and to wait the return of M. Tréfontaine.

The two Commissioners, influenced by my reasons, used all their efforts (I owe them this acknowledgement) to engage the National Guard who commanded the pikemen, to await the effect of the promises of the Municipal Officer in question, when the Deputation of the Section of 1792 were announced.

Several hours had passed away since the departure of M. Tréfontaine: I thought that other affairs had made him forget mine. Despairing at length to prevail on the escort to wait until night, I determined, at every risk, to address the Deputation, who had just been announced, to beseech them to answer for me, and to conduct me to my section; but what was my joy when I saw enter the room, dressed as citizens, those grenadiers of my own battalion whom I most loved, as well for their zeal and bravery, as for the unbounded attachment which they had always evinced for the Royal Family.

What a happy moment was this to me! I forgot all my anxieties, and all my dangers.

The Orator* of this Deputation, holding a paper in his hand, addressed the President in the following words:—"The Section of 1792 have "just learned that one citizen Weber has been "proclaimed innocent by the popular tribunal "of the Hôtel de la Force. They send us to "you, citizen President, to thank you, as also "the Committee of the Section de l'Arsenal, "for having granted, amongst you, an asylum "to a citizen of his consideration. The Section "of 1792 have charged us with the present "certificate, by which you will see that they "claim citizen Weber, and that they desire to "see him once again amongst them."

The President, at last, turning towards me, said, in a low voice, "I am delighted, Sir, that

* First serjeant, named Heck. He was a German, and as eloquent as he was humane and brave. His opinion on the affairs of our battalion almost always prevailed; and he was employed with success on every critical occasion.

On the 9th of August, at midnight, when we were drawn up facing the great gate which enters on the *Carrousel*; he was ordered to pass the line with the ammunition: when he came to me, he pushed me several times, to attract my attention; on turning round my head, he shewed me, raising his eyes to heaven, with sorrow, the two cartridges which he had to distribute to each man.

" your section has claimed you in a manner so " authentic and so flattering to you: I am well " acquainted with your conduct, and am not at " all surprised at the proceedings of your brave " comrades towards you, particularly from the " interest which the municipal officer, Tréfon- " taine, seemed to take in your affairs; the two " Commissioners have given me an exact account " of it." He added, " I beg you will believe, " that if things had not turned out in this favor- " able way, I should have myself answered for " you; I am acquainted with you through the " family of M. de Simonin,* in whose company " I was so hospitably entertained at your house, at " Versailles, in 1788, and I should have had a real " pleasure in conducting you to your section."

The fusileer and the pikemen knew well the deputies who came to claim me; they could not doubt but they were of my section; they would, nevertheless, most scrupulously serve the nation, and would not consent to retire until the Section of the Arsenal had delivered the certificate to them, which stated that I had been given up to the deputation sent by the Committee of my section to claim my liberty.

* First Clerk of the Dépôt of Foreign Affairs and Administrator General of the Lottery.

The President, after having read my enrolment at the popular tribunal, sent it to the Commissioners * of the *Dépôt des Innocens.* He added to it a kind of report of all that had passed, which he stated as much as possible to my advantage, and made the pikemen escort all the deputation, to prevent their telling the people that a Royalist had been saved; they then made me go out on the opposite side, by the third court, with the two Commissioners of whom I have already spoken, and who at eleven o'clock in the morning had given me their word not to quit me, till they knew me to be in perfect safety.

Fearful of my being recognized, my brave conductors made me take several windings to avoid the streets and squares where we perceived mobs: and we at length arrived, at seven o'clock in the evening, in my section, where there were assembled a vast multitude of people.

The deputation which had preceded me, announced my arrival, and from the moment I appeared in the hall, it resounded with applauses; all the by-standers expressed the most lively

* The Sieurs le Rouge, *valet-de-chambre,* and Fay, shopkeeper, Fauxbourg St. Antoine.

satisfaction, at seeing again, a man who had escaped the general massacre most miraculously. They congratulated me in the most affecting manner on my happy return.

The Commissioners of the *Dépôt des Innocens* asked the Committee of my section for a receipt for all the papers which concerned me, and then retired.

The Committee having found my enrolment amongst the papers which had been given them, deliberated on this affair, and one of the members demanding permission to speak, made the following motion:

" Citizen Weber has been very fortunate to-
" day in having been pronounced innocent by
" the judgment of the popular Tribunal.

" Influenced by his gratitude, he has enrolled
" himself and engaged to go to the frontiers;
" but as he is an Austrian, we cannot require
" this sacrifice, and we ought to shew ourselves
" equally generous. The Committee therefore
" proposes that you refuse the military services of
" Citizen Weber, and that his attestation be
" cancelled."

Shouts of applause from all quarters answered this motion: all my acquaintances, and an infinite number of others who were absolutely unknown to me, having united in congratulating me again and again, on my happy fate and good fortune in having escaped death, advanced with me towards the President,* to get him to sign my enlargement.

But my name, and my being a foreigner, recalled to the President's mind his promise to his friend Collot d'Herbois, to deliver me up to the guillotine, or to the fire of the assassins; and he revoked all that the Committee had decided in my favour, and said aloud: "This affair is "too serious to be decided in an instant. Citi- "zen Weber is accused of crimes against the "nation; it is inconceivable that he should have "been declared innocent by judgment of the "popular Tribunal: this Tribunal must have "been certainly taken unawares, I shall never "take upon me to meddle with his enlargement."

Several members of the Committee having taken up my cause, endeavoured to convince the President that I ought to have my liberty; to

* Chenier.

effect which, they confined themselves to this simple argument: " Citizen President," said they, " it is the sovereign people who have ac- " knowledged and proclaimed the innocence of " Citizen Weber; the people are in full exercise " of their power, it is the people who created " the Tribunal that has pronounced the enlarge- " ment of this citizen, and it does not belong to " you, to defer it a single instant under any " pretext whatsoever."

Chenier not being able to answer an argument which in its principles was of the utmost solidity, flew into an horrible rage, he foamed with passion, and as they still insisted, he declared to the section " that he would rather that instant resign " his situation, than consent to my enlargement;" then, interpreting to his wishes the silence which reigned in the Assembly, as if he had subdued it by his eloquence, he ordered that until the arrival of the guard, I should be shut up in a chapel, which was opposite the Council table, and decided that I should be conducted at eleven or twelve o'clock at night to the Hôtel-de-Ville to recommence my trial.

The National Guard arrived for this purpose, half an hour after; but the President perceiving that the by-standers were filled with indignation

at the sentence which he had pronounced against me, and that the clamour became general, hastened prudently to change the order, and contented himself in sending me for the present to the guard-house.

On leaving the chapel, I had to cross with my escort a line of persons with the most part of whom I was acquainted. Having discovered amongst them several *ci-devant* grenadiers of the *Filles St. Thomas,* I availed myself of this opportunity to express my gratitude in these words: "I thank you, my dear friends, for the interest "you have so kindly taken in my fate; and "although you have not succeeded in altering it, "I am not the less sensible of your generosity. "I see that my end approaches, and that in "spite of your zeal, and all your cares, I am "about to be the victim of the patriotic fana- "ticism of the President of the section. Ac- "cept my warmest acknowledgments and my "last farewell."

Arrived at the guard-house, and absorbed in the most gloomy reflections, I resolved to make my will before I suffered myself to be dragged to the Hôtel-de-Ville.

As I was beginning it, the officer of the guard accompanied by twenty persons, rushed through the crowd; he threw himself on my neck, clasped me in his arms with as much tenderness as if I had been his son, and presented me with the order which he had just received to liberate me.

Not conceiving whence so sudden a change could have proceeded, I asked the cause and motive of every one; and every one wished to have the pleasure of informing me; at last the officer having obtained a moment's silence, told me, " the Section has revolted against the Pre-
" sident, who had employed, like a true Ja-
" cobin, all his cunning to have you conducted
" to the Hôtel-de-Ville; the Committee and
" some of your comrades considering your death
" as certain, in the event of your being removed
" to this Tribunal the second night of the mas-
" sacre, opposed it with a great deal of firmness;
" a National Guard,* ready to set out for the
" Frontiers, opposed to the President the laws
" of the day; proving with the utmost eloquence,
" that the will of the people once manifested,
" ought to be as sacred to him as to others.

* Named Goffiné.

" The President, in a paroxysm of madness, three " times proposed to resign his place rather than " sign your enlargement, but finding himself " hard pressed, and seeing the National Guards " as well as their friends become furious, he " determined to give me the order for your " liberation; I also am of opinion that the " murmurs of the whole section, which loudly " marked their extreme discontent, contributed " in a great degree to determine this man, so " cruelly bent on your destruction, to sign what " was required of him."

When the officer commanding had finished his recital, I lost no time in offering my new deliverers the tribute of the most lively gratitude with which I was penetrated; they would accompany me to my hotel; in fact they conveyed me there, in the apprehension of my falling into the hands of the Marseillois, or of some other assassins. My landlord and all the tenants of the house, were informed that the popular Tribunal of the Hôtel de la Force, the section of the Arsenal, and that of 1792, had all pronounced my innocence; they particularly assured my landlord that if he should think proper to denounce me a second time, he should have to answer for it to the whole Section.

As the seals were not yet removed from my apartments, I was under the necessity of seeking an asylum elsewhere; but my comrades, in unison with all the people who accompanied me, advised me to return in the first place, to the Section, to address public thanks to the President, in order, said they, to render my enlargement the more authentic. I owed the members of the Section gratitude, much more sincere, for the warm interest with which each of them contributed to the obtaining of my liberty.

I had not, as has been seen, any obligation to Chénier; but friendship and a grateful sense of what I owed them determined me to dissemble a little more, on M. Tréfontaine's account, before the President. I consented to do what my comrades recommended, well convinced that my security could alone influence them.

The first person I saw on entering the church of the *Filles St. Thomas*, was M. Tréfontaine, to whom I owed so many obligations; I detailed to him the cause, and all the motives of my deliverance, and of my return; he was not ignorant of them, for it was to him I was beholden for the visit of the deputation, who came to claim me at the Section of the Arsenal, and who

by that means had preserved my life. He himself, in his character of municipal officer, announced me to the President, and engaged me again to take the oath of liberty and equality, with some other persons who had come to the Section to obtain the *carte civique* which was not granted but at this price, and which it was indispensably necessary, not only to have, but to wear constantly about me, as the sole safeguard against the fury of the Marseillois, who at this time scoured the streets day and night, seeking fresh victims of their unbounded cruelty.

When I received this civic card, I endeavoured to find the National Guard, who was to proceed at midnight for the army ; my heart was too much interested in the desire of convincing him how highly I appreciated the essential service which he had rendered me, not to use every means to find him. I had the happiness to meet him, to press him to my heart, and to pay him the just tribute of my most grateful acknowledgements.

In fact I was more particularly indebted to him for my life than to my own comrades, as, without any previous acquaintance, he had forced the President to sign the order of my en-

largement. This man answered all the expressions of my heartfelt sensibility by these words only; uttered with enthusiasm, " Citizen, you " owe me nothing, I have only endeavoured to " defend the sovereignty of the people, I did not " know you !" I could not help sighing for the blindness of this man, to whom I was beholden for my existence. How is it possible, thought I, with sorrow, to ally so much generosity and courage with principles destructive of all social order, and so fatal to humanity?

After having performed the duties circumstances required, and complied with the wishes of all the persons of my Section who were interested for me, I departed at eleven o'clock at night to ask a bed of M. Autran.*

Receiving me with the greatest friendship and the most generous hospitality, he and all his family, offered me every accommodation I could desire; one of his nephews, M. Perrier, † who, knowing the danger I incurred on account of my being an Austrian, and above all in being

* Exchange broker.

† Mechanist, to whom Paris owes the invention of the first Fire Engines.

foster brother to the Queen, urged me to quit Paris as soon as possible; to determine me, he offered to put me in the way of obtaining a passport, by which means I could leave France without any risk or danger. M. Perrier had at this period some connections with several members of the Hôtel-de-Ville; I besought him to use his influence in my favor, assuring him that I would begin my route for England, the moment I could undertake it without exposing myself to new misfortunes.

I immediately exerted every means to have the seals removed from my property; and to procure a receipt for the poll tax, in order to facilitate the obtaining of the passport, without which I could not quit Paris.

It will be remembered that Collot d'Herbois was President the day I was arrested, and that he had appropriated the forty double louis which my linen draper's brother deposited on the bureau of the Committee of the Section. As I claimed this sum, he sent me various messengers to represent: "That the French nation having acted "towards me with so much generosity and cle- "mency, he hoped, that at a moment when "specie had become so scarce in the country, I

" should not hesitate to make the trifling sacri-
" fice of receiving the value of my money in
" paper."

I was not, by any means, inclined to make the nation this present, still less to Collot d'Herbois, who played with the interests of the nation only to promote his own the better; I did not think proper to accede to this request; and answered, " that intending to travel, it was impossible, " being without any resource in France, to part " with this money. I added that all I could do " under these circumstances, was to offer to the " Section my arms, my uniform, and all my ac-" coutrements for the use of the citizens, who " were going to the frontiers."

The section to whom I most desired to account for every thing relative to me, accepted these offers, and decreed that my louis * should be re-

* I recovered also at this time, the effects with which I had entrusted M. Diette: an aged relation who kept house for him, informed me that her cousin, previous to his return to the palace the 10th of August, at nine o'clock in the morning, put my purse and watch with a gold chain into her hands; she returned them to my domestic, adding that she could never forgive herself for having suffered her relation to return to the palace, particularly as he was not on duty that day.

turned to me in kind by the President; they immediately executed this decree which was so favorable to me.

The greatest portion of the royalists who were in the palace on the 10th of August, now no longer existed; many others had been massacred in the prisons on the 2d and 3d of September: consequently the Jacobins satisfied with their triumph, and not thinking it necessary any longer to stir up the popular fury with their eternal pretext of a counter-revolution, caused the National Assembly to decree "the opening of the barriers, and not to impede commerce, the liberty of travelling without a passport throughout France, always on condition of not approaching within ten leagues of the frontiers, nor of the army."

On the 11th of this month the Marseillois informed, that the foster brother of the Queen had not only been spared by the Hôtel de la Force, but that his section had protected him, and had even employed violence in tearing him from the hands of their President * and set him free, instantly sought for the persons who had spoken in

* Chenier.

favor of this aristocrat; they discovered some of them, ill-treated them, and swore publicly at the Sieur Martin's * Coffee-house, "that they would "perform impossibilities to get at this Austrian; "that they would *box his soul wrong side out.*" † This was the favorite expression of these madmen, the greatest part of whom had been at the gallies. The ordinary terms of killing, assassinating, massacring, did not sufficiently fill their mouths, nor did they strike their ears forcibly enough to induce them to use them. Ah! it is but too true, and they themselves felt it first, that all languages prove weak in describing the black character, and horrible wickedness of these men of blood; it is certain that description fails, when these ferocious exploits are to be retraced, which have spread terror throughout the world.

My Journey to Honfleur and to Havre-de-Grace, to quit France.

On the morning of the 11th of September the section sent me my forty double louis; and I succeeded also, through friends, money, and exertions, in the removal of the seals from my

* Place du Théâtre des Italiens.

† *Qu'ils lui flanqueroient l'âme à l'envers.* The favorite phrase of these miscreants when they meant to massacre.

dwelling, by the door-keeper of the district. I had hardly gotten possession of my effects, when I hastened to take some jewels, a little linen, and my most interesting papers; amongst which were two letters which I had translated from the German into French, by order of the Queen; they were, in truth, very unimportant, but might however, have exposed me, at this crisis; yet I did not reflect much on the danger to which they might have subjected me.

Furnished with these few effects, I went to join M. Perrier, who after having convinced me of the necessity of quitting Paris, made me set out directly with two of his children for his estate at St. Lubin's, twenty leagues from Paris, on the road to Havre; where his wife had been for some days.

I did not remain there more than a few hours, fearful of being pursued, and still more to avoid exposing this respectable lady and her family. After dinner I took my leave, notwithstanding her solicitations to prolong my visit, and I proceeded on my way to Honfleur; it was near six o'clock, when I entered the carriage. I was the bearer of a letter of recommendation from

Madame Perrier, to M. de la Coudrais, who lived at Honfleur, as the intimate friend of her family.

I arrived at about eight o'clock at Damville, a village distant four long leagues from St. Lubin; whence I set out immediately.

I had hardly advanced a few yards, when I found myself before the Hôtel-de-Ville, where the town militia had a guard house; and I was suddenly stopped by a number of armed peasants. I asked them politely what they wanted; they replied, they wished to examine my passports, and to know who I was? I directly informed them of the decrees of the National Assembly suppressing passports, and permitting free travelling in the interior of the kingdom. But all my representations were useless; they answered that those decrees had not yet reached their municipality, and they had no knowledge whatever of them. I was therefore obliged to descend from the carriage, to render the examination of my property the more easy, and to convince them, if I were really a German merchant, as I wished to appear.

After a very scrupulous examination made in the hall of the Hôtel-de-Ville, some patriots as-

tonished at the nature of my jewels and the fineness of my linen, cried out: " Oh! as for this " fellow, he is an aristocrat; we must send " him back to the Hôtel-de-Ville of Paris, " where the *bird* will be known;" others opposed this, and cried in their turn, " no, no;" this word pronounced with such force, and with an emphasis so decisive, inspired me with the hope of being directly released. But what was my surprise, or rather my terror, when an instant after, I heard them give to this *no* quite an opposite sense. " We must do justice on him " directly," added they, " *we must kill him!* " *he is a priest! he is a nonjuror!* "

The circumstance which gave rise to this mistake, was an engraving of the *heart of Jesus*, which they found in a book of devotion which I carried about me. This image had been sent some time before by the jacobins, to all the municipalities of the kingdom, as the rallying sign of a counter-revolutionary party, at the head of which they said were the refractory priests.

This discovery was the more dangerous to me, as the hatred of the jacobins against the priests who had refused the oath, was then at its height.

A young man who appeared to be animated with a most ardent patriotism, took possession of my English portfolio, and endeavoured to open it, no doubt thinking he should find proofs of my rank and quality.

Recollecting that it contained the translation of the two German letters which I have before-mentioned, means of suppressing them instantly occurred to me, I took advantage of the difficulty he had in opening it to say: " allow me, " my comrade, to open this portfolio for you, in " order to convince you I am nothing less than a " priest as you have imagined."

In fact I pulled out of the fullest side a little case containing notes, and some extracts of the most celebrated works of Sterne, Addison, and Richardson.

Perceiving this young man wished to pass for a wit, and that he appeared to possess the confidence of the multitude, I pointed out the most affecting passages; and seeing that he could hardly read my writing, I began to read myself, whilst these countrymen argued amongst themselves whether I should be carried back to Paris

as an aristocrat, or murdered on the spot as a priest.

The apparent ease with which I spoke to him of these extracts; the enthusiasm which I affected in reading some pieces, united with the air of confidence with which I returned my portfolio to him, made him say: "That he would answer "for me; I was more like a player than a priest; "but in any case, I had only to be well guarded "till an express should return from Paris to in- "struct them how to act."

Notwithstanding, the debates continued, sometimes to cut my throat as a priest; sometimes to conduct me, as a nobleman, back to the Hôtel-de-Ville, at Paris; dreading the one, not less than the other, I asked leave to speak, to endeavour to extricate myself from this awkward situation; my request was granted, and here follows my harangue:

"I acknowledge, my comrades,* that appear- "ances are against me, but as there is no rule "without an exception, I undertake to shew

* It was necessary to bestow this title on the armed populace, to prevent their cry of aristocracy, and to induce them to listen with attention.

" you, without fear of refutation, that you are not
" only extremely deceived with regard to me,
" but that you violate, in my person, the sacred
" rights of nations, which I claim as much from
" your reason, as from your justice. First, I
" present the certificate of my poll-tax for the
" whole year, the half of which only was due;
" secondly, another certificate, which proves
" that I took, on the 2d September, the civic
" oath of liberty and equality, in the Section of
" 1792; thirdly, to convince you, my brave
" citizens, that I deserve to find in you senti-
" ments of hospitality and fraternity, I also pre-
" sent to you the certificate of my section, which
" states that I have served in the National
" Guard, and that being no longer able to per-
" form my duty, I presented my arms, clothing
" and accoutrements, as a gift to the nation, for
" the use of the volunteers who were going to
" the frontiers, for the defense of the country.
" Behold! read! and I flatter myself you will
" not then hesitate to suffer me to continue my
" journey. Besides, my comrades, I can give
" you further proof of the truth of all I have
" just advanced; you will be fully convinced, I
" hope, of the various errors you have fallen
" into, with respect to me, when you shall have
" read what I am going to write;"..... and,

without waiting their answer, I took pen and instantly wrote.

As soon as I had finished my letter to Madame Perrier, I presented it to the Mayor, who, whilst I was writing it, had the precaution to stand before the most intemperate, to prevent their striking me, for which I shall thank him all my life. He obtained silence and read aloud :—

" *To Madame Perrier*

" *From the Municipality of Damville,* 11*th* " *September.*

" I have just been arrested, Madam, " at the Municipality of Damville, for want of " a passport. It is necessary, therefore, to con- " firm what I have said to the Mayor, and to " inform him whether I have been at your house " to day, and left it after dinner; whether M. " Molier,* at your request, wrote the letter of " recommendation to M. de la Coudrais,† of " which I am the bearer, and if I really am " known to your family ?

* First Clerk of the Farm General, and brother-in-law to Madame Perrier.

† Merchant.

" I beseech you, Madam, to have the goodness " to add to the obligations which I already owe " you, a second letter written by M. Molien, " and in the same form ; I shall then be certain of " obtaining from the complaisance of the Mayor " and of the municipal officers, not only permis- " sion to continue my journey, but also a passport " that I may have no fear of being stopped at any " other place, where the decrees of the National " Assembly, on this subject, may not have yet ar- " rived."

The municipality, after the reading of this letter, seemed extremely well satisfied; and proud of being treated with so much respect and politeness; they all together told me, in their *patois*, " Well, Sir, we consent; we will do what you " require; it is just; here is the young man who " is going to set out for St. Lubin, at three " o'clock in the morning, and as soon as the " certificate arrives to our satisfaction, you shall " pursue your journey, as our mayor has said it." These words, and my letter, entirely re-established tranquillity, to my very great satisfaction.

This new scene, which, however ridiculous it was, did not fail to alarm me, continued from half past eight, till eleven o'clock at night.

As the examination of my parcels was executed with the utmost exactness, and that I did not find a favorable moment to intreat these gentlemen to assist me, it took me some time to arrange them.

When this was finished, the municipality carried me back to the post-house inn, where they deposited my effects, and enjoining the hostess not to allow me to touch them, they at length quitted me, after having by another order made the mistress of the house responsible for my person as well as for every thing belonging to me; they added that this trust should continue till the return of the courier, which they had sent to St. Lubin, and which I waited for with the utmost anxiety.

Not less happy than surprised, at having been so fortunately extricated from this cruel embarrassment, and not knowing to what severe trials I might be again the next day exposed, I drew from my portfolio, the letters and translations, which would infallibly have been my ruin, if they had been seized on, and I threw them, not however without regret, into the fire.

The next day, being the 12th of September,

at ten o'clock in the morning, the courier brought a second letter, written in the name of Madame Perrier; it was hardly read, when they directly wished to set me at liberty; but the young man of whom I have already spoken, and who had been employed in the office of the farmer general under the order of M. Molien, would first ascertain whether the letter brought in my favor, was the real hand-writing of M. Molien, by examining it with some papers in his possession written by that gentleman.

They employed themselves for an hour, comparing the words, and even the strokes of the pen. At last all the assistants, and particularly the young man himself, acknowledged themselves convinced of the truth of all I had advanced, and gave their consent to my departure.

The mayor and the municipal officers, joined to many excuses, good wishes for my journey, and gave me a kind of passport, which however tranquillized my mind, and proved useful to me in the end; it was conceived in these terms.

" THE NATION AND THE LAW.

" *Department of the Eure, District of Verneuil,*

" *Municipality of Damville.*

" Permit to pass, Joseph Weber, a German,

" dwelling in the commune of Paris, district and
" department of the same, merchant, aged
" thirty seven years, five feet four inches high,
" hair and eyebrows of a deep chesnut, red and
" prominent eyes; afford him assistance in case
" of need.

" Delivered in the Commune House of the said
" Damville, by us members comprising the per-
" manent sitting, undersigned by our secretary
" Greffier, with the said M. Weber, the 12th Sep-
" tember, in the 4th year of liberty, and the first
" of equality.

" WEBER, LE ROI LE JEUNE, MAIRE; LE
" BLOND, L'HUILLIER, COLLET."

Provided with this civic description, I departed for Honfleur. I was not quite four leagues from Damville, when I was again stopped in a little village; I was obliged to alight from the carriage, and go into the guard-house, to exhibit my pass-port; every one finding it regular, I prepared to continue my journey, but the postillion having informed me, that two armed countrymen, whom he pointed out to me, had just carried off my pistols, under the pretext that no one had any right to carry arms out of the country, I went instantly to claim them. The people of the

guard-house united with me to that effect. I represented to these two countrymen, that Honfleur was not out of France; that every traveller had a right to carry in his carriage some kind of weapon for his defence. A quarter of an hour passed to no purpose, in talking to them; they still persisted in detaining my pistols. I shewed to them, as well as to the municipal officers who by this time had come to the spot, the certificate of my Section, which attested, "that I had presented "my arms to the nation, and not having either "sword or sabre, I must use pistols as my only "means of defence." The countrymen still persisted with the utmost obstinacy: in the end, however they were obliged to give them up to the Mayor, who replaced them himself in my carriage; judge of my astonishment, when arriving at the end of the street, which these two ruffians had previously reached, by a shorter way, I saw them seize on the bridle, and stop the carriage, with an intention of again seizing upon my pistols, exclaiming, "all the mayor's talk was "very fine; but, for all that, we shall take away "the pistols; yes, yes, you may go, but we want "to keep them, and we will have them."

Whilst I defended my arms, the mayor again came up, and thanks to the good offices of the

municipal officers, who surrounded these mutineers, I ordered the postillion to proceed, and I arrived at last without any farther obstacle at Honfleur.

I repaired immediately to M. de la Coudrais, to present Madame Perrier's letter, recommending me in strong terms to his friendship and protection. I met with the most polite and affectionate reception.... From the many disagreeable circumstances I had encountered, I acquired the habit of caution, and I lost no time in dispatching my business at Honfleur. I began with that which appeared to me the most essential, which certainly was to get the mayor of Honfleur to examine the passport which I had received from the municipality of Damville. M. de la Coudrais had the goodness to charge himself with the execution of this important affair, and in half an hour after, he returned my passport in these terms: " seen " at the Commune House of Honfleur, the 14th " September 1792, the fourth year of liberty, " and first of equality."

" CAUCHIN, Mayor."

At M. de la Coudrais house I met the chief of division to whom the Queen had spoken some minutes before the insurrection of the 20th June.

I recognized him, and he remembered to have seen me on that day, near their majesties; he evinced much interest in my concerns, offered me amongst other things, to accompany me to Havre-de-Grace, and he employed all his friends in both ports to forward my escape. M. de la Coudrais also had the kindness to give me two letters, which contributed in no small degree to the good reception I met with from the municipality of Havre-de-Grace; but the chief of division whose friendship had led him to accompany me to this city, where he was well known, having presented me to the municipality as his intimate friend, and convinced that I was in reality a German merchant, I then obtained without difficulty the following confirmation of my passport, with leave to embark.

" Examined at the municipal office of this city, " with leave to embark for England."

" At Havre, 18th September 1792."

" RHONER, Municipal Officer."

I thought of nothing now, but to prepare for my departure; I ran without delay, to secure a passage in the first vessel, bound for England, and I had the good fortune to meet with one which was to sail the following morning.

It may be imagined that I felt much happiness on leaving a country where I had witnessed so many atrocities, and where I myself had passed through so many imminent dangers; I hoped shortly to press to my bosom a mother most tenderly beloved, and from whom I had been so long separated. It would seem at the first view, that this prospect would have placed me at the summit of felicity; but the truth is, I was penetrated with the deepest sorrow at the moment I embarked. The idea of quitting a kingdom, where my benefactors remained a prey to the ingratitude of a distracted nation, and what was still worse, to the wickedness of the Jacobins, filled my soul with bitterness; the presentiments which pursued me without intermission for so many months, and even for years, so affected me, now obliged to quit the shores of France, that I felt on a sudden my faculties as it were paralized: happily a shower of tears flowed to the relief of my oppressed heart.

I had no idea that such an individual as myself could have afforded any assistance to the Royal Family in their dreadful captivity. Alas! thousands of faithful servants had no power to save them, in times less difficult, and tempestuous; but the gratitude I owed the King and Queen for their

Mad.elle Guiard pinx.t

F. Bartolozzi. sculp.t

ELISABETH, PHILIPPINE, MARIE,
HÉLÈNE DE FRANCE, NÉE LE 3 MAY 1764.

goodness, would have led me to shed, with pleasure, the last drop of my blood to preserve them. If I had been at Paris when the atrocious act, of sending the Queen to the *Conciergerie*, was committed, I should have been carried away by the attachment and respect I owed her august person, and have lost my life in the attempt to purge the earth of the monsters who had used her so unworthily. Heaven had decreed otherwise, to preserve a witness of her virtues, of her magnanimity, of her courage, and of her noble resignation, amidst the most dreadful misfortunes; to testify to the world, as far as my feeble efforts may avail, how great, how courageous, was the Queen, though so unjustly calumniated, how benevolent, compassionate, charitable, and deserving of every happiness!

The vessel, in which I embarked, sailed on the 18th of September; our passage, from Havre to Portsmouth, was somewhat stormy. On board were several French ecclesiastics, who, like myself, were going to seek an asylum in England.* I arrived on the 20th in London.

* It is well known with what noble hospitality that great and generous Nation received them, and that a subscription for them was immediately opened in London, which produced, in a few days, fifty thousand pounds sterling.

My first object was to wait on my Lord Gower, who had been, as already observed, the English Ambassador at the Court of France. Whilst I was confined in *La Force,* he quitted Paris with the Countess of Sutherland, his wife, for London. A double motive induced me to take this step; I was particlarly anxious to pay my respects to the Countess, to thank her, in the most grateful terms, for her kindness to me: I also intended to request an introduction to Count de Stadion, Minister Plenipotentiary of his Imperial and Royal Majesty, at the Court of St. James. The Countess added another obligation, to those already conferred on me, by granting me a letter to that minister.

His Excellency bestowed on me the most flattering marks of his favour; and, not satisfied with heaping civilities on me, he offered me every assistance in his power, should I continue in London.

I dedicated the first six days, after my arrival, to seeing those persons whom I knew to be most attached to the Royal Family of France. I received from them all, various kind offers, and I determined to accept the gracious invitation of the Duke de Choiseul, to accompany him to Brussels where he proposed to present me to their

Royal Highnesses the Archduchess Maria Christine, and the Duke Albert of Saxe Teschen, her consort, to whom I had circumstantially to detail those melancholy events which had taken place at Paris. He was induced to press me to quit London with him, confident of my obtaining an asylum in the Low Countries, from the benevolence of the Archduchess, until the end of the French Revolution.

This generous Princess as well as the magnanimous Duke Albert, to whom I had the honour of paying my duty when they visited Paris and Versailles in 1786, condescended to receive me with kindness. Their Royal Highnesses listened, with attention, to the recital of my own misfortunes, as well as to the events which I had witnessed; and they lavished their gifts on me with a munificence worthy the blood of the immortal Maria Theresa.

Several of the first * nobility of France, refu-

* The Duke de Choiseul, the Duchess de Maillé, and the Princess de Tarente. Every one knows how particularly and tenderly attached the Princess de Tarente was to the Queen; whenever she had occasion to speak of her Majesty she would burst into tears, and call her, with a holy enthusiasm, "*the object of her adoration.*"

gees at Brussels, acquainted with my principles and my devotion to the Royal Family, conferred on me many tokens of good will. The Count de Metternich, and the Count de Mercy, also loaded me with favours, observing, they were not ignorant of my conduct in France, in the most trying circumstances.

These two ministers honoured me with their attentions, until the government of the Low Countries quitted Ruremonde for Wesel. I accompanied them on this journey; and, at Wesel, his Excellency, the Count de Metternich, was pleased to distinguish me by appointing me to convey, to their Imperial Majesties, the first intelligence of the union of Great Britain with the powers coalesced against France.

CHAPTER VI.

The Royal Family of France, during the Revolution. Third Period. Elections for the National Convention. Trial and Murder of Louis XVI. Progress of the Austrian Armies. Taking of Valenciennes. The Queen sent to the Conciergerie. Her Trial and Death. Madame Elizabeth tried and put to Death. Exchange of Madame Royal for the Deputies and other Agents of the Conventional Government, Prisoners in Austria. Marriage of this Princess with the Duke of Angoulême at Mittau. General Reflections. Wishes for the Bourbon Family.

THE throne is subverted, crimes, unknown to history, have accompanied and succeeded that dreadful event! The blood of the best friends, of the most faithful servants of the Royal Family, has inundated all the avenues, all the apartments of that palace which, since the 6th of October, was, to them, a magnificent prison only: the whole social edifice appears ready to fall to ruins. At this very period commences the reign of terror, a frightful name, which history will preserve, for which no other term can be substituted, and which, by its significance, will abridge the task of history itself, in describing, by a single expres-

sion, twenty-five millions of men trembling, in an unexampled manner, before a few monsters; and unheard-of crimes passively allowed, or actually committed, through the influence of fear, rendered as active and ferocious as rage itself. Already the phantom of that National Assembly that had not the courage to commit the crimes it meditated, and which its want of power reduced to the necessity of conniving at or witnessing, trembled at the aspect of the sanguinary Municipality of Paris, then advancing to crush the legislature under the ruins of the throne. In that very Assembly which, while it triumphed, was vanquished, which experienced the fear it inspired, and bent under the yoke it imposed, those who destroyed the throne were astonished and terrified at what they had effected; as stupid, as forsworn, they soon perceived that they had conquered for others, and that the uncontrouled multitude were ready to turn their arms against their own leaders. More than half the Assembly resolved to preserve the King and negociate with him, viewing the 10th of August as a sort of ministerial revolution, intended only to transfer into other hands the reins of the monarchy. But they shortly found themselves obliged to sanction the atrocities of that day; and, to calm the fermentation which their want of energy excited in the people, they

caused to be posted, in every corner of Paris, the following proclamation. " The King is suspend-
" ed; he and his family remain as hostages; the
" minister no longer possesses the confidence of
" the nation; the Assembly is going to replace
" him; the Civil List is suppressed."

The Royal Family were taken to the Feuillans, and lodged in the apartment of the architect of the Assembly; this consisted of four chambers communicating. The first was an antichamber; the King slept in the second; the third was occupied by the Queen and Madame Royale; the fourth by the Dauphin and Madame de Tourzel; Madame Elizabeth and the Princess de Lamballe had a separate room near this apartment. The first night the King passed in this habitation, he had only a coarse cloth wrapped round his head. The Palace having been pillaged, and what little remained being sealed up, these Royal Captives were in want of common necessaries. An officer of the Hundred Swiss, about the King's size, accommodated him with some of those articles he wanted; the Duchess of Gramont sent the Queen some linen and clothes, and the Countess of Sutherland having a son of the Dauphin's age supplied this young Prince.

The King continued three days in the Convent of the Feuillans. Every morning he and his family were conducted to the Assembly and shut up in a place of ten feet square and eight high, the box of the Logographe,* where they were exposed to the dreadful torture of hearing imprecations against the King. Every time the Royal Family were conveyed back to the Feuillans they were subjected to additional outrages and insults.

One evening, in the garden of the convent, a well-dressed young man approached the Queen, and, in a menacing attitude, addressed her: "infamous Antoinetta, you had resolved to bathe "the Austrians in our blood! your head shall pay "for it." The Queen preserved a dignified silence, and scorned to reply to this atrocity.

The commission which had been appointed by the legislative body, to consider of the means of removing the Royal Family to a more suitable residence, wavered between the Luxembourg and the Hôtel de la Chancellerie, when the new Commune of Paris came and proposed the Temple, which was approved of. The Legislative Assembly, at least the majority of them, understood

* The short-hand writer who took down the debates.

that the Royal Family were to have been placed in the palace of the Temple, whilst the suggesters of this plan were meditating to shut them up in the Tower of this building.

On the 14th of August, the Royal Family left the convent of the Feuillans, to be conducted to the prison which had been prepared for them by the Commune of Paris.

The satellites of Santerre, the soldiers of the 10th of August, surrounded the building of the Feuillans, filled the court and escorted the carriage in which they had placed the Royal Family; the longest circuit was taken in order to prolong their tortures; howls and blasphemies resounded on every side. The solicitations of zeal, fidelity, and friendship, were ineffectual in obtaining permission to accompany this illustrious and unhappy family. The Princess de Lamballe most pathetically implored leave to attend them, but was refused; she, however, followed them immediately, and was torn from them to be cast into a cell which had been the receptacle of malefactors.

It is proper to describe the new residence of the Royal Family of France; that Temple, the

name of which will resound in history with that of Whitehall! What ideas now recur to my mind, and stop my pen! In the commencement of this work, which gratitude and fidelity induced me to undertake, my imagination, in retracing the early years of Maria Antoinetta, presented her still before me, brilliant with grace and happiness, in the Palace of Maria Theresa, where, in my childhood, I had sometimes the honour of approaching her; but now, what have I to describe? a dreary tower, a prison, a cell, jailors, locks, bolts,.... I had almost said chains.... and to sum up the horror, even this would not complete the picture of the greatest misfortunes and the worst of crimes!

I have already stated, in the description of what I may call *my agony*, that Providence did not permit me to testify my love and zeal in accompanying the Royal Family, to the asylum granted them after the murders of the 10th of August; I cannot, therefore, relate, from personal knowledge, the transactions of this period: it is then a pleasing task to borrow, for a moment, the words of a man who first obtained in the eyes of Europe, the melancholy glory that I have now the ambition of aspiring to. I shall transcribe the description of the Temple, traced by the pen

of the faithful, the courageous Cléry; and rejoice in the opportunity it affords me of expressing my esteem, for a man, whom I consider as united with me, in a common attachment, to objects of our mutual adoration..... May this monument, raised by my feeble hands to my immortal benefactress, be allowed, by the kindness of the public, a place near that which this favorite servant has consecrated to the memory of the best of masters and of sovereigns.

"The following," says Cléry, "is a description of the small tower in which the King was shut up.

"It stood with its back against the great tower, without any interior communication, and formed an oblong rectangle flanked by two turrets. In one of these turrets, a narrow staircase, led from the first floor to a gallery on the platform; in the other were small rooms corresponding with each story of the tower.

"The body of the building was four stories high. The first consisted of an anti-chamber, an eating room, and a small library in the turret, containing from twelve to fifteen hundred volumes.

"The second story was divided nearly in the same manner. The largest room was the Queen's bedchamber, in which the Dauphin also slept; the second which was separated from the Queen's by a small and very dark antichamber, was occupied by Madame Royale, and Madame Elizabeth. There was no passage but through this antichamber, to the turret room on this story, which was the only place of office for this whole range of building, being in common for the Royal Family, the municipal officers, and the soldiers.

"The King's apartments were on the third story. He slept in the great room and made a reading room of the turret closet. There was a kitchen separated from the King's chamber by a small dark room, which had been successively occupied by M. de Chamilly and M. Huë and on which the seals were now fixed. The fourth story was shut up. On the ground floor there were kitchens of which no use was made.

"His Majesty usually rose at six in the morning: he shaved himself; I combed his hair, and dressed him; he then went to his reading room, which being very small the municipal officer on duty remained in the bedchamber, with the door

open, in order to have the King always in view. His majesty continued praying on his knees for five or six minutes and then read until nine o'clock. In that interval, after having arranged his room and prepared the breakfast, I went down to the Queen, who never opened her door until I arrived, in order to prevent the municipal officer from going into her chamber. I dressed the Prince, and combed the Queen's hair, then went and performed the same office for Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth. I availed myself of these opportunities, to communicate to the Queen and Princesses whatever I heard, for when they found by a sign, I had something to say, one of them kept the municipal officer in conversation, to divert his attention.

" At nine o'clock, the Queen, the children, and Madame Elizabeth repaired to the King's chamber to breakfast: after waiting on them I put the Queen and Princesses' chambers in order.

" Tison and his wife assisted me on these occasions only; yet it was not for this service alone, that these people had been placed in the tower: a more important part was assigned them; they were to observe whatever escaped the vigilance

of the commissioners of the municipality, and even to inform against these officers themselves; and were also doubtless to be made useful in the perpetration of whatever crimes might enter into the plan of those who had selected them; for the woman, who then appeared of a mild disposition, but who stood in great awe of her husband, has since betrayed herself in an infamous accusation against the Queen, at the conclusion of which she was seized with fits of madness; and as for Tison who had formerly been a custom-house officer of the lowest order, he was an old fellow of a ferocious temper, incapable of pity, and a stranger to every sentiment of humanity. The conspirators seemed determined to place the most vicious and degraded of mankind near the most virtuous and exalted.

"At ten o'clock the King and the family went down to the Queen's chamber, and there passed the day. He employed himself in the education of his son, made him recite passages from Corneille and Racine, gave him lessons in geography, and exercised him in drawing maps. The young prince's early quickness of apprehension fully repaid the tender assiduities of the King,

He had so happy a memory that on a map, covered with a blank sheet of paper, he could point out the departments, districts, and the courses of the rivers: it was the new geography of France which the King taught him.

" The Queen on her part attended to the education of her daughter, and these different lessons continued until eleven o'clock. The remainder of the morning was passed in needle-work, in knitting, or in making tapestry. At noon the Queen and Princesses retired to Madame Elizabeth's room to change their morning dress: no municipal officer went in with them.

" At one o'clock, when the weather was fine, the royal family, were conducted to the garden by four municipal officers, and the commanders of a legion of the national guards. There were many workmen in the Temple employed in pulling down houses, and erecting new walls; and the only walk allowed, was a part of that under the great chesnut trees. Being permitted to attend on these occasions, I engaged the young prince to play either at foot-ball, quoits, racing, or other active sports.

" At two o'clock they returned to the tower,

where I served the dinner; and at this hour daily, Santerre, the brewer and commander in chief of the national guards of Paris, came to the Temple, accompanied by two aid-de-camps. He examined minutely the different rooms; the King sometimes spoke to him, but the Queen never. After dinner the royal family withdrew to the Queen's chamber, where their majesties usually made a party at piquet or trictrac; at which time I went to dinner.

"At four o'clock the King lay down to sleep for a few minutes; the family with books in their hands sitting round him and observing a profound silence. What a sight! a monarch persecuted by hatred and calumny, fallen from his throne into a prison; yet supported by the purity of his mind, and enjoying the peaceful slumbers of the good..... His consort, his children, and his sister, with reverence contemplating his majestic countenance, whose serenity seemed to have increased with misfortune, and on which might be read by anticipation the bliss he now enjoys..... a sight that will never be effaced from my memory.

"On the King's waking, the conversation was resumed, and he would make me sit by him,

while I taught his son to write. The copies I set, were chosen by himself, from the works of Montesquieu and other celebrated authors. When this lesson was over, I attended the young Prince to Madame Elizabeth's chamber, where he played at ball or at shuttlecock.

" In the evening the family sat round a table: the Queen read to them from books of history, or some well chosen work, adapted to the instruction and amusement of her children, in which, situations similar to her own, often unexpectedly occurred, and gave rise to many melancholy reflections. Madame Elizabeth read in her turn, and in this manner passed the time until eight o'clock, when I served the Dauphin's supper in Madame Elizabeth's chamber. The family looked on, and the king took pleasure in diverting the children, by making them guess riddles from a collection in the *Mercures de France*, which he had found in the library.

" After the Dauphin had supped, I undressed him, and the Queen heard him say his prayers: he said one in particular for the Princess de Lamballe, and in another, he begged of God to protect the life of the Marchioness de Tourzel his governess. When the municipal officers

were very near, the Prince, of his own accord, had the precaution to say these two prayers in a low voice; I then took him to the closet, and if I had any thing to communicate to the Queen, I availed myself of this moment. I informed her of the contents of the journals; these were never admitted into the tower, but a newsman purposely sent, came every night at seven o'clock, and standing near the wall, by the side of the round tower, in the Temple enclosure, cried, several times over, an account of all that had been passing at the National Assembly, at the commune, and in the armies. Placing myself in the King's reading room, I listened, and with the advantage of perfect silence, I readily remembered all I heard.

" At nine o'clock the King went to supper; while the Queen and Madame Elizabeth, by turns, stayed with the Dauphin, and as I carried them whatever they wished from the table, I had another opportunity of speaking to them without witnesses.

" After supper the King went for a moment into the Queen's room, shook hands with her, and with his sister, kissed his children, and then going to his apartment, he retired to the turret

room, where he read until midnight. The Queen and Princesses locked themselves in. One of the municipal officers remained in the little room that parted their chambers, where he passed the night; the other followed his Majesty.

"I then placed my bed near the King's, but his Majesty, before he went to rest, waited to know who was the municipal officer on duty, and if he had never seen him, commanded me to enquire his name. The municipal officers were relieved at eleven o'clock in the morning, at five in the afternoon, and at midnight. In this manner the time passed until the 30th of September, when the King left the small tower."

It is impossible to view, without the most lively emotion, this picture of each day, almost of each hour, in which we see how these illustrious victims supported their misfortunes. It is to be wished, that their words, gestures, and even their very thoughts, had been collected! What a charm is attached to every particular of this interesting journal! How admirable is that fortitude which acquired vigour in proportion as it was assailed by calamity! With what veneration do we behold this august pair, giving

lessons of wisdom to their children, which are rendered more instructive by the example of that firmness which enables them to perform their duty !

Whilst the unfortunate Louis and his family were abandoned to the barbarous caprice, and monstrous inquisition of the commune of Paris, that legislative assembly which consisted of the instigators of the 10th of August, was preparing to make way for another assembly, that counted amongst its members the assassins of the 2d of September. By these revolting gradations has France fallen from the rank of civilized nations to the lowest degree of abjection and barbarity. Under the impression of the terror late events had inspired, no effort was made, either to punish the authors of them, or to prevent their taking a seat in the convention, which was by some considered a prelude to the suppression of the influence of the commune of Paris ; but in which wise observers beheld the sources of all the disasters which its sanguinary reign has produced. The rumour of the crimes which preceded and followed the 10th of August, drew down on the legislative assembly the contempt of all the provinces of France, the members were reproached with the ascendancy which they

allowed the commune of Paris to assume, as well as for their culpable inaction amidst so many crimes. From that time nothing was thought of, but the necessity of replacing that assembly by another, and without reflecting on the horrible selection, which the influence of the brigands would produce, a change was looked to, as likely to promote a kind of revolution that might be taken advantage of, to reestablish what had been overthrown. Thus a vague hope cheered the gloom that hung over futurity, and lulled to inactivity that part of the nation whose principles and passions led them to detest the revolution which had taken place, and the crimes that had been the cause or the result. It was indeed expected that Paris, controuled by ruffians, would present a list of names abhorrent to all France, consisting of the murderers who had horribly signalised themselves in the different catastrophes of the revolution ; but it was also thought, that the other parts of the kingdom would declare for that party already called Girondin. What then must have been the state of things, when wishes were offered for the success of these Girondins, who had just destroyed the monarchy, who had pursued the Court with their intrigues, and crushed it by the union of their talents ; who had in fact, suc-

cessively compelled the King to select his ministers from amidst their friends, and their accomplices!

Whilst all parties were eager to form, according to their own views, that assembly, whose name will terrify after-ages, and whose crimes will perplex the historian that shall endeavour to pourtray them, the frenzy of the 10th of August men was exercised on every monument that presented any image of Royalty, and on the most faithful servants of the royal family. The statue of Louis XIV. which ornamented the *Place Vendôme,* was first destroyed; and when, on their way to the Temple, the august captives came to this place, the barbarians made them pause to view its ruins.

About the same time, the massacres of September were commenced, by immolating, on the *Place de Carrousel,* the brave major of the Swiss guards, Baron de Bachman; the comptroller of the civil list La Porte; and the royalist writer Durozoy. The latter died on the 25th of August, uttering these memorable words expressive of his heroism and of his fidelity—"It is a consolation to a royalist, said he, to die on his King's anniversary." (The feast of St. Louis). These executions which, as yet, had retained some

legal form, could not satisfy the rage of the brigands. Some juridical assassinations were not sufficient to realize the system of depopulation: in a furor, that one would believe the human heart incapable of, the monsters, in order to appropriate property, proposed to pervert ancient institutions, and to give France throughout a factious spirit and appearance. Besides, the blood spilt on the 10th of August had excited the thirst of the tigers, and it was to be feared their fury might turn against those who had unchained them, were their appetites attempted to be restrained.

Blood soon flowed in streams through Paris. If it be allowable, amidst so many dreadful atrocities, to make any comparison, it may be truly affirmed, that the murder of the amiable and virtuous Princess de Lamballe, the Queen's constant, oldest, and dearest friend, was the most execrable crime that branded these days of infamy and of blood.

The head of this Princess was carried about through all Paris, even presented at the windows of a too celebrated palace, and by a refinement on cruelty, worthy of the cannibals of September, was borne on a pike to the Temple, (I shudder

with horror in relating it!) and brought up to the windows of the room where the King and Queen then were. At that moment a monster who was present, a confederate, no doubt, of those who bore this execrable trophy, had the barbarous insolence to desire their majesties, " *to see a curious spectacle.*"..... But another commissioner, placing himself before them, exclaimed, " *do* " *not approach! how horrible! can he have the* " *heart to call you to behold such a sight!*"

An expression of Louis XVI. naturally presents itself here, worthy of Marcus Aurelius, displaying a magnanimity of mind, perhaps, superior to any recorded in history, considering the circumstances that occasioned it.

The Monarch, relating this anecdote to his virtuous friend M. de Malesherbes, spoke with the most grateful feelings of the commissioner who stopped him as he approached the window; having nothing better in my power, added Louis, I requested he would tell me his name and his address. " But the name of the other?" said M. de Malesherbes; " Oh! the other, replied Louis, I did not want to know." This sublime expression involuntarily reminds me of the words of Maria Antoinetta, already recorded, long admired by

Europe, and recently recited by a poet faithful to her memory; " *I have seen all! I have known* " *all! and I have forgotten all!!*"—Immortal pair! you have no parallel but in yourselves. In the history of the one, examples must be sought for, of what is admirable in the other.

How dreadful were those days, when some hundreds of brigands, coldly, and systematically, assassinated the greatest part of the unfortunate beings who were crowded together in the jails. When these jails were cleared, of those called conspirators, it was proposed to proceed to the Bicêtre. This proposition, which menaced the prisoners condemned for actual crimes, and almost all sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, was adopted by the revolutionary banditti, who, in their frenzy, forgot that they were going to destroy their own accomplices and auxiliaries. This was a civil war between two descriptions of these assassins. Those confined in the Bicêtre defended themselves a long time against the assailants; they made arms and used them with effect. The hand of vice seemed, for a while, destined to spill the blood of those miscreants who had lately immolated virtue.

Enraged at this resistance, the brigands had re-

course to pumps, by which means the prisoners were drowned. We seek in vain a motive for this attack, against a prison enclosing criminals only. This incident deserves to be recorded amongst others which, in the course of the revolution, have invariably indicated the dispensations of an avenging Providence, who, for the example of future ages, exhibited virtue amidst persecution, ever courageous and heroic, suffering, at the same time, the wicked to oppose the wicked, permitting the perpetrators of crimes to fall beside the victims they had immolated.

Doubtless Louis the XVIth and his family thought their last moments arrived in these dreadful days; less alarmed at their own danger, than afflicted at the murders in which so many faithful and virtuous beings were involved, they envied the fate of the victims, and beheld death as the termination of so many misfortunes. Alas! their sufferings were not at an end, they were doomed to pass through all the gradations of a long and painful martyrdom.

However, the Temple was respected. Uncertain of the events of the war, the instigators of these crimes meant to take advantage of the hostages; fear in them suspended cruelty, and their

sanguinary troop remained faithful to their instructions. They extended, before the Temple, a tri-coloured ribbon, and this was a sufficient barrier.

Paris remained dumb and immoveable; forty thousand armed men permitted a hundred assassins to commit murder for three days, to heap up quietly the dead upon the dead, and to march their dreadful trophies through the streets of the capital. In that city, where the inhabitants were formerly so distinguished for urbanity and mildness of manners, no one undertook to fly to the succour of so many individuals who, some years before, were the ornaments of the city, and who were almost all distinguished for their birth, their virtues, or their talents. It seemed as if a secret power, and irresistible ascendant, had chained every arm, and extinguished sensibility in every heart.

A single man, from whom one would not have expected such an effort, the Abbé Fauchet, tried to make the Legislative Assembly feel the criminality of their inaction, he spoke, with unequivocal indignation, of the horror which these massacres ought to inspire in those men who called themselves the representatives of the Nation, and he proposed to them to go, in a body, to the

theatre of so many crimes, to place themselves between the executioners and the victims. For an instant the Assembly appeared resolved no longer to countenance the assassins; but, instead of adopting the proposition of the Abbé Fauchet, they were contented to name commissioners, who set out to execute their mission. But there were not amongst them any of those beings, to whom virtue gives an almost supernatural power, and whose impressive tone awes and astonishes the villain that is ready to strike, and excites, in his heart, either terror or remorse. They appeared, amidst the assassins, but to shew the inefficiency of that law in the name of which they spoke, and but to see, spirting on their own garments, the blood of the victims which they ought to have saved. They were listened to with indifference, and answered with derision; however it was agreed to give up the deputy Jouneau, who, from a contest with Grangeneuve, had been sent to the Abbaye. They returned to the Assembly, who coolly listened while they announced that the massacres still continued, and that their authority had been despised.

One would suppose, that when the terror which the brigands had excited, should have ceased with the bloody executions, which had produced

it, public indignation and the vengeance of the laws, would have prevented a repetition of similar crimes. But every thing took rapid strides to social disorganization; there remained no courage amongst those who did not participate in the excesses of licentiousness; the perpetration of crimes was no longer held in abhorrence; becoming the victims of them was their only apprehension; and, when that fear had ceased, no effort was made to prevent their renewal, nor to punish those by whom they had been committed.

Some days after, another massacre, as coolly executed as those that had just terrified Paris, proved the existence of the infernal system, invented by the democratic chiefs, to subjugate France by terror; and to oblige it to be, in a manner, an accomplice in the murders which had deluged Paris with blood, by suffering them to be imitated and committed in the principal cities of the kingdom.

The Commune of Paris, where the authors of this dreadful theory of assassination sat, felt their fury increase, in proportion as they saw themselves assured of impunity. The Legislative Assembly ordered, on their request, a few days after the 10th of August, that the prisoners of Orleans

should be brought to Paris. The High Court that tried them, was soon convinced of their innocence; but, if equity prevented their condemnation, timidity hindered their acquittal: they were fifty-three in number. Every refinement in cruelty had been exhausted in their removal. The minister Roland, who, notwithstanding the part he took in the excesses of the brigands, was not initiated in their far-distant views, had contrived to have these unfortunate victims, whose death they had sworn to effect, removed to a distance from the capital. Danton, indignant at seeing that his colleague wished to prevent his barbarous intentions, ordered them to set out from Orleans. They advanced slowly, their guards using every means to provoke the people's rage against them, but the people, who had been commanded to murder, viewed them with pity and compassion. On the 9th of September the prisoners arrived at Versailles; it was known in Paris. The assassins set out; they traversed Paris; they announced their criminal intentions. No attempt was made to stop them. They arrived at Versailles, at the moment when the prisoners were going to pass the gate of the orangery. They were surrounded by some of the inhabitants, who wept at the sight of so many men in misfortune who were once in brilliant situa-

tions, and whose beneficence they had often experienced; this picture increased the fury of the murderers. Fournier, the American, gave the signal, and the massacre began; three only of the prisoners escaped, who were considered dead by the assassins; but some women, hearing their groans during the night, had the courage to relieve them, and to give them an asylum. The faithful and valorous Brissac endeavoured to defend himself against the assassins, but he died without killing one. On the same day the news of this dreadful event reached Paris; next day the murderers returned thither in triumph, and continued in perfect security.

At length, assassinations were suspended, because they were unable to continue the assassins in pay, and the plunder of the Royal Wardrobe was soon resolved on by the leaders. The execution of this exploit was entrusted to obscure brigands. They introduced themselves, on the night of the 16th of September, into the depository of so many precious things, that had contributed to the pomp of Louis XIV., of the Regent, and of Louis XV. When the minister Roland was informed of this robbery, he had the brigands arrested, at the moment they had removed the last of these magnificent spoils: and

those by whom they were secretly directed, did not dare to support them; on the contrary, they urged on the trial of these wretches in order to avoid the discovery of their own guilt; and they were executed without any delay. Thus, while the assassins of the 2d of September went unpunished and triumphant, a few insignificant robbers were capitally punished. This event characterizes this horrible period, better than any observations that can be made. The depositories of authority, who suffered so many victims to be murdered, reserved their energy to put to death a few thieves, powerfully protected; making the leaders of the Commune of Paris tremble, holding them in fear and inaction, whilst their creatures or accomplices were condemned. But here ended this sudden effort of courage; it seemed as if the power which pursued thieves, was without force or will, when assassins were the object. Alas! the public mind revolted rather against theft than murder. In these awful times, the men who, with ferocious pride, displayed hands stained with the blood of their victims, or who paraded the terror struck city with their members still palpitating, would have been ashamed to have been confounded in the class of thieves!

Whilst indiscriminate murders were committing

at Paris and at Versailles, the success of the King of Prussia's army struck a terror into the hearts of the wicked, almost equal to that which resulted from their own horrible deeds. On the very day that the assassinations in the prisons had begun, Verdun opened its gates to the Prussian army. Most of the politicians of Europe now expected to see the King of Prussia enter Paris, the rebels disarmed, the brigands punished, and this sanguinary Revolution stifled in its birth..... they were, however, deceived in their calculations by unexpected events. The victorious armies were stopped in their march, by obstacles which human prudence could not have foreseen. The rigours of an inclement season spread disease and terror amidst them; and, whilst it was asked, where were the rebellious soldiers? on a sudden, they appeared, superior in numbers, strong in their revolutionary audacity, and commanded by generals impelled by despair, and who almost in their ignorance, discovered those new tactics which, since that period, have produced such ravages throughout terrified Europe.

From the time the King of Prussia's army entered on the French territory, the weather continued wet. The autumn, which, of all seasons in France, is the most serene, was then remark-

able for hurricanes. The country which was invaded, is proverbial for its sterility. The Duke of Brunswick believed that, not having many obstacles to encounter, it was not requisite to impede his march with too many necessaries; and as the army he commanded was very much scattered, its communications were slow, and difficult. Scarcity of provisions soon added to all the other dangers of its position.

At this time General Dumouriez took possession of the defiles of Argonne, constraining, by that measure, all the evolutions of the opposed army; and the movement made by the corps under the command of General Kellerman, who had encamped on the heights of Walmy, soon gave the rebels an occasion to take an offensive part. On the 20th of September, Kellerman opposed a brisk cannonade of an advanced guard, whose object was to dislodge him from the situation which he occupied. Two columns of the Prussian cavalry imprudently engaging in the marshes, were impeded in their progress, and could not act against the French. Kellerman, who perceived the disorder and confusion which this incident spread amongst the Prussians, directed, almost his whole force, towards the third column, and compelled it to retreat. The Duke of Bruns-

wick, who every where encountered obstacles to prevent his taking advantage of the superiority of his forces, was obliged to abandon this attack, after a cannonade which lasted thirteen hours. The King of Prussia and his son, the present Monarch, displayed the greatest intrepidity, and remained constantly exposed to the hottest fire. The following was a day of consternation with the Prussian army, less on account of the reverses it had experienced, than from the dreadful prospect which opened to its view; provisions were becoming scarce, the water putrid, and disease was daily making alarming ravages.

The Austrian corps, commanded by General Clairfait, which threatened French Flanders, had not, as yet, obtained any decisive victory; and could not, consequently, either second the movements of the Prussians, or engage a portion of the forces which straitened them. It was reported, at the same time, that a French army under the command of Biron, and of Custine, was preparing to invade the Palatinate, where there were no preparations for resistance; from all these circumstances, the Duke of Brunswick resolved on a truce with Dumouriez, in order to secure himself a retreat.

Those who saw this great army disappear, as it were by enchantment, from the territory which it had invaded with such impetuosity, and where, in so short a time, it had made such progress, and who were unacquainted with the consequences of the error committed in halting, for some days, at Verdun, through the too great confidence such great successes inspired: those who did not consider the many resources of a great and warlike nation, when driven to despair, and allowed time to subdue the first alarms, believed that the King of Prussia retired in consequence of a letter from Louis the XVIth, conjuring him to evacuate the French territory, in order to avoid exposing the lives of the prisoners in the Temple, who were menaced with certain death, should he continue his march towards Paris.

It was pretended that Manuel, Pethion, and Kersaint, urged the unfortunate Monarch to this step, entering, at the same time, into an engagement to save him and his family.

To give a greater consistency to this fabrication, it was asserted that Manuel and Kersaint, in the end, strenuously opposed destroying the King; but that their efforts being unavailing, they publicly resigned, preferring rather, to ex-

pose themselves to the vengeance of the Regicides, than to the eternal disgrace of want of faith in the promise they had made to Louis. These falsehoods are injurious to the memory of a prince who had exhibited such superior firmness in his misfortunes, as well as to that of his august consort, whose heroic mind would certainly have rejected such a compromise with the rebels.....

However desperate the resolutions with which fear might have inspired the brigands, it is not probable they would have blindly sacrificed those hostages, who would have afforded them the readiest means of negociating with the victorious. Had the King of Prussia's army continued its march towards Paris, the factious would, probably, have carried off the Royal Family, to the point where they should foresee that it was possible to unite the greatest number of partizans, and where they could make the best defence. It is evident, the chances for the deliverance of these august captives were great, the very safety of the party which oppressed them, depending on their existence. These reflections could not escape the good sense of Louis the XVIth, he would have perfectly understood, that, if the leaders of the Revolution endeavoured to influence him, it could only arise from the contemplation

of the vengeance with which they were threatened. The King invariably denied, even to his last moments, to those who possessed his confidence, any knowledge of this letter; he did not, indeed, deny that his hand-writing might have been imitated. Some person having hinted a suspicion of the Duke of Orleans, Louis replied, "it was repugnant to his nature to think, that, under such "circumstances, his relation could have taken "advantage of this dangerous talent."

Besides, the courage which characterised Louis XVI., in events where it was requisite to support, personally, the Royal dignity, against the wicked attempts of the people, and the factious; his self-possession, when necessary to display the resources of his mind, and his heroic resignation, when every human power became ineffectual; all that is known of his character, which displayed energies under misfortune, that were inactive or unknown amidst the splendours of the throne, sufficiently prove, that the King would not have sacrificed, to motives of personal security, not even to the tender love he bore his consort, his sister, and his children, the hopes of the Monarchy, the ancient rights of his family, in short, the happiness and repose of his people. He would not have stopped in its progress, and

paralysed the efforts of that gallant army, which was to withdraw the kingdom of France, the inheritance of the Bourbons, from the tyranny of vice, the audacity of rebellion, and the effervescence of the vilest and most atrocious passions: he would not have reduced the faithful army, commanded by his brothers, and which contained the glory of his family, to a shameful retreat: he would not have destroyed the animating hopes the hearts of Frenchmen cherished, fancying their country saved by their efforts, nor exposed those who had devoted themselves, and sacrificed so much for him, to a most unexpected reverse of fortune, to a repulse so cruel and so bitter..... he well knew, that with them stood the throne, where faithful subjects were armed to restore it, with the individuals of his family, who were not under the influence of the Revolution, nor under the power of the brigands. Has he not shewn that he could distinguish, when imperious duty obliged him, to refuse to violence and to revolt, concessions repugnant to his conscience? What object could influence him, to request his defenders to disperse the armies which came to save him? Could he have hoped that by rendering the brigands secure, he should diminish their rage, and that with the sensations of danger

they would lose the boldness of undertaking, or the temerity of daring every thing.....? I think I have said enough to prove, that the unfortunate Louis XVI. never wrote to his Prussian Majesty, requesting him to leave France a prey to the ravages of the Revolution, under the pretext, that the august captives detained in the Temple would become victims to the despair of the revolutionary leaders.

What must have been the grief of the French emigrants, when apprized of this precipate retreat, and unexpected termination of all their hopes? The Princes, who commanded, became the interpreters of the despair of this faithful band, who after having supported great fatigues, and constant mortifications, trembled, with indignation, at hearing of a retreat without a battle. Their Royal Highnesses waited on the King of Prussia and the Duke of Brunswick, to implore them, as the last favour, at least to permit the Princes of the House of Bourbon, and the Nobles of France, who were assembled under their command, to attempt a fresh attack. This generous offer was rejected, as not according with his Majesty's politics; and although M. de Clairfait proposed to join the little army of fifteen thousand men, which he commanded, to

the Royalists, the retreat was irrevocably resolved on. It is well known how the King of Prussia executed this retreat, which would have been extremely difficult, if he had to deal with an obstinate enemy. Dumouriez seemed rather to re-conduct the Prussians, than to pursue them. I shall not speak here of the treatment, which the unfortunate French emigrants received on this afflicting occasion. Alas! the sufferings which overwhelmed them, their bitter lamentations, their inconsolable grief, seemed no longer to interest even those who had espoused their cause. Already, a sad insensibility manifested itself for misfortunes, which were not personally apprehended, and it was determined to treat with the rebellious..... inexcusable, and shocking system! which has produced the misfortunes of Europe; and which has sacrificed even those who thought to find in it unalterable security.

Whilst, by unheard-of circumstances, the factions found themselves, on a sudden, sheltered from the dangers which had so imminently threatened them; the Electoral bodies were assembled throughout France, and named Deputies to the National Convention, under the double influence, of the boldness which the suc-

cess of the 10th of August, had given to the Revolutionists, and of the terror, with which the massacres of September had inspired peaceable men.

In the Electoral body of Paris, the power of the assassins was not an instant doubtful. Marat quitted the subterraneous place where he had for some time, been concealed, and haughtily seated himself in that Assembly, where his monstrous influence equalled that of the savage Robespierre, and the ferocious Danton. He openly proposed a triumvirate, in the hope of being himself one of the triumvirs. By a dreadful gradation of successful crimes and wickedness, this man, whose friends and protectors could not justify his sanguinary conduct, and revolutionary, barefaced wickedness, but by supposing him insane, had now the liberty of publicly announcing, what he had not before ventured to declare, excepting from his hiding place; he was heard without a shudder, nor did they even blush to applaud him. The choice of Paris decided the fate of France.

The reign of terror soon commenced, during which, all those who were the hope, or the glory of the French nation, were dragged to

execution, without one generous arm extending itself to save them. At the same time, and by the same executioners, the authors of these assassinations were murdered, under the eyes of their partizans, of their accomplices, and of that populace, who carried them about in triumph, some days before. Such is, in fact, the history of the Convention called National, the remembrance of which will terrify future ages; and its very existence will be doubted, because it will be supposed impossible, that in a civilized Nation, such an assemblage of monsters could be formed, wholly devoid of decency, morality, and religion: who were bold only in guilt, and who had talent only for disorganization: proclaiming themselves the saviours of the country, when, in fact, they were its destroyers; congratulating themselves in being great, when they were atrocious, and merciful, when weariness or fear obliged them to suspend their murders.

Before the opening of the Convention, a grand movement took place in the two parties who, from the first day of the session, proposed to divide. The execrable authors of the massacres of September, who saw no hope for them but in absolute power, began to fear they should find judges in the majority of the Deputies

elected by the departments. They held a conventicle, in which three opinions were advanced: whether, to prevent the formation of the Convention, by opposing the arrival of the Deputies, or to get rid of them on their arrival, or whether, to subdue them by fear. The last opinion prevailed, because it was time enough to have recourse, in case of necessity, to proscription, or assassination, against those who should menace, or become dangerous.

In a meeting of the opposite party, it was proposed to annul the elections of the capital, as having been made under the most dreadful auspices. This measure was opposed by some, who pretended that the Deputies of Paris were too odious to France, to have her ever submit to their influence; they, besides, alleged their small number, and the impossibility of their being able to create partizans, in an Assembly which almost unanimously abhorred their crimes. They separated without having even determined on a courageous opposition to men who had all the effrontery of vice, and all the advantages of union. Thus the majority, incautious from excess of confidence, believed themselves certain of managing those whom they disdained to remove, not foreseeing that they should, one

day, through terror, join those whom they now refused to contend with, and whom they despised; and that they should decree the dictatorship to a man whom they had considered too vile, or too odious ever to prove formidable.

On the 21st of September the Convention was constituted. I shall not stop at the hideous picture which the very first day exhibited; a union of the most extravagant opinions, and the most detestable depravity. This Assembly, in the two parties which divided it, presented nothing but terror to the imagination, and presaged only disorder and destruction. One side wished to govern by assassination, and the other by sophistry: both had but one end in view, which was to subvert the antient institutions of the Monarchy, and to substitute for them the bloody deliriums of democracy, or the illusions, quite as disastrous, of republicanism. Behold that man, whose figure denotes cool, but insatiable cruelty—that is Robespierre: the tyrant of the Assembly, and who, by its means, will deliver France up to the horrors of anarchy. He is the actual leader of the democratic party. Behold the other, whose countenance is far from indicating any thing sinister; that is Vergniaud, whose eloquence, sometimes, accuses those

wretches without disconcerting them. He carries in his heart secret wishes for the Republic, that is to say, the sentence of the King's death. It is not Robespierre, it is not Danton, no, nor the executioners of the 2d of September, who shall pronounce, in the name of the Convention, the decree which condemns Louis XVI. to death; it is Vergniaud, whose name will be attached to that horrible event; it is he who will have the daring courage to live after having proclaimed the decree of a regicide Assembly. That man is the chief of a party who call themselves moderate.

When the Convention had assembled, Manuel rose, quoting the words of Cineas, in the Roman senate, he proposed to surround the President with all the ensigns of pomp, to invest him with the imposing title of President of France, and to give him the axe and the fasces. Manuel intended these honours for Pethion, who was his friend; but he who had triumphed at the last Federation, had already exhausted all his popular glory, and the proposition was set aside at the desire of Chabot, as inconsistent with equality.

Collot d'Herbois, the comedian, proposed the abolition of Royalty.—On this, the hall re-

sounded with applause; enthusiasm exceeded itself in extravagance, for the majority of the members affected it; and the proposition was decreed unanimously.

Thus, in an instant, on the motion of a stage-player, without any preliminary discussion, the French Nation was devoted to the tortures of a government, opposite to its inclinations, and to its habits, which was to subsist until the period when, by the most dreadful errors and gradations, it was brought back to that Monarchy, then supposed to have been for ever annihilated. The words of the celebrated Cromwell, are extremely applicable to this epoch: "*That a people never ascend so high in Revolution, as when they do not know where they are going.*" On this event, the Girondins felt some disgust, but it arose from seeing an assassin of the 2d of September, bear away from them the honour of proclaiming the Republic, which they looked on as their own creation.

From this awful moment, all hopes were lost for the Royal victims detained in the Temple. They, doubtless, beheld, in this absurd and wicked decree, the harbinger of their fate.

It is impossible for me, now, not to unite the names of Louis XVI. and of Maria Antoinetta; I have separated them often, in the first periods of this history; it appearing that the same throne united them, as it were, less intimately than the same prison. Much as this incomparable Princess had ever been the faithful partner of her Royal Consort, in the cares and inquietudes of Royalty, she, in a greater degree, participated in the grief and miseries of his captivity. One is irresistibly led to notice their mutual virtues; and their efforts to beguile their sorrows, by incessant assiduity in the performance of those duties which, as the best of parents, they fulfilled towards their offspring. Can we see, without feeling the liveliest interest, Maria Antoinetta relating pathetic tales to her daughter, and Louis XVI. cultivating the mind of his son, who was so soon to be torn from his paternal arms, and impressing on his memory, the first principles of the sciences, of which he himself was a master. Who can behold, without emotion, the attention of the tutor and his pupil, more particularly arrested, in the progress of their reading, and tracing modern annals, by the sanguinary events of the English history, and the alarming, and too prophetic names, of Charles the First, and Whitehall. The young

Prince unable to repress his sobs, the father's firmness, ever invulnerable to his own misfortunes, yielding at the sight of his son's sorrows: he wished not to present this frightful parallel to the too lively sensibility of this amiable child, ... but in vain, the Dauphin requests, conjures the King, to relate to him, all the history of Charles; and on his parent's knees he learns the particulars of the arrest, trial, and martyrdom of the English Monarch, his conversation, with even the youngest of his children, his paternal advice, and the oath he required from him, a few days previous to his death, not to suffer himself to be placed on the throne, to the injury of his eldest brother..... What a picture!

Sensibility has to lament the deficiency of language to depict outrages continually increasing. The Royal Family were, now, loaded with insults; and the subaltern tyrants, who beset them, seemed envious of the barbarous office of increasing their sufferings, by unprecedented enormities. Universal interest has been excited to learn the particulars of what passed, at this time, in the Temple, and from every fact we can discover, the Queen was made, by far, the most unhappy of the Family, by these insults and cruelties: whether her exalted mind, which

ever raised her above misfortune, derived no support from her indignation, or that her extreme sensibility felt all these accumulated injuries, as the sister, the mother, and the wife.

What must the Queen, whose dignified pride equalled her exalted virtue, have suffered, when a fellow, as base as he was profligate, presumed to dictate to her the lessons she ought to give her son; presenting her with a list of the most infamous works, which she was to substitute for those selected by her maternal love, and correct judgment? Another ruffian, once interrupted her, when she read to the Dauphin the history of his illustrious ancestors, accusing her of teaching him not to love France:—a country he had learned to pray for, as soon as he could speak. Another, directed the writing lessons to be suspended, because, as he had the stupidity and insolence to affirm, they were instructions for a mysterious correspondence.

To all these vexations, another was added by depriving her majesty of every little article that had escaped former perquisitions, to the very instruments necessary for the works which enabled her, and her daughter, to beguile time and sorrow. Not till then, did excessive pro-

vocation, extort from her these words: "*it seems it was requisite to deprive us of needles too, for they are very sharp.*"

Every time she returned to the Tower, after her daily walk with her children, she was obliged to suffer the torture of seeing written on the walls opprobrious censures and blasphemies, the inventions of licentiousness and ferocity, and in passing a file of vagabonds to hear herself addressed with grossness and obscenity. Unquestionably these walks, which produced the most excrutiating sensations in the bosom of the Queen, would have been discontinued, if the welfare of those most dear to her, did not require this sacrifice. Convinced that the lives of her husband and her children, depended on their taking the air regularly, she patiently, and heroically performed her duty, and never allowed a sigh or a murmur to escape her.

On a sudden, this illustrious Princess seemed ready to sink under a double weight of sorrow and of disease; her indisposition had taken a serious turn, but the whole family were seized with the disorder, and the Queen persuaded herself she was well, that she might become the tender and assiduous nurse. Then did she flatter

herself her misfortunes were at an end, when she saw her efforts effectual in saving, as it were, those whom she loved, from sickness and from death.

I must not omit transcribing some of those maxims, which Maria Antoinetta, most frequently, repeated to her son and daughter: they have been treasured up by a faithful memory, and ought to be inscribed in the manual of all the offspring of kings; in every line we may trace the greatness of her mind.

" He who is born to become a king, should " learn how to be one.

" He ought to acquire a perfect knowledge " of every subject, as he is to judge of every " thing; otherwise he may often give an igno- " rant decision.

" Ill-humour, and passion, are faults in common " men. But, in the heir of a great empire, they " are crimes. Let him be accustomed to con- " quer himself, and, in a little time, he will " be proud of his victory.

" Religion is the most certain guide to true " happiness.

" My son, when you are older, you will " feel, that to be worthy a throne, it is ne- " cessary to love glory. On reading the ex- " ploits of your ancestors, remember that your " own shall be recorded.

" Whatever does not bear the stamp of truth, " and of virtue, should be rejected by your " heart. Be severe to yourself, and indulgent " to others.

" When you shall have power to issue com- " mands, first weigh them well, but never " revoke them. It is better when you do " wrong to make reparation, than to acknow- " ledge the error: the people should never " be led to think that those who govern them, " can have been deceived.

" My son, do not suffer your heart ever to be " seduced by flattery; if you do, you will soon " become the slave of those who call you " master.

" Let your presence always announce some " benefit to the people; shew yourself but " seldom; but when it is necessary that you " should appear, display that condescension

" which confers charms on dignity. Those who see you are, always, your first judges, and " may be easily conciliated by affability.

" True greatness does not consist in vanity, " yet, pomp may be allowed to give its aid : " but the only grandeur, worthy of you, ought " to consist in noble and generous actions."

She would say to her daughter : " If Provi- " dence should dispose of you to one of the " kings of Europe in marriage, when you " appear at his court, withdraw yourself from " the observation of the people : shun ap- " plause of which they are prodigal : to a " princess, noisy praises are but the signals of " indifference, censure succeeds, and hatred " always follows."

These maxims will ever remain impressed on the memory of the august Princess, who is the admiration of Europe, the cause of happiness to her illustrious consort, and the comforter of the unfortunate.

What mother, what Queen, was ever more capable of bestowing important lessons, united with so brilliant an example !

On the 29th of September, a new calamity threatened the Royal Family, particularly the Queen, whose heart was rent with horrid apprehensions, it seemed as if a second captivity even in prison, was to be inflicted on the illustrious victims. The King was placed in the great Tower. His disconsolate family were immediately informed of this separation: witnessing their terror, their prayers, and their tears, one would have thought this their first affliction!

The night which succeeded this change was dreadful; the morning following was no less so, and when the hour of the family's sad meal arrived, when the Queen saw that they were not to be united to the object of their affections, she gave herself up to despair; her sobs and her tears softened the savages who regulated her fate, and for this time, at least; the barbarous order was recalled.

The Queen, however, had soon a new injury to deplore: the monsters, who had perceived that their victim was consoled for the loss of every other enjoyment, by attending to her maternal duties, deprived her of her son, and resolved that he should remain in his father's

apartment..... ..... " Her affliction," says Clery, " was extreme ; the young prince " having been placed with the King, I was " ordered to wait on him. How tenderly did " her majesty charge me to watch over the life " of her son."

I must borrow again from this invaluable servant the description of the great Tower, where all the family were placed on the 6th of October.

" The great Tower is about one hundred " and fifty feet high ; and comprises four stories " arched : it is supported in the middle from " the bottom to the top, by a great pillar. The " area within the walls is about thirty feet " square.

" The second and third stories, allotted to " the Royal Family, being, like the other stories, " single apartments, were now each divided " into four chambers by partitions of board. " The ground-floor was occupied by the mu- " nicipal officers ; the first story was kept as a " guard-room, and the King was lodged in " the second.

" The first room of his apartment was an anti-

" chamber, whence three doors led to three se-
" parate rooms; opposite the entrance, was the
" King's chamber, in which a bed was placed
" for the Dauphin. Mine was on the left, so
" was the eating room, which was divided from
" the antichamber by a glazed partition. There
" was a chimney in the King's chamber; a large
" stove, placed in the antichamber, warmed
" the other rooms.

" Each of these rooms had windows, but
" these were blocked up with great iron bars,
" and slanting screens on the outside, which pre-
" vented a free circulation of the air; the embra-
" sures of the windows were nine feet thick.

" Every story of the great Tower communi-
" cated with four turrets built at the angles.

" In one of these turrets was a staircase, which
" led to the battlements, and on which were
" placed seven wickets, at certain distances.
" This staircase opened on every floor, through
" two gates, the first of oak, extremely thick and
" studded with nails, the second of iron.

" Another of the turrets served as a closet to
" the King's chamber, the third served for a

" wardrobe, in the fourth was kept the firewood, " where, also, the temporary beds of the " municipal officers, who slept near the King, " were deposited during the day.

" The four rooms, of which the King's apart- " ment consisted, had a false cieling of cloth, " and the partitions were hung with a coloured " paper. The antichamber had the appearance of " the interior of a jail: on one of the pannels was " affixed *the Declaration of the Rights of Man*, in " a tri-coloured frame and in very large characters. " A chest of drawers, a small bureau, four rush- " bottom chairs, a table, a glass over the chimney, " and a green damask bed composed the whole of " the furniture. These articles, as well as what " were in the other rooms, had been taken from " the palace of the Temple. The King's bed " was that in which the Count d'Artois' captain " of the guards used to sleep.*

" The Queen occupied the third story; which

" * The Duke d'Angoulême, as Grand Prior of France, " was proprietor of the Temple-palace; the Count d'Artois " had furnished it, and resided there when in Paris. The " great tower, about two hundred paces from the palace, and " situated in the middle of the garden, was the depository of " the archives of the order of Malta."

" was distributed in, nearly, the same manner as his " Majesty's. The Queen and Madame Royale's " bedchamber was over the King's, the turret " served as their closet. Madame Elizabeth's " room was over mine. The entrance served as " an antichamber; here the municipal officers " watched by day, and slept at night.

" Tison and his wife lived under the King's " eating room.

" The fourth story was unoccupied. A gal- " lery ran along the interior of the battlements, " and served, sometimes, as a walk. The em- " brasures were stopped up with blinds to pre- " vent the Family from seeing or being seen.

" Few changes were made after the reunion " of their Majesties in the great tower, as to their " meals, reading, and walks; or as to the time " they had hitherto dedicated to the education of " their children. When the King rose in the " morning, he read the Office of the Knights of " the Holy Ghost; and, as mass had not been " permitted in the temple, even on holydays, he " ordered me to purchase a breviary, such as was " used in the diocese of Paris. This Monarch " was truly religious; but his religion, pure and

" enlightened, never encroached upon his other " duties.

" Books of travels, *Montesquieu's* works, those " of *Buffon, de Pluche's Spectacle de la Nature,* " *Hume's* History of England, in English; *the* " *Imitation of Jesus Christ,* in Latin; *Tasso,* in " Italian, and French plays, were his customary " readings, from his entrance into the Temple. " He devoted four hours a day to Latin authors.

" The Queen and Madame Elizabeth having " desired books of devotion similar to those of " the King, his Majesty commanded me to buy " them. Often have I seen Madame Elizabeth, " kneeling beside her bed, praying with fervency.

" At nine o'clock, the King and Dauphin " were summoned to breakfast; I waited on " them. Afterwards I combed the Queen and " Princess's hair; and, by her Majesty's desire, " taught Madame Royale hair-dressing. While I " was doing this the King played at draughts or " at chess, sometimes with the Queen, sometimes " with Madame Elizabeth.

" After dinner, the Dauphin and his sister

" played in the antichamber at battledore and
" shuttlecock, at *Siam*, or at some other game.
" Madame Elizabeth was always with them,
" and generally sat near a table, with a book
" in her hand: I staid with them too, and
" sometimes read, at which time I sat down,
" in obedience to her orders.

" This dispersion of the Royal Family, greatly
" perplexed the Municipal officers on guard,
" who anxious not to leave the King and Queen
" alone, were still less willing to separate, so
" great was their mutual distrust. This was
" a favorable time for Madame Elizabeth to
" ask me questions, or to give me orders.

" I both listened to her, and answered, without
" taking my eyes from the book in my hand,
" that I might not be observed by the Muni-
" cipal officers. The Dauphin and his sister,
" instructed by their aunt, facilitated these con-
" versations by being noisy in their play, and
" sometimes made signs to her that the officers
" were coming.

" I was obliged to be particularly cautious
" of Tison, dreaded as he was, even by the
" Commissioners, whom he had frequently im-

" peached. In vain did the King and Queen
" treat him with kindness, nothing could sub-
" due his native malignity.

" At bed-time, the Municipal officers ranged
" their beds in the antichamber in such a man-
" ner as to block up his Majesty's door. They
" even locked one of the doors of my chamber,
" which communicated with the King's, and
" took away the key; so that if his Majesty
" happened to call me in the night, I was
" obliged to pass through the antichamber,
" bear their ill humour, and wait until they
" thought proper to get up."

Before we proceed to the afflicting period of the Queen's last misfortunes, it is pleasing to dwell on the consolations of which even the assassins could not bereave her. Though suffering so much from hatred and malignity, she was ever alive to the smallest attentions, a tear, a word, or a sign from those who seemed to feel for her, called forth the effusions of her gratitude and of her sensibility.

You, who have conveyed to the heart of this Princess one consolatory impression; you, who have, for an instant, stopt the course of her

bitter tears, by causing them to fall with tenderness and gratitude; you, who have shewn your sympathy from the roofs of those houses which overlooked her prison; you, who have been pointed out to her by some one about her, and called forth from her gratitude, these affecting words, " *Ah! then I am still beloved by* " *some!*" you, who have often deceived the restless vigilance of the wretches who watched her, to convey to her interesting intelligence, your hopes, and even your fears being marks of your remembrance and of your love; you, who have since perished, carrying with you the memory of these generous actions; and you, who still live to weep over the sorrows of MARIA ANTOINETTA, for those who loved her must be ever inconsolable; accept, I implore you, the homage of a heart that does not yield to any other in tenderness and veneration for her memory! Know too, that MARIA ANTOINETTA pronounced your names with gratitude and exultation, when all the world beside appeared to have abandoned her in her misery!

The great character of the Queen, will have been not justly estimated, if it be supposed she retained in prison that inflexibility which, in the machinations against the Monarchy, often con-

founded the factious; but which more frequently increased their rage. It is known, how well the animated and commanding figure of her Majesty could convey the expression of a noble pride and generous scorn. In her misfortunes, she was striking by a mixture of sensibility and grandeur only. Whilst on the throne, and as long as she was surrounded by those intrigues, which were to precipitate her from it, she conceived it right to support the dignity of her station; taking little pains to conceal, or disguise, the contempt and indignation which the enemies of the Court excited. But in the Tower, she was a sister, a mother, and a wife. These ties, interwoven in her heart, absorbed all her faculties, and appeared to have raised her above the remembrance of her departed greatness. She seemed to have relinquished, even the hope of better fortune. Beset by the vilest of the human race, and harrowed with every indignity, she displayed the superiority of her mind; commanding her feelings, she repressed all those emotions, so natural to her lofty spirit, so consonant to her birth, and to the high station she had filled. Discovering neither pride, nor resentment, by an admirable patience, she disarmed ferocity; and found the means of assuaging the sufferings of those beings who engrossed all her affections.

Her quick and penetrating glance, so peculiar to herself, readily distinguished any expression of goodness, in the countenances of the men, who had the double functions of guarding and insulting this forlorn family. The daughter of Maria Theresa, the Queen of France, suppressing her repugnance, endeavoured to excite, in the bosoms of the most obdurate, a sentiment of pity.. .....alas! yes of pity; now the only sensation her great soul sought to inspire to mitigate the sorrows of those so dear to her. When some success crowned her exertions, in preventing an insult, suggesting a consolatory idea, averting an inauspicious presage, or in obtaining less atrocious treatment, she enjoyed the only species of pleasure to which her heart was accessible.

She sometimes found an opportunity of entering into a conversation; interesting to the officers who succeeded each other in the prison; but her advances were not always well received. Often a brutal answer deprived her of the courage to repeat them. In one instance, upon asking a municipal officer, who waited at table, where he lived? he arrogantly replied, "*in my native country.*"—"*Your country, that is France,*" said her Majesty, with perfect mildness.

At this horrid period, insults and outrages, refined by an ingenious barbarity, and multiplied with infernal art, daily and hourly tortured the Royal Family. It will be scarcely believed, notwithstanding the testimony of persons of veracity, how rancour and wickedness, conspiring together, poured, without intermission, the bitterest gall into the bosoms of these illustrious victims.

The infamous journals of the time frequently contained threats, calumnies, and imprecations against the Royal Family. On these occasions every method was taken to present the papers to their view, to read them in their hearing, and to exaggerate their contents. But, in general, the periodical publications were vigilantly withheld.

On the most trifling suspicion the only servant remaining with the Royal Family was torn from them. And they were deprived of the linen most necessary, because a symbol of royalty, that had been omitted to be erased, was found near the mark. Their bread was broken to pieces lest it should enclose a letter. An impudent fellow, one day, followed the Queen, who was going to dress, into Madame Elizabeth's apartment, and she was obliged to relinquish her intention.

When commissioners were sent to visit, or rather to insult their prisoners, with excessive barbarity the most obnoxious were chosen. The first object the Queen beheld in the deputation was Drouet! Unheard of cruelty! he came to enjoy what he himself had effected: to smile at the misfortunes he had occasioned; and to shew, by his presence, that the Family owed to him the afflictions they felt, and those they were still to suffer. Will it be believed that Drouet seated himself by the Queen?

But let us turn to scenes which relieve the mind, though they pain the heart. Let us behold the consort, the sister, and the children of Louis XVI. pressing daily round, to wait on him, to nurse, and to console him!

Behold this august Family surrounding the bed of their sick, and only domestic; lavishing on him the attentions suggested by their gratitude and goodness.

There is an indescribable interest attached to every thing relative to the Dauphin, who was the treasure, hope, and consolation of his family. His infant mind, too early matured by adversity, had acquired a susceptibility to share his parents'

misfortunes. With what alacrity and pleasure would he run to tell his mother, that a more lenient municipal officer was that day their jailor! He has burst into tears, on seeing his royal father examine the tools of the workmen, who fastened the bolts of his dungeon. Who can suppress a tear, on hearing him say to a grenadier on duty: "I beseech you, do not let them kill papa the "King!"*

Unfortunate offspring of many Kings, alas! thou wert doomed to be torn, successively, from the arms of thy mother, of thy father, and of thy aunt, and to perish in the hands of monsters, the executioners of thy family!

What an interesting picture did the young Princess, who was saved, by the hand of Providence, from the wreck of her Illustrious Family, present to view. Nurtured in the lap of virtue, and surrounded by sublime examples, she, by the graces of her person, and her sensibility, proved a consolation to her parents under so many afflictions. She received the most valuable instructions from her august mother, and advice, or rather commands, from her royal father, tending to regulate her future conduct.

* *Papa Roi.*

But what expressions shall I use to depict that angelic being, the virtuous Elizabeth, whose presence diffused a celestial ray around the prison of the Temple! When her attentions were no longer useful to the Royal Captives, she invoked benedictions on their heads; she prayed too for the persecutors of her family, and for that erring people, who were, at once, the instruments and victims of their own dreadful crimes. Her devotion was perpetual: if Louis, wearied of earth, aspired to heaven, he ever found heavenly consolations and assistance, in this angel of piety and resignation. Brought up in the Court without knowing its pomps, and without participating in the illusions of grandeur, she had fewer sacrifices to make in supporting misfortune; and her mind afforded inexhaustible sources to assuage the miseries of her fellow-sufferers. Enveloped in her modesty, her virtues were scarcely known in France, until the Revolution, her very existence was barely remembered when, amidst outrages leveled against the King and Queen, this Princess evinced heroism, courage and attachment. To the Queen, particularly, she gave proofs of an unalterable friendship, and if the whole life of Maria Antoinetta, did not, sufficiently and victoriously, repel the calumnies circulated against her, a

single fact is enough to confute them all: *she was the bosom friend of the Princess Elizabeth.*

The executioners who composed the Commune of Paris, were irritated by the alleviations which the Royal Family found in their mutual tenderness, in the exchange of cares and consolations, which anticipated, as it were, celestial enjoyment; and they trembled with rage, at their not sinking under their misfortunes. Every day a new insult, another threat, was aimed at them, in order to weary out that patience, which had hitherto almost fatigued their barbarous invention, and deceived their malignant expectations. Louis XVI. invariably supported, with a fortitude as courageous as surprising, the outrages with which he was successively assailed.

One day, the municipal officer on duty at the Temple approached his Majesty, and attempted to search him. Without discovering the smallest impatience, the King took out the contents of his pockets, and placed them on the chimney piece, contenting himself with ordering M. Hüe, to give him his clothes, in future, with the pockets turned inside out.

But he required all his firmness, when, under

pretence of removing arms from the room he occupied in the Temple, the Municipality, required him to deliver up the sword he wore, at the time of his imprisonment. He felt this insult more sensibly than any he had before endured, notwithstanding this, his countenance underwent no change, and he simply said: " Gentlemen, I " deposit it in your hands. The greater the sa- " crifice, the more it guarantees my love for the " public peace."

The infamous Chaumette, wishing to give this unfortunate Monarch a presage of the dreadful fate that the factious reserved for him, sent him an ancient history of the Counts of Flanders, in which was a print representing the public execution of one of those princes, in the presence of a numerous populace, by means of an instrument of death, in a great degree resembling the horrible guillotine. The King patiently examining this monstrous emblem, seemed to observe it minutely, and returned the book, in silence, to the wretch who was ordered to present it to him.

The King's heart was more sensibly moved, by a circumstance which was intended to wound him, in a quarter to which he was more alive, and to disconcert that fortitude, which every outrage,

personal to himself, could not shake. One of the Municipality, with a ghastly smile, said he had brought a curious machine to amuse the Dauphin, at the same time he produced a guillotine in miniature. The King could not disguise his indignation; and, as if that emotion, so natural in a father, had produced, on the spectators of this disgusting scene, an irresistible impulse, the fellow's colleagues, and the guards, who were present, broke the instrument of death to pieces.

The brigands, whose employment was to torture the Royal Family, threatened them, daily, with a separation, enjoying the excessive agony they excited. Every hour they were informed that, that was the last day they should be permitted to live together; that, on the morrow, they should be separated: this idea was the most excruciating that could have been presented to their minds. The commissioners felt pride in their supplications, and vexation at finding themselves softened in spite of their efforts to prevent it. They, one day, made a trial of this separation, before they made it definitive, and, almost, eternal. The sobs of the Queen, of Madame Elizabeth, and of the children were loud and piercing. One of the commissioners, who was the most ferocious of them all, said: " *Let us retire,*

" *I believe these women wish to make me cry;*" but he soon atoned for these words, by the most offensive language. The order was, however, recalled.

The greater number of the national guards, who were sent to the Temple, could not suppress their tears, on seeing the King and his family. Whenever Louis the XVIth observed this, he immediately, by some sign, endeavoured to caution the parties of the danger they incurred by this imprudence.

The King, without any intention of seeking popularity, sometimes conversed with those Commissioners of the Commune, who appeared to be artisans, on the subject of their labours and of their trades. He had considerable information on these subjects, but not that ridiculous mania of which he had been accused. A stone-cutter, seeming to enjoy this kind of conversation, his Majesty spoke of the Pantheon, and expressed some doubts of the solidity of that edifice. " *Are you not afraid,*" said he, " *that the pillars will give way?*"—" *They are more stable than the thrones of Kings,*" replied the Commissioner of the Commune.

I have only given an imperfect sketch of

the atrocities which these brigands were capable of, who exercised their horrible power over the Royal Family. That family, on whom Heaven seemed to bestow all the virtues, and the most noble and striking qualities, in order to render the barbarity of their persecutors the more odious; and the neglect and indifference of the nation, who tolerated their wickedness, the more inexcusable.

That King, who was formerly seated on the most splendid throne in the world, whose orders were respected in all parts of the universe; whose name was blended with the sacred invocations in the temple; at fêtes, in songs of joy; in the courts, in the decrees of the law; at the armies, in shouts of victory; and, in Europe, in the blessings of peace. This King, who had only to will it, and a fleet issued forth, fully equipped; he who caused the waves of the ocean to withdraw from the ports constructed in its bosom; three seas to join; canals to flow in all directions, enriching the land and increasing commerce; —that Monarch who abolished the feudal laws, proscribed intolerance; softened down the penal laws; he who opened manufactories, alms-houses, and hospitals every where, for industry, for misery, and for pain.....behold him shut

up in a dungeon, subject to the orders, and abandoned to the outrages of all who approach him. For the common necessaries of life, and even with respect to the affections of his heart, he is at the mercy of a crowd of jailors, who, rapidly succeeding each other, are not allowed time to contract that involuntary interest, which the sight of a human being, always suffering, never fails to inspire. Each of these would signalize himself; gracious God! have they not done so? Louis XVI. abolished slavery, and has become the slave of as many masters as he has keepers. Louis abolished torture, and there is no description of torture that is not applied to him. Louis would have the prisons of the most hardened criminals, convenient and salubrious; yet, by a refined barbarity, his prison is rendered dark, dreary, and loathsome; his subsistence is grudged him, and he is envied the very air and light.

The revolutionary mania, had seized on all the miserable wretches who had orders to torment the Royal Family; they detested every thing great, they outraged all that was respectable, and they intended to destroy all that was virtuous.

In proportion as the reign of Louis XVI. recalled pleasing reflections, and ideas of an ad-

ministration wise and paternal, in that proportion was rage excited and enflamed, against that unfortunate Monarch. He would have been pursued with less malignity, had he been a tyrant; and accused with less fury, if the charges brought against him had borne any semblance of truth. The virtues of the Royal Family were a torment to the brigands in their sanguinary ravings. So much goodness in the King, such virtue in the Queen, the innocence and graces of the royal children, the angelic purity of Madame Elizabeth, all seemed to disconcert the factious, and they doubted the success of their own plots. Under the influence of intoxication alone, could they have dared to strike the blow they meditated; or, banishing reason, brave all the feelings of respect, and even of pity, which, in spite of themselves, the sight of their helpless victims inspired.

But other storms awaited these august captives. On decreeing the Republic, the Convention, having placed itself under the influence of guilt, could not stop its horrible career, until it had terrified the world by its crimes, and in its fury lacerated its own bosom. The madmen who had thus in a single instant, condemned a Nation, formerly loyal and generous, to the forfeiture of

its character, and to the infamy of perjury, did not calculate on all the consequences of such an act. However great their wickedness, they might, perhaps on reflection, have been terrified at the probable results of their dark conspiracies and extravagant projects. But their blindness did not permit them to foresee, that the destruction of the ancient laws of so extensive a kingdom, would swallow up in its vortex both those who supported, and those who overthrew them with such rage and perverseness. Already an irresistible and barbarous impulse overruled the fate of France, instead of that wise foresight which, formerly, supported the morals of the people and respected their customs. Ignorance, brutality, forgetfulness of every principle, contempt of every thing sacred, characterized from its very birth, the dreadful system of which the Convention was to become the instrument, and its leaders the victims.

Already a murmur, low but terrifying, like that which precedes the concussions which shake the earth, indicated that a dreadful deed was in preparation. "The republic is proclaimed," said the factious, "what, then, shall we do with "him, who exists in opposition to this change?" This problem, which could not be resolved but by

an horrible alternative, filled the most audacious with secret terror, and spread irresolution amongst those unreflecting beings, who had believed, that the hand of men could enchain the multitude, after having incited them to insurrection, and that it was possible to stop them in the career of anarchy. Some were of opinion that Louis XVI. should be put to death, because nothing but the murder of the King, could, according to them, render the new situation of France irrevocable, by involving the whole people, as accomplices, in the monstrous crime; others allowed, and even desired this regicide, in hopes that those who should commit it, becoming too odious to profit by the result, should be forced to abandon to a party, more moderate, the fruits of their crimes and of their rebellion. If amidst the members who composed the Convention, there were some who had not speculated upon the downfal of royalty, and on the murder of the King, they hardly could venture to detach themselves from the group of assassins, or to avow sentiments contrary to theirs.

The Convention was, at first, too much distracted by party divisions, to attend to the fate of the unfortunate Louis XVI. Two months had hardly elapsed, since Péthion, Danton, Louvet,

Robespierre, Vergniaud, and Marat, conspired together against the Court; but from the time they formed part of a body uniting in itself the whole power of the state, ambition disunited them, and they became irreconcilable enemies.

The Girondins directed their first attacks against the heads of the Deputation of Paris; they successively accused Danton, Marat, and Robespierre. Danton replied to his accusers by a charge, which in some months afterwards, brought them to the scaffold; he reproached them with the design of tearing France to pieces by a federal conspiracy. Marat appeared at the bar, with all the audacity of a brigand, avowing all the sanguinary denunciations with which he had been accused. Under pretence of the horror he inspired, the greatest part of the deputies quitted the hall, and this monster finding himself surrounded by the galleries which applauded him, and by his party who encouraged his horrible declamations, heaped insults on those who had fled. He drew from his pocket a pistol, and then added; *if the decree of accusation had gone against me, I should have blown my brains out at the foot of this tribunal.* Concealing their fears, under the appearance of contempt, this excessive insolence was treated as madness, by

those who should have punished it. Robespierre was accused more directly, and solemnly. He demanded eight days to answer; this was as much as to obtain his acquittal, and the power of life and death over his adversaries. When this time had expired, he presented himself with all the assurance which the certainty of being ably supported by his party, and feebly opposed by his enemies, could have excited. The Convention listened to him with that dread which a ferocious tyrant inspires. He shewed on this occasion, all that hatred, all that concentrated rage could add to his chilling talents. He defended himself with a commi irony, which his adversaries seemed willing to consider as moderation, and which however disconcerted them to such a degree, that the accusation framed against him with so much care and preparation, was relinquished.

Thus did this monster gain an ascendancy through the efforts which were made, either to stop, or to oppose him; and thus did the Girondin party demonstrate, by their irresolution and by their errors, that where there is not real virtue, there cannot be true courage.

Whilst the Convention by corruption and weakness

weakness, prepared the way for their own slavery and that of France, they received an astonishing presage of their extraordinary destiny. The armies triumphed! Bands raised by chance, and under the most dreadful auspices, opposed, with success, the veteran troops, which the great Frederic had rendered the admiration of Europe. —The Prussians retreated rapidly, subject to all the disasters of an inclement season.—Successes, not less unexpected, the easy conquest of Savoy, and the Comté de Nice; the entry of Custine into the Palatinate; the taking of Spire, of Mayence, and of Francfort; all these events gave additional audacity to the Jacobins, and freed them from the necessity of considering the King as an hostage for their own safety in any case of extreme danger. The Convention, filled with enthusiasm, took possession of these conquests with as much alacrity, as their generals had displayed in taking them. Savoy was united to France, under the name of the department of Mont-Blanc, and the Maritime-Alps.

The first successes of the Prussian army determined the Duke of Saxe-Teschen to penetrate, with twenty thousand men, across a frontier crowded with strong posts, and to lay siege to Lille. This place was invested, and, from the

bold and vigorous manner in which it was attacked, there is not a doubt but it would soon have capitulated, when the mortifying news of the retreat of the Prussians, obliged the Austrian general to raise the siege, and to entrench himself in a perilous situation. The victory of Jemappe, which the French gained by the immense superiority of their forces, and that sacrifice of the lives of men for which their generals were remarkable, opened to Dumouriez the gates of Belgium. What most struck the Convention, in this conquest, was, the new resource which the riches of the clergy presented to the finances. Soon after, contrary to the advice of Dumouriez, a decree passed for uniting it to France, which proved the signal of those devastations which soon laid waste these fine and rich provinces. The Belgians were overrun with as many commissioners as soldiers, and they were equally dreaded. These disorders prevented Dumouriez from following up his successes. General Clairfait was now obliged to cede all the line of the Meuse, but to drive him beyond the Rhine was found to be too difficult an enterprise. The river Roëhr was a sufficient barrier to the progress of the French, worn down by fatigue, and less intent on the progress of the war, than on that of the Revolution.

When the leaders of the Convention thought that the minds of men were sufficiently prepared for the great catastrophe, which they had long meditated, the Committee of Legislation made a first report in the Assembly, on this double question: "Can Louis be tried?"—"By whom shall he be "tried?" In this report these questions were treated as principles purely political; shamelessly setting aside all judiciary forms in order to establish the right of the Convention to dispense with them. The constitutional inviolability was considered, in this report, as contrary to the law of nature. And it concluded by proposing a series of decrees, in fourteen articles, exactly similar to those, which, a month before, had been adopted at the Jacobin sitting. In fine, after a discussion, in which all the parties of the Convention endeavoured to outdo each other, in manifesting their hatred to Royalty, and their animosity to the King; it was decreed that—"*Louis shall* "*be tried, and by the National Convention.*"

From this moment the Convention entered upon no other matter or subject but, what they had the infamy to call, the crimes of Louis XVI. This prince was now called, "the perjured King! "the assassin of the people," and, in twenty proclamations, they had already condemned him,

though, at the same time they professed an intention of bringing him to trial.

Four months were elapsed since the throne had been destroyed! The Royal Family were reduced to the melancholy state of regarding every new circumstance, as the harbinger of greater misfortunes, and information too correct had already prepared them for the most terrible events.... Already these dreadful words, tribunal, trial, judgment, opinions for and against death, had frozen them with fear. The day at last arrived, when this illustrious family found they were prisoners indeed; because they were to be separated.... On the 11th of December, at ten o'clock in the morning, the King with his son went to the Queen's apartment, where they once more breakfasted together! Who can ever conceive the agonies of the parents, of the sister, and of the children? They knew the last crime was in agitation; that the last misfortune threatened them; but they could not give way to those emotions which oppressed their souls, in the presence of wretches, who insulted all their miseries. Thus did an hour pass away: at eleven o'clock, two of the municipality came to take away the Dauphin, and to inform the unhappy King, that he himself henceforth should be separated from his Family.... he was soon

after conducted to the assembly, and his martyrdom commenced.... During this dreadful day, the Queen and Princesses' questions, their uneasiness, and their tears, were equally and barbarously disregarded. In these days which were to determine irrevocably their fate, they were doomed to learn but imperfectly, what passed without, and were indebted for this interesting information to the efforts of zeal, and to the ingenious contrivances of a devout attachment. The princesses agreed with Cléry that he should convey intelligence by notes with their linen.. ...the barbarous vigilance of their persecutors was more torturing than their misfortunes.

Then did the Queen's immortal friend, amidst fears for a brother whom she did not cherish more tenderly than his consort, exclaim:

Have you heard any thing respecting the Queen? Alas! of what can they accuse her? The King cannot be reproached with any thing; Oh! nothing, no nothing. But perhaps they look upon the King as a victim necessary to their security. The Queen, on the contrary, and her children, cannot be obstacles to their ambition.

Oh, Queen! so worthy of universal homage,

I know not, if your whole life, filled with incidents, exciting compassion and admiration, can afford a single instance, more immediately contributing to your glory, than these fears, these anxieties of the admirable sister of Louis XVI.; yes, you alone, of the whole world, have been able to excite so lively a sentiment in the bosom of her, who, with you, loved the King only.

When the decree ordering him to the bar of the Convention was signified to the King, which designated him by the name of Louis Capet.... he broke the silence which he had imposed on himself, and answered with dignity:

My name is not Capet. One of my ancestors bore that name, but I have never been so called. As to the rest, it is consistent with the treatment I have experienced these four months. This morning my son has been separated from me: they would deprive me of every comfort.

Thus was the resignation of this unfortunate Monarch suspended for a moment; but the accents of grief which escaped him, were wrung from him by parental feelings.

The Convention, in beholding the heir of a monarchy existing for fourteen centuries drag-

ged to their bar, conceived, that in his person, they triumphed over all the Kings of Europe. An awful silence reigned throughout the hall. Barrere, the President, addressed the King in an agitated and almost trembling voice. Louis XVI. answered with coolness and precision. All the questions put to him, were calculated to exasperate; and to promote his immediate destruction. But disdaining reproaches, he confined himself to facts only.

In this examination, nothing was charged as *doubtful.* And the King heard himself repeatedly upbraided *with having spilled the blood of the people.* The blood that was shed on the 10th of August being also imputed to him, he exclaimed, with great emotion, "*Oh! no, it* "*was not my act.*" He was accused of having distributed money, in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, to poor workmen, in order to attach them to his cause: he replied; "*To give to those in want,* "*was ever, to me, a heartfelt satisfaction.*"

The King was reconducted to the Temple, through fewer dangers than menaces. He left the Convention very much agitated. The Jacobins, in their inveterate hatred, were desirous of immolating their Royal victim without delay;

but the Girondins, to give a more striking effect to the regicide they had long meditated, required that some legal forms, at least, should be observed. and they obtained permission for Louis to have counsel. The Monarch availed himself of this decree. He expressed a desire to have Target, and also Tronchet; should the Convention allow him two counsel. Tronchet accepted the office of assisting the unfortunate Monarch. But Target was not worthy of defending his King, and proved himself as dastardly as he was factious——he refused his aid.

An affecting, and last consolation, was reserved for His Majesty. A letter was read to the Convention from M. Lamoignon Malesherbes, requesting, that Louis XVI. might be informed, " that having filled the office of Mi-
" nister, when that office excited a general am-
" bition, he claimed the privilege of being his
" counsel, at a time when many may consider
" that duty dangerous." This letter produced a sensation in the Convention, as if it had been composed of wise and feeling men. Such is the influence of superior virtue. The Jacobins who had previously opposed granting the King a second Counsel, were incapable of uttering an

objection. M. de Malesherbes was granted his request, amidst an universal emotion.

A few moments before the King returned from the Convention, a decree of the Commune prohibited the only servant of the Royal Family, from any communication with the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, or the children..... When the King returned to the Temple, he desired earnestly, but in vain, to see his Family. All he could obtain from the inflexible jailors, was to inform them of his return.

Next day, the unfortunate Monarch, and his Family, learned the full extent of their privations: it was formally announced to them, that they should see each other no more.

The Dauphin's bed was removed from his father's apartment, and placed in the Queen's, who, for the first time, pressed him to her bosom, with bitterness of soul; because, the happiness which she felt in embracing him, was denied to his unfortunate father.

It may now be imagined, that until the final accomplishment of their misery, no new

sufferings could have awaited these illustrious victims; yet this will prove an error.

On the 15th of December, a decree was signified to the King, importing, " that the " Queen, and Madame Elizabeth, were not " to have any intercourse whatever with him, " pending his trial; that his children might see " him, if he required it; on condition, that " they should not see their mother or aunt, un- " til after the last examination."

" *You see,*" said the unhappy Monarch, " *the cruel dilemma in which they have placed me.* " *I cannot resolve to have my children with me;* " *as to my daughter, it is impossible; and with* " *respect to my son, I feel all the grief which* " *the Queen would experience in a separation* " *from him; I must then reconcile myself to this* " *sacrifice also.*"

This decree, and the generous resolution of her consort, greatly affected the Queen. For several hours, nothing could interrupt her sighs or calm the violence of her grief; she exclaimed that he, who had always so tenderly and constantly loved her, had never before given her

a proof of affection, at once so sweet and so distressing.

Louis XVI., abandoned by every one, recalled, however, for a moment, the admiration of all those not influenced by party prejudice or personal interest. The awful spectacle of a Monarch dragged to the bar of a factious and miscreant Assembly, astonished and softened the multitude. The interrogatories in which the King had displayed so much dignity, and presence of mind, his sudden emotion when accused of having assassinated his subjects; his affecting answer, when reproached with lavishing money on the poor of the Fauxbourgs of Paris; all these incidents, so novel and so impressive, pervaded all France, and excited general sympathy.

The Jacobins of Paris, were alarmed at this impression; several addresses, even from united societies, demanded a delay of the trial, and particularly, that legal forms should be most scrupulously observed in the proceedings. At Bordeaux a theatrical piece was publicly exhibited, representing the events of the Revolution, ending with a perspective view of a public place, with the instrument used for capital punishments. Here the King is led to execu-

tion, but the people rise and rescue him from the hands of the executioners, and set him at liberty. On hearing this it was determined in one of the extraordinary sittings of this monstrous Assembly, that Louis XVI should be tried by the Convention in a permanent sitting.

Communications were established between the King and his counsel, in spite of a decree from the Commune, who determined that they should be searched going in, and returning. The interview between Louis XVI, and the virtuous Malesherbes, was truly affecting; when the Monarch saw him, he could not restrain his tears; and he rushed into the arms of this first guide and director of his youth, this faithful friend in his misfortunes.

How sublime and affecting a spectable, to behold a Magistrate, almost eighty years old, who, in his former connection with the King, had ever sustained the interests of the people, come to offer his genius, and his last effort, aided by sixty years of useful labours and of public virtue, to defend the fallen Monarch.

Next day M. de Malesherbes returned to the Temple with M. Tronchet. They began to

prepare the King's defence which extended to fifty-seven heads of accusation; and they had to examine extracts from seven hundred papers. Time pressed, the undertaking surpassed their powers, not their zeal. They begged the Convention to allow them the assistance of another counsel, and accordingly M. Desèze was permitted to join them. This indulgence, for which he was indebted to the merit and character of M. de Malesherbes, seemed to present some glimmerings of hope to Louis XVI.

Louis, through the whole course of his extraordinary trial, maintained the same coolness and courage, which had ever characterised him. Contemporary historians have done him justice on this head, and their testimony will be confirmed by posterity.

At this disastrous time his paternal heart had another torment to endure, he was informed that his daughter was indisposed..... He forgot all his own dangers, and his troubles: oppressed with the deepest anxiety, he had not a moment's repose until informed, that, through the Queen's prayers and tears, M. Brunier, physician to the Royal Children, was permitted to visit the Princess.

The King, informed that he was to appear before the Convention, on the 26th of December, for the last time, made his will. It is evident, he foresaw his fate, and did not trust to the hopes with which he was flattered. In this monument of piety, goodness, and resignation, is seen the whole soul of Louis XVI. It seems as if Providence had decreed that the guilty Nation, which sacrified this good King, should not truly know him, until their sorrow was without alleviation, and their remorse unavailing. This picture of the last thoughts and sentiments of the Monarch displays great simplicity of heart, profound understanding, manners mild and gentle, and fortitude, that religion and a pure conscience, could alone bestow. It is surprising, that the murderers of Louis, could have permitted this testimony of their injustice to exist; demonstrating to posterity the true character of the Monarch, they had sacrificed; and calling down upon the memory of his accusers, eternal execration.

These men who respected nothing sacred, whom, neither violence nor crimes, could deter from pursuing their ends, preserved, with a sort of involuntary veneration, the last thoughts and wishes of the just man. And what is more, they

transmitted them, inviolate, to that deluded and enslaved people, who would have then opened their eyes, if their blindness were not to be prolonged, that their punishment might be the more dreadful, and their example more terrible to future ages.

On the 26th of December, the King was conducted to the bar of the Convention, accompanied by his three advocates, the Mayor of Paris, Chambon, and Santerre, the commander in chief of the National Guards.

M. Deseze commenced by reading the defence, which he had prepared. It appears that Louis, conscious of his innocence, or certain of his condemnation; or, perhaps, thinking it useless, or beneath him, would not allow his advocates to avail themselves of any legal exceptions. The King's constitutional inviolability, was discussed, in his defence, as a prerogative, but abandoned as a principle. The exaggeration of this prerogative, had proved fatal to the King's cause; when the Monarch urged this inviolability, his enemies, to render him unpopular, accused him of an intention of carrying it to its full extent. This quality of inviolability, closely examined, and put to the test, loses all that it has of sacred

and mysterious; history has demonstrated that it has never saved those who were invested with it.

The defence was reduced to the discussion of facts and imputations, which placed all the disadvantage on the King's side. In a series of more than seven hundred papers, produced against him, it was not possible, in a few hours, to clear up without inquiry, discuss without contradiction, and give, to each article, a full explanation. What was not repelled by more than a simple denial, without proofs, or an assertion opposed to a fact, inevitably left doubts, which the advocates had neither time nor power to dissipate. Besides, the conduct long pursued, indicated, not only the inutility, but even the disadvantage, of a defence. Louis was condemned in the hearts of the Conventionalists, even before it was debated, whether they should try him—and his death became certain, when they declared themselves his judges. In similar circumstances, when those who are to pronounce judgment, are more influenced by political opinions than by conscience, these opinions must be addressed, changed, or conquered, before judgment be pronounced, and rendered irrevocable, by being blended with the interest of political parties, become ana-

logous by the result of mutual deliberation; and who are not to be shaken or dissolved.

The defence, made by M. Deseze, for the King, was not more remarkable for order, clearness, and strength of reasoning, than for the address, which confounded the accusers of the King, by always avoiding to exasperate them.

The advocate concluded with these memorable words, which ought to have made a deeper impression on the monsters who had presumed to bring their Sovereign to trial; if they had not, with every sentiment of honour and humanity, lost, likewise, all reflection.

" The glory," said he, " cannot be disputed " with Louis, of having made a sacrifice to the " people of his own privileges, and yet, in the " name of this people, it is, this day, demanded " of you—— I will not finish the sentence—— " I pause before history herself—— recollect " that she will judge you; and that her decision " will be that of all ages."——

When the advocate had concluded, Louis thus addressed the Convention.

" My defence having been laid before you, " I shall not resume the subject. In speaking to " you, perhaps for the last time, I declare to you, " that my conscience does not reproach me with " any thing, and that my counsel have asserted " nothing but the truth. I have never been " afraid of having my conduct publicly examined. " But my heart is torn, to find, in the act of ac- " cusation, that I am charged with having spilled " the blood of the people; and, above all, that " the misfortunes of the 10th of August should " have been attributed to me.

" I own, the many proofs I have, at all " times, given, of my love for the people, and " the manner in which I have always conduct- " ed myself, appeared to me sufficient to prove, " that I feared not exposing myself, to spare " their blood; and, to defend me, for ever, from " such an accusation!"

These few words, the last that Louis XVI. has bequeathed to posterity, shew how keenly he felt, on being reproached with having shed the blood of his people. Alas! a secret sentiment assured him, that, had he repelled violence by force, and punished rebellion and crimes by

the means he then had at his disposal, those who, now, appointed themselves his judges, would, still, have been his subjects; and, that, instead of being at the mercy of their rage, they, themselves, would have been dependent on his power.

Thus did these miscreants torture the feelings of their august victim, wounding him with accusations, in a manner the most cruel, and shewing him all the evils produced by his own clemency!

At the desire of the president, the King retired into one of the committee rooms; where, amidst those who surrounded him, he evinced as much calmness as dignity. He signed his defence and his speech, which were brought to him for that purpose.

M. Deseze had erased the words:—*The people desired liberty—he gave it to them*—— a decree required these words to be restored;—was it as an accusation, as a colour of justification, or was it as a lesson to Kings? This explanation belongs to History, which will, doubtless, clear up why contrary opinions should then unite to pass this decree.

The King was conducted to the Temple, and, after a tumultuous sitting, where Pethion, the president, was accused by his former friends, it was decided: "That, suspending all other "matters, the discussion should be opened on "the judgment, and continued, until it was de- "finitively pronounced."

It was much desired that the sitting should be made permanent. Such was, always, the advice of the party who followed Robespierre's opinions, and the event proves, that this party, in their frantic impatience to shed the King's blood, nevertheless, advised most favorably for his cause. All delays were against this unfortunate Prince; he lost near one hundred voices, since the first *appel nominal*, which pronounced his condemnation, to the last, by which the delay was rejected by an apparent majority of five voices only.

The Girondins who, on the first question, erred, in acknowledging the competency of the Convention to decide upon it, were, again, deceived, in the order the questions were proposed. The natural course would have been, directly, to have pronounced judgment, and to

decide afterwards on the appeal to the people. The very reverse took place. Those amongst the Girondins who would have, for the moment, spared Louis XVI., suffered, without much opposition, the question of appeal to be put, hoping, either to have recourse to it, in case of passing in the affirmative, or, if the appeal were rejected, to gain to their side a greater number of voices, now uncertain, and hesitating on a rigorous punishment, for, after judgment, there would not be any resource. Every thing was differently decided, and, as the zeal of those who pretended to save Louis, was founded in motives foreign to this great cause, Providence willed that all his judges should become accomplices with his assassins.

As soon as they had exhausted on both sides not the discussion of the generous and immortal principles, which ought to have been invoked on so great an occasion, but the subtleties of a miserable logic which tended rather to prolong the King's agony than to prevent his death; the *appel* began on *the punishment which should be inflicted on Louis XVI.* This *appel* was no more than a mockery, the Convention having almost unanimously declared the Monarch *guilty;* since all the members, of whatever party, had constantly

accused him, in the strongest terms, and, especially, since those who affected to be the most moderate, had endeavoured to justify this declaration with more heat and violence than any of the Mountain party, who, too certain of destroying their victim, disdained to insult him.

The *appel* was hardly begun, when Vergniaud, who presided, announced, that he found two letters on the table; one was an official dispatch from Spain, which contained a request, in favour of Louis; and, the other, a letter from the King's advocates, entreating to be heard. The first was now too late, and proved ineffectual; with respect to the second, it was declared that the advocates should be heard, after passing the decree !.....

The *appel* took place on the two days of the 16th and 17th, continued all night, and lasted forty hours. Darkness diffused an inauspicious gloom around this deliberation; the deputies went in and out tumultuously, pursued by a thousand different cries, and, still more, by their own remorse. In this decisive and solemn moment, whilst they heard, from without, the cries of an intoxicated populace, whose rage astonished even those who had excited them; in

the interior of the hall, men observed each other with profound silence. Marat, himself, appeared rivetted, by some secret power, to his seat, deprived of speech, and incapable of insulting those who did not vote for death. Robespierre evinced a ferocious inquietude; it was not understood whether his agitation proceeded from his remorse, or from the plans he meditated.

The first of the Girondins, who voted for death, greatly astonished the minds of men. "What!" said the Jacobins, "they abandon "him to us, after seeming determined to take "him into their own hands! Such conduct is "cowardly and perfidious!"

The first who voted was Mailhe; his sentence was for death, with the restriction of a respite, until peace; and then, banishment; but, execution, in case of an invasion of the French Territory. This vote, which seems to have been inspired by hell itself, to produce, more certainly, the destruction of the unfortunate Monarch, was adopted by all the Girondins; that hypocritical, and short-sighted faction, who considered themselves less culpable than the Jacobins, because they were less audacious; and, because, instead of shocking public opinion by sanguinary de-

clamations or by ferocious actions, they endeavoured to corrupt it by their sophisms, and by their intrigues. The opinion of Mailhe, by thus affording an asylum to libertinism, a veil to hypocrisy, and, probably, a hope to those who relied on a respite, decided this question, on which depended the fate of nations. Whilst the sophists formed, to themselves, *a conscience for public men*, to declare their Sovereign guilty, and to condemn him, afterwards, to death; some of the most violent *Mountainists*, withheld their assent; and, to the great astonishment of their adversaries, voted for *confinement*.

At last, on the 17th, at four o'clock in the evening, the president, Vergniaud, said:—*Citizens, I shall now declare the result of the scrutiny. You are going to exercise* A GREAT ACT OF JUSTICE!..... *When justice has spoken, humanity should be heard in her turn.* The Convention, composed of 745 members, was reduced by absence, accidental or voluntary, and by personal objections, to 721 votes: 361 voted for death, it was a strict, rigorous, majority; and the decree of death was proclaimed. Thus, this sacrilegious decree rested on a single voice, consummating an act the most abominable. It has been attempted to establish that there was a ma-

jority of five voices; but on a scrutiny the same result always presents itself, a majority of one absolute vote only!

At the moment when this dreadful decree was pronounced, a dead silence, which a deputy called the *silence of the grave*, reigned in the assembly and in the galleries. Those who registered it, restrained themselves; their triumph now certain, no longer required expressions of joy, which might have, perhaps, appeared flagitious, even to the King's enemies themselves. When the advocates of Louis XVI. appeared at the bar, the assembly, astonished at their own sentence, and even much affected, could with difficulty support their presence: tears, shed reluctantly, mingled with the tears of the advocates; and humanity, banished by the worst passions of the human heart, seemed to have been for a moment recalled. The impression was transient; self love and ambition effaced it for ever.

The advocates still endeavouring to conciliate the terrible power which they had failed to bend, announced that they brought an appeal to the nation, on behalf of the King. They were allowed to read it. "*I owe it to my honour, I owe* "*it to my family,*" did he say, "*not to subscribe*

" *to a sentence pronouncing me guilty of a crime,*
" *with which my conscience does not accuse me. I*
" *declare then, that I appeal to the nation itself,*
" *against the judgment of its representatives. I*
" *authorise my counsel, and I charge them on their*
" *fidelity, to make this appeal known to the Con-*
" *vention by every means in their power, and to*
" *require that it be inserted in the minutes of the*
" *sitting.*"

This appeal, which was, it is said, secretly recommended to the unfortunate Monarch, by one even of those who had condemned him, produced no effect whatever on men debased by their fears, or corrupted by their passions.

M. Deseze and M. Tronchet having nothing more to put to the feelings of the Convention, endeavoured to excite a sense of shame. A majority of one voice conducted Louis to the scaffold; yet according to the criminal code, the greatest culprits, even parricides themselves, could not have been condemned unless two thirds of the tribunal concurred in the sentence. Messieurs Deseze and Tronchet had the courage to protest against such iniquity. M. de Malesherbes attempted to speak in his turn; he pronounced, with a trembling voice, these broken sentences: *On such a*

question as this, how should the votes be counted? I had some considerations to present to you, which have not been suggested to me either by the circumstances or by the individual. And at the same time that he wished to prove that personally it did not concern him, his tears and his sobs shewed that the happiness of his life depended on the success of his application.

Again he endeavoured to discuss the point, but the effort was too much for him. *I had revolved in my mind,* added he, *several suggestions on this subject, when I belonged to the council of legislation; shall I have the misfortune of their proving useless to me, or will you permit me to offer them here to-morrow?*

Robespierre soon shewed that his ferocious voice had more influence over the Convention than the tears of an old man, who had nothing to recommend him but his fidelity and his virtues. He insisted that the Convention should deliver up Louis XVI. *to the people who expected it;* and the respite was refused.

From the moment the Convention proceeded to vote, the King foresaw his fate. Four Municipal Officers signified to him a decree of the

Commune in substance as follows: " *That Louis* " *should be kept in sight day and night, and that* " *two of the municipal officers should pass the night* " *by his bed side.*" The King asked if judgment had been pronounced; — one of the officers answered—" *That he did not trouble himself about* " *what passed in the Convention, but that he had* " *heard that the appel nominal was not yet ter-* " *minated.*" On the same night the Temple took fire; and the guard was immediately doubled. The brigands imagined this a counterplot to save the prisoner; but it was soon discovered to have been merely accidental.

On the 17th of January, M. de Malesherbes came to inform the King that there was no longer any hope for him. The King endeavoured to console his old friend; and to have seen them, one would have thought that it was his majesty's faithful servant who had been condemned to die. All who had beheld Louis XVI. in these solemn moments, whether implacable enemies or devoted servants, all unanimously agree that he displayed an exalted character, an unshaken fortitude, and a dignity worthy of a King. During an agony of three days, in which this Monarch was cautiously observed, nothing escaped him derogatory to the high station in which heaven had placed

him, as a glorious example to the Sovereigns of the world. Passing frequently from hope to uncertainty, he invariably supported these trials with an equanimity truly surprising. Alas! heaven which had hardened the hearts of his executioners, deposited in his own a foreknowledge of his destiny, with the fortitude necessary to support it, without murmur, and without fear!

On one occasion only, seeking consolation from that Being in whom was all his hope, he cried —*O my God! is this then the reward of so many sacrifices?* He was allowed to converse for an hour with M. de Malesherbes without witnesses. On parting, he requested of him *to return in the evening, and not to abandon him in his last moments.* But Louis had not yet experienced all the ferocity of his judges. They wished to deprive him of every support, hoping, by this means, to drive him to some act derogatory to the dignity of his character, and which, without saving his life, might spread some shades over his last moments. The orders were given, and Louis saw his counsellors no more. He wrote to the Commune requesting the liberty of seeing them, and complained of the decree which ordered him to be kept in sight day and night. *It may be supposed,* said he, *that in my situation, it*

is very painful not to be left alone, and not to be allowed the tranquillity necessary to recall my thoughts, and prepare myself for that awful charge to which I am doomed. These last words, which with another people, and in other ages, must have been held sacred, and that could not have been addressed in vain, even to the most factious and hardened, now produced no effect whatever.

At two o'clock on the 20th of January, the Executive Council, accompanied by some members of the authorities of Paris, came to read to the King the four articles which comprised a summary of the decrees of the preceding days.

The condemned King could not catch the eyes of these wretches : confusion, terror, and the expressions of remorse were visible in their countenances ; he alone, towering above them all, remained firm, commanding, and immoveably cool. He gave Garat a letter for the Convention, in which, amongst other requests, he begged to be allowed a confessor, whom he named, the Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont.

This respectable ecclesiastic had, for some time, doubtless, known the extent of the dan-

gers, and of the glory of the ministry to which he was going to be called: subsequent to the 21st of December, 1792, he wrote to one of his friends, in England, in the following affecting manner.

" My unfortunate Master has selected me " to prepare him for death, if the iniquity of the " people should lead them to commit this regi- " cide. I, also, am prepared to die; for I am " convinced that the popular fury will not allow " me to exist an hour, after this horrible scene. " But I am resigned; my life is nothing. If, by " devoting that, I could preserve him, whom God " has placed on the earth, for the ruin and resur- " rection of many, I should make the sacrifice " with joy, and with the satisfaction of not " dying uselessly."

M. de Firmont was immediately conducted to the Temple, to fulfil the sad, and holy functions, to which he had the courage to dedicate himself; he was led into the presence of his Sovereign.

" Until now," said he, in a relation he has left of this affecting circumstance; " I had suc- " ceeded, in repressing, in a great degree, the

" various emotions which agitated my soul. " But, on beholding that Prince, formerly so " great, and now so unhappy, I could no long- " er command myself; tears flowed in spite of " me, and I fell at his feet, without the power " of articulating aught but my sorrow. This " softened and affected him a thousand times " more than the decree, which had been just " read to him; and his tears answered mine; " but soon recovering his firmness; " *Pardon,*" " said he, " *Pardon, Sir, this moment of weak-* " " *ness, if, indeed, it can be so called. For a* " " *long time, I have lived amidst my enemies,* " " *and custom has, in some measure, familiar-* " " *ized me to them. But the sight of a faithful* " " *subject speaks a different language to my* " " *heart; it is a spectacle long a stranger to my* " " *eyes, and which melts me, notwithstanding all* " " *my efforts;*" saying this, he kindly raised " me to converse with me more at his ease. " Then, making me sit by him, " *This, Sir,*" " said he, " *is the grand business that should oc-* " " *cupy all my thoughts; for what is any other,* " " *compared to this?*" "

After having received the King's confession, the Abbé de Firmont asked the Guards for the necessary articles to celebrate the sacred mysteries

of the Catholic religion: "*Your proposal may be* "*a snare,*" answered they, "*and, under pre-* "*tence of giving the communion, you may poison* "*the King.*"—"*You have searched me,*" he replied, "*and know whether I carry poison about* "*me, or not; and if, to-morrow, any be found* "*here, it must be by your means, as every thing* "*I shall require must pass through your hands.*" His moderation struck the wretches; and he obtained what he had desired.

At eight o'clock in the evening the King quitted his closet and asked to see his Family.

I am now more than ever at a loss for language appropriate to what I have to relate; who, but an eye-witness, can venture to describe the last interview of the King with his family? Alas! one only survives; as the daughter of Louis XVI. did not witness the whole of this interview; before it was terminated, her anguish had suspended every sensation.

I must then again recur to Cléry whose recital of these melancholy events first excited the sympathy and tears of all Europe; at this period he is the only historian of the Queen, as well as of her Royal Consort.

" His Majesty," says he, " went into the eating " room; I followed him, I placed the table on one " side, and the chairs at the further end, to make " room. The King ordered me to bring some " water and a glass. A decanter of iced water, " being on the table, I brought only a glass, " which I placed near it. The King desired me " to bring water that was not iced, for if the " Queen drank of that it might make her ill. " " Tell," added his Majesty, " M. de Firmont " " not to leave the closet, his appearance " " would, I fear, be too much for my family to " " support." The commissioner who had gone " for them stayed a quarter of an hour; in this " interval the King went into his closet, return- " ing, from time to time, to the entrance door, " in extreme agitation.

" At half past eight the door opened. The " Queen came first, leading her son by the hand, " followed by Madame Royal and Madame Eli- " zabeth. They all threw themselves into the " King's arms. A melancholy silence prevailed " for some minutes, and was interrupted only by " sobs and sighs. The Queen moved towards " his Majesty's chamber:— " No," said the " King, " let us go into this room; I am allow- " " ed to see you there only." They went in,

" and I shut the glass door. The King sat
" down, the Queen was on his left, Madame
" Elizabeth on his right; Madame Royal nearly
" opposite, and the young Dauphin stood be-
" tween his legs: they were all leaning on the
" King, and frequently clasped him in their
" arms. This scene of woe lasted one hour
" and three quarters, during which it was impos-
" sible to hear what passed. It was, however,
" observed, that after every sentence uttered by
" the King, the agitation of the Queen and
" Princesses redoubled, continued some minutes,
" and then the King began to speak again.
" It was evident, from their gestures, that they
" received from himself the first intelligence of
" his condemnation.

" At a quarter past ten, the King rose first,
" and they all followed. I opened the door;
" the Queen held the King by the right arm:
" their Majesties each gave a hand to the Dau-
" phin; Madame Royal on the left, clasped the
" King round the body; Madame Elizabeth, on
" the same side, a little behind, held his arm.
" They made some steps, towards the entrance
" door, uttering the most heart rending lamen-
" tations. " I assure you," said the King, " that
" " I shall see you to-morrow at eight o'clock."

" " You promise," cried they all together.—
" " Yes, I promise"—" Why not at seven?"
" said the Queen.—" Well! yes, at seven," re-
" plied the King; " farewell."..... He pro-
" nounced " farewell," in a manner so impres-
" sive that their sobs were renewed, and Madame
" Royal fainted at the feet of the King to whom
" she had clung. I raised her, and assisted Ma-
" dame Elizabeth to support her. The King,
" wishing to put an end to this agonizing scene,
" once more most tenderly embraced them all,
" and had the resolution to tear himself from
" their arms. " Farewell! farewell!" said he,
" and retired into his chamber.

" The Queen, Princesses and Dauphin, re-
" turned to their own apartments. I attempted
" to continue supporting Madame Royal, but the
" Municipal Officers stopped me on the second
" step, and obliged me to return. Though
" both the doors were shut, the screams and
" cries of the Queen and Princesses were heard
" for some time on the stairs."

The illustrious daughter of Louis XVI. is the only witness of their sufferings, their inexpressible anguish, and the state, a thousand times more dreadful than death itself, in which she

passed, with her mother, brother, and aunt, the remainder of the night, and the whole of the dreadful day of the 21st of January.

On this day, and perhaps at the fatal moment, amidst convulsions of despair, the message, left by the King on quitting his chamber, was communicated to them.—" You will give this " seal to my son; this ring to the Queen; assure " her that I part with it, with pain..... Tell " the Queen also, and my dear children and " sister, that, although I promised to see them " this morning, I have resolved to spare them " the pangs of so cruel a separation. What " does it not cost me to depart without receiving " their last embraces!"

At the same moment, a prey to grief and anguish, separated from her husband by the walls of their prison only, Maria-Antoinetta exclaimed, with accents of despair still more piercing and violent, because she was doomed to survive him:

" *Am I then refused to bid the King a last* " *farewell? recollect that it is a wife who asks* " *to embrace her husband for the last time!*"

She was answered *that there was no order for it.*

The fatal night passed in prayer, in sobs, and in convulsions. The young Princess fainted away continually, and her aunt never rose from the foot of her crucifix, but to comfort and to assist her..... Her brother wept bitterly, and evinced an energy in his sorrow much above his years.

All the illustrious Family anxiously expected the last interview, and saw the appointed hour pass away, not without the most horrible inquietude.

On a sudden they heard the sound of drums, the march of troops, and the tumultuous arrival of those who came for Louis XVI.

At this moment the Queen fell into a kind of insensibility resembling death itself.... recovering herself she arose, ran to the door, to the window, followed by her weeping children: she embraced them, mingling her tears with theirs, and pressing them to her bosom, she exclaimed: " *He is dead!.... we shall see him no more!...*"

The motive which induced the King not to see his family a second time, is a proof of the tender affection he bore them. He denied himself this last consolation, not on his own account, his firmness never forsook him for an instant, but because he dreaded that those beings so very dear to him, would have sunk under emotions above their strength, already so cruelly exhausted by the preceding interview. He consecrated his last minutes to the duties of religion, and drew thence an additional serenity. At this solemn moment, feeling the support which he derived from the faith of his fathers, and all the consolations which it had afforded him; almost at the very instant of being sacrificed, Louis XVI. exclaimed: *My God! how happy am I in having maintained my principles! they will make death sweet to me; yes, there is an incorruptible judge above, who will render me that justice which is denied me by men here below!* At last, ready to give himself up to those who waited for him, he fell on his knees for a few minutes, and arose saying: *I shall drink the chalice even to the dregs. Oh, God! thy will be done!* Then recovering all his presence of mind, he did not wait to receive the signal of departure from Santerre: *Let us go,* said he; and this monster following him, appeared,

or a moment, as if he himself were going to execution.

The King descended the stairs and crossed the court, often looking towards that part where his family were confined. When passing through the entrance gate, he was observed to endure a momentary contest with himself as if he were repressing the last struggles of nature: he got into the carriage with the Abbé Edgeworth and two officers of the *Gens-d'Armerie.*

The carriage was an hour on the way. From the Temple, following the ancient boundary of Paris on the *boulevards,* to the square of Louis XV. a double line of soldiers, each four deep, were drawn up without any interval; reserves, with artillery, were placed at the intersections of the streets; and an escort of cavalry, led by the infamous Santerre, surrounded the carriage. Besides these precautions, on the motion of Robespierre the preceding day at the sitting of the Jacobins, the leaders of the sections were invited to appoint the most tried and approved Revolutionists, who were to assemble on the place of execution, *and press around the scaffold.*

All who were not employed on this express

service, retired into their houses; where some concealed their remorse, others their sorrow. The streets of Paris were desolate; a sullen silence and a gloomy sky, seemed to presage all the calamities which were to follow this day, devoted to regicide.

The carriage arrived at ten o'clock. On the way, the King recited the prayers *of the agony.* When the carriage stopped he had not ended, but finished before he alighted. At the foot of the scaffold, he took off his cloaths, untied his hair himself, and knelt down to receive the blessing of M. Edgeworth, who exclaimed, as if inspired, *Son of St. Louis, ascend to Heaven!* Having ascended the scaffold, Louis XVI. for a moment viewed the instrument of death. The drums beat; with a loud voice he said, *Drums! silence!* the fallen Monarch was once more obeyed; the drums were silent. He turned towards the people, and, with a voice firm and feeling, he addressed the multitude: " *Frenchmen, I die inno-*
" *cent of the crimes of which I am accused; I*
" *forgive those who are the cause of my misfor-*
" *tunes; I wish that my death may be beneficial to*
" *France.—And as for you, my unfortunate peo-*
" *ple.....!*"

Santerre ordered the drums to beat, which drowned that voice whose last accents would have too deeply affected the multitude, and, perhaps, have produced a movement fatal to the monsters who deluded them. Soon after, the most atrocious of crimes was perpetrated; and Louis ceased to exist!

He is no more! the only being who averted the vengeance of the Eternal, and who was, as it were, a mediator between Heaven and a criminal people, was immolated with an unexampled barbarity.

Unhappy people! what a gulph opens before you! what sufferings, what calamities, this shocking regicide, tolerated by your weakness, is about accumulating on your heads! All will be confounded in the same punishment, there will be no distinction of age, sex, or condition! Those who shall escape will owe their lives but to the weariness of the executioners, and the death of the wretches who will have presided at this execrable period, shall not terminate the miseries of France. As if the whole generation which witnesse this monstrous crime, were doomed to moulder in the tomb, before the

scourge which they had provoked should cease its ravages.

How dreadful that anarchy which is going to assemble the French under the standard it has stained with the blood of Louis XVI. They follow, in tumultuous crowds, that shocking emblem of the system which begins. In a little time there will be neither laws, nor morals, nor religion, nor government: on the profaned altars, infamous prostitutes will be presented to the adoration of a multitude, whose greatest misfortune will be not to see how those who present them with such despicable idols, laugh at their credulity, and at their delirium. The temple of the laws shall be invaded by the most depraved and ignorant of men, and the executioners will sit in those very seats, where, formerly incorruptible magistrates administered justice to the people. Should some appearance of legal forms be observed, it will be to insult still more the victims devoted to death, whose punishment is prepared, even before they are brought to the sanguinary tribunal. Men, unknown to each other, separated as much by their opinions as by their rank in society, will be involved in the same accusations, and charged with the same crimes. Bashful virgins, accused of conspiracies against

the state, will be dragged to the same scaffold with old men, sinking under the weight of years, with mothers distracted by grief, with brides who, the evening before, had been conducted, adorned with flowers, to the hymeneal altar.—But, alas! if, in some provinces of France, murders are perpetrated gradually and with some appearance of legal forms, cautiously rendering them less numerous or less shocking; in other provinces millions will fall at the same moment, annihilated by the revolutionary thunder, enveloped in flames, or buried in the ocean. The monsters who shall have ordered these executions will view, with complacency, the mutilated carcases, the blood which inundates the earth, and stains the current of the rivers; they will listen without emotion to the screams of children, and to the lamentations of their victims; they will dare to do more, they will, with a ferocious pride, recite all these horrors, and describe, with the intoxication of joy, the direful consequences. All these outrages upon humanity, which will appal the historian, shall be applauded, and consecrated, by an Assembly calling themselves the representatives of the nation; they will be deposited in the registers, and the daily bulletins will convey to all parts of France, the dreadful details. Feasts of reason will be instituted by men who will have

trampled under foot every principle, all the affections, and whose folly will be the jest of Europe. Atheists will speak of the Supreme Being, in order to usurp to themselves the homage which they will prescribe to the nation, for the shadow of a Deity in whom they do not believe.

On the death of Louis XVI. a general mourning took place in England. After so foul a crime, by which the Jacobins seemed to defy the resentment of all the Sovereigns of Europe, the British government no longer hesitated to declare itself. Mr. Pitt communicated this tragical event to the House of Commons with unrestrained grief and indignation. Chauvelin, the French Ambassador, received orders to quit London in twenty-four hours, and the Kingdom in eight days. The English Government paused after taking this step, desirous that the declaration of war might proceed from the Convention. It had not however been hitherto inactive in the enmity it bore the Revolutionists: all its energies having been, for a long time, employed to reanimate the coalition, discouraged by its first disasters, and it became, in a manner, its head.

The grand junction of the armies of this new coalition was formed at Cologne, behind the

river Erst. General Clairfait, with thirty thousand men, joined the Prince de Cobourg who commanded about the same number, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, advanced by Prussian Guelders, at the head of twenty thousand men. This immense body of troops were collected, trained, and equipped, without the knowledge of the French generals, in a confined and very populous country, the two armies being separated by a small river only, at a distance of some leagues. The coalesced armies were already in motion, and the French were in no posture either of resistance or retreat.

On the 27th of February the Austrian advanced posts passed the Roër, and pushed three leagues beyond it. The army amounted to fifty-five thousand men; the Prince of Saxe-Cobourg took upon himself the command in chief. Amongst the Generals were several Princes of the Empire, and the young Archduke Charles, the hope and glory of the Austrian Monarchy, served in the advanced guard, at the head of the battalions of grenadiers. A grand park of artillery followed the army; and all the measures that the wisdom and foresight of the Austrian government could devise, were displayed and maturely combined, to make a great effort.

When the army had passed the Roër, the attack was made in three columns, on the whole line of the advanced posts from Ruremonde to Swalmen; the first battle took place at Aldenhoven. The French were driven back, and the Hungarian hussars carried the heights of Aldenhoven; the battle was renewed in the plain, but the French were again repulsed. An attack was made at the same time on Ruremonde, with the same success; the whole retreated and retired to Aix-la-Chapelle, which was soon after evacuated. The dismay, which, in the French armies, is ever the consequence of a first defeat, had taken possession of every regiment, whole battalions returned to France, officers quitted their companies, and, in short, confusion prevailed throughout. The Austrians attacked Tongres with twelve thousand men and took it. The French generals, who had not retained any of the positions between Liege and Louvain, were obliged to retreat on the latter.

Dumourier, whom an ineffectual attempt in favour of the unfortunate Monarch, whose cause he espoused when too late, had kept at a distance from his army, rejoined it, to witness the effects of the reverses it had experienced in his absence. He found the wrecks of the French

army encamped behind Louvain; he instantly set about reorganizing it; when he had given it some form, and inspired it with some degree of that confidence which terror had dispersed, he advanced his position, intending to give the Austrians battle before the arrival of their expected reinforcements.

The front of both armies extended about two leagues, the right wing of the French at Goitzenhoven, their left towards the heights of Oplinster and Womersen. The Austrian right wing, commanded by the Archduke Charles, inclined to the left of Tirlemont; the left wing, commanded by M. de Clairfait, was posted towards Racourt and Lauden; the center of the army, in two divisions, was under the orders of General Colloredo and the Prince of Wirtemberg. The river Gette covered the front of this line, and separated both armies. The battle was fought on the 18th of March, near the village of Neerwinden, on the very same spot, and about the same day, on which a century before, the French, commanded by Luxembourg, obtained a dear bought victory. But the position of the two armies was then reversed; Luxembourg occupied the ground which the Austrians now held, and Neerwinden the contested post, which was twice taken and

retaken, was attacked by the opposing army. Dumourier was defeated; and although he still retained the same ground as before the action, he durst not venture any thing with a discouraged army and disunited generals. He soon found that his former successes could not excuse him, in the opinion of his ferocious masters, for the reverses he had just experienced; and he took a part which could not have failed to have produced great things, had it been previously thought of and concerted with the malcontents of the interior.

The combined armies soon entered the French territories, threatening, at once, Lille, Condé, Valenciennes, and Maubeuge. Condé was invested, and a descent was made on the whole line. An army, at the same time, was formed, that menaced the maritime towns; a body of ten thousand English was to act in union with the Dutch, on the frontiers of the North, towards Dunkirk.

After several skirmishes, in which the French were almost always beaten, the commanders of the combined forces resolved on a general attack, the success of which would put Condé into their possession, and lay Valenciennes entirely open

to them. Four columns, commanded by the Prince de Cobourg, the Duke of York, Generals Clairfait and Latour, acted at the same time. The principal effort was made against the camp of Famars, where the French were entrenched. The action began at day break, and was not ended until night; in spite of the most obstinate resistance, the French were driven from all their points. Towards noon, the right wing was turned, by a column commanded by the Duke of York; the camp was evacuated in consequence. The French general threw ten thousand men into Valenciennes, and the army retired under the guns of Bouchain. On the following day, General Clairfait, at the head of a body of Austrians and English, possessed himself of the camp of Ansin, whilst the Prussians dislodged the French from the Abbey of Hasnon, where they had retired the evening before. Valenciennes was invested, and on the very same day, some shots were fired into the citadel: the town was summoned to surrender by the Duke of York, and on receiving a refusal, he ordered a bombardment; the immediate effects of which were dreadful. The siege was carried on with vigour and ability: neither the garrison nor the inhabitants had time to relax their efforts whilst it lasted. On the 21th of May the place was invest-

ed, and on the 26th of July, the troops which defended the ramparts being seized with a panic, and refusing to return to their posts, the council of war was driven to the necessity of capitulating.

The allies had hitherto acted with circumspection and caution; but when the reduction of those considerable places, Condé, Valenciennes, and afterwards the castle of Cambrésis, secured to them points of support, and made them masters of the great passes, the army deployed, and every thing, then, seemed to favor them.

The Prince of Cobourg advanced to Cambray, which he summoned, whilst the French army, in full retreat, took up its positions behind the Scarpe: this was the last place it was able to occupy before Arras, and it had neither military posts nor fortified places from that to Paris. The Revolutionists owed their safety to the fortified places, which the generals of the combined army dared not venture to leave behind them.

At the same time that the principal places, on the frontiers of the North, fell into the hands

of the coalesced powers, the defeat of the army of the Rhine, and its precipitate retreat on Landau, opened to them the passes on the Eastern frontier. The capture of Mayence, the importance of which, relatively to Holland, was as great as that of Valenciennes to France, soon gave the allies an opportunity of rapidly advancing on the lines of Weissembourg, which were carried in the most brilliant manner.

'It does not enter into the plan of this work to explain, by what secret causes, or unforeseen means, the hopes, which so glorious a commencement excited, were destroyed; I have only to shew the connection of these events with those I have to relate, and particularly with that which will for ever revive in my breast the most painful feelings.

The brigands soon thought of avenging their defeats by new crimes. In their frantic rage, and in the terror which now began to agitate them, they imagined that the murder of the Queen would, at the same time, terrify their enemies, and drive France to the necessity of conquering, in order to escape the vengeance which the perpetration of this new atrocity would provoke on the part of Austria.

Some time before, a report was spread all over Paris and the vicinity, that Louis XVII. had been taken away from the Temple, and carried in triumph to St. Cloud. The avidity with which this news was received by the numerous partizans of legitimate Monarchy, alarmed those who had overturned the throne. No time was lost in sending four Commissioners to ascertain the fact, and they probably selected the men most obnoxious to the Royal Family; who were living in the deepest affliction since the murder of their illustrious chief. The Commissioners, Maure, Dumont, Chabot, and Drouet, executed their mission with an insolence analogous to the crimes with which they were stained, and immediately returned to inform the Convention, that *the women* (meaning the Queen and the Princesses) *were embroidering, and that the son of Capet* (Louis XVII.) *was playing peaceably at Dames, in his apartment in the Tower.*

Three months had the Queen bewailed the 21st of January, when these ferocious Commissioners came to disturb her: but, instead of finding proofs of plots and conspiracies, as she had been accused of by revolutionary fanaticism, they found only books for her children's education, and prayer books; in short, symbols of the

two sentiments, or rather, the two passions which possessed her whole soul; the love of her God, and her sorrows for the memory of her consort.

When Louis XVI. heard his sentence read to him by Garat, he spoke with tenderness and anxiety, not of his own fate, but of the Queen, his sister, and his children; and he was answered, in the name of the Convention, *that the nation, ever great and ever just, would take into consideration the state of his family*, and this assurance had softened the bitterness of those moments which separated him from eternity.

This promise, contracted, as it were, on the very altar on which the Royal victim was sacrificed, and in the presence of God, was violated, at the very moment it was made.

The Convention soon after declared, that Maria-Antoinetta was retained as an hostage for the conspirators abroad and at home: this was as much as signing her death warrant; for supposed conspiracies would not be wanting to furnish a pretext to drag the descendant of the Cæsars to the scaffold.

Every species of rigour was redoubled against this august Family Neither sex, weakness, disease, nor sorrow, could excite pity, or obtain respect. The Queen, who never, for an instant, forgot her great character, made only one request to the murderers of her consort. It is remarkable, and to the immortal honour of the daughter of Maria-Theresa, that this prayer was the only one she made, on her own account, since she had ceased to have it in her power to command. Her Majesty requested that the Family might be allowed to wear mourning for the King: under the idea that this would add to the horrors of the scene, the tyrants granted her request.

The unhappy Queen had not a frame equal to her mind; her health was visibly altered. After the 21st of January, she had fallen frequently into convulsions. She was pale, weak, and almost always indisposed.

The consciousness of her own dignity alone, which she never for a moment forgot, restrained her grief before witnesses. Perfectly composed when observed; when alone with her family, she wept and sighed incessantly. The sight of so much virtue and fortitude, having one day soft-

ened some of the Commissioners employed to visit her, they attempted consolation; to which a common mind would have been accessible: they spoke to her of the promise of the Convention to take care of her and her Family; and represented her return to the bosom of her own family,—to the palace of her fathers, as possible, and even at no distant period.....

At Vienna, said she, *I shall be the same I was at the palace of the Thuilleries, and what I am here. When Heaven shall decree that I am no longer necessary to my children, my only wish is to be united with my husband!*

Some time before the death of Louis XVI., in one of those moments when lowness of spirits struggles with fortitude, the Queen, who never suffered on her own account, said to the King: *It is for you, for the Dauphin, I weep: for, what have I to fear? I cannot be an impediment in their way, notwithstanding their avowed hatred.*

Alas! illustrious Princess, you deceived yourself; sentence against all that was just, great, and noble was passed,—yours, therefore, was long before pronounced: *you were an impediment* in the way of the wicked; your presence, and

even your existence, being to them insupportable.

The assassins, for the first time, perhaps, seemed at a loss for pretexts; they surveyed, with the eyes of the inquisition, a life which, in prosperity, was remarkable for goodness, and, in adversity, for fortitude.

This examination only gave her fresh occasion to triumph over all the calumnies that had empoisoned her life. Yet, it was hoped that she would, at least, have failed in discretion, in prison, by sometimes yielding to the impulse of despair; and, in the Tower of the Temple, the crimes of Maria-Antoinetta were to be sought for.

I would still, for a few moments, suspend the relation of the final termination of woes, the recollection of which, destroys my energy, and extinguishes my courage; rendering me almost incapable of concluding the painful task, which my feelings have imposed upon me.

At the moment the barbarous resolution of trying the Queen was formed, Her Majesty, suspending the poignancy of her sorrows, perform-

ed a sacred duty, and conveyed to the Regent of France, the brother of Louis XVI., the last pledges of the affection of that ill-fated King.

To one of those affecting instances of noble zeal and attachment, which, unhappily, are involved in a veil of mystery, whilst perfidy and crimes have astonished the world, was the Queen indebted for the means of conveying to Louis XVIII. those sacred relics, committed to the care of M. Cléry,* by the most virtuous of men, just before he suffered.

The successive separations from her Family, were torturing to the Queen; and were equal to as many deaths. And certainly her own execution was not the most afflicting anguish she endured.

She may be said to have died on the 21st of January, and on the 3d of July, when, at nine o'clock at night, her son was torn from her

* M. Cléry had the satisfaction of seeing the seal and the hair afterwards, and of bathing them with his tears, when he went to Blankenbourg to present a work, consecrated to the memory of Louis XVI., to his Royal brother; who had the condescension to shew him the two notes that had accompanied them: and which are transcribed in his work.

arms; and again, on the 5th of August, when she herself was taken from the embraces of her sister and her daughter.

But her separation from her son, for whom alone she thought life worth preserving, was so heart rending, that the murderers, in their report, could not deny having been affected with her tears and lamentations. She was seized with the strongest convulsions, and remained in them for near two hours; every moment seeming to be her last. Notwithstanding, she never gave up her son to the savages, who were impatient to tear him from her; and she regained her senses but to weep over and embrace him again and again. At last, when torn from her, and to be parted from her for ever, she spoke these affecting words: *Remember, my child, the mother who loves you; be gracious, wise, and good, like your father.*

The Revolutionists, after the 21st of January, used every species of intrigue to bring the Queen to the scaffold. When the horrible plot was ripe, by the management of Robespierre, the precursory cries of death were suddenly heard, and he obtained a decree to bring her before the revolutionary tribunal. To accu-

mulate on this Royal victim every species of insult, the Convention refused to register the act of her accusation. As if the monsters, who had sacrificed Louis XVI., considered her only as a common individual, and the widow of a man who had suffered by the law, she was sent before an infamous tribunal, which, formed for murder, and devoted entirely to crimes, afforded no protection to innocence.

The Queen was taken from the Tower, on the 5th of August, at midnight.* After having seen the object most dear to her perish, she was now torn from all she still loved, and was carried to the Conciergerie.

Richard, the keeper of this prison, observed to those who brought her, that not having any

* The Queen was awakened, and, in a surly voice, desired to get up; she replied, that this was a long looked for moment, and dressed herself with an appearance of great composure. She then paused for an instant, with her eyes cast upwards, as if irresolute. It was supposed that she hesitated whether she should take a last farewel of her daughter and Madame Elizabeth; but suddenly relinquishing this last consolation, she darted towards the staircase, and stepping into the carriage with precipitation, she struck her head with violence.

positive orders, there was nothing ready to receive her.....

One of the monsters answered: *the most infectious cell, and a few bundles of straw for a bed, will do for her.*

Notwithstanding the testimony of contemporary historians and of eye-witnesses, this excess of brutality will be hardly credited.

The jailer, softened by this barbarity, and by the noble mien of Maria-Antoinetta, gave her up his own apartment, for the remainder of the night; and the next day removed her to the room called the Council Chamber. The following is a description of her last habitation.

After passing through the first door of the Conciergerie, there is, on the right, a second door, and through this, on the left, is a dark gallery, where a ray of light never enters; along which, on the left, are the cell doors. We come to an iron gate where the prisoners speak to their friends. After passing this gate, on the right is the great court of the prison shut in by another iron gate: on the left, and opposite this gate, is the chapel; near this is a room secured in the

same manner as all the cells by two enormous locks. This was what was called the Council Chamber..... It was divided in two by a board partition; in the middle of which was a space that Richard shut up with a wretched old screen: the casement, on the left side, secured with iron bars, looked into the women's court; so called because the female prisoners frequented it. In this place, two gens-d'armes were placed, and never left it; at night they made up a temporary bed; their names were François Dufresne and Jean Guilbert.

The Queen was lodged on the right: her bed was placed at one end, opposite the window which overlooked the Cour des Femmes; close to this window was a chair on which the Queen sat by day.

The pavement was of brick; a frame of wood covered the whole wall; this had been formerly hung with paper, printed with fleurs-de-lis, but being torn in several places, it hung in rags from the frame, presenting an aspect of misery and wretchedness.

The jailer* of this prison and his wife ap

* The Queen instantly gained the hearts of thos

pear certainly to have been least devoid of humanity, if not the least unfaithful, at this dreadful period.

They often deceived their ferocious employers. . . Just Providence! is it from a jailer, a man accustomed to see human sufferings unmoved, that the Queen received the last aids to mitigate her tedious sufferings!

She was indebted to them for clothes and body linen; they supplied her with a more wholesome diet; and whenever they expressed their regret at not having better in their power to give, she would reply, with ineffable goodness, *whatever is good for your family, must be so for me.**

around her, and particularly the *gens-d'armes*, who never quitted her. They felt more indignation than herself at the abuse she met with from the emissaries of the people placed under her window, apparently payed to insult her; and they wept for her misfortunes.

* Deputy Vouland paid the Queen a visit, and informed her he was ordered by the Committee to enquire whether she was conveniently lodged and boarded, and whether she wanted any thing. *Sir*, said she, with a natural and affecting dignity, *I thank you for the trouble you have taken; after the trials which I have endured, it is of little importance*

Although terror pervaded every mind, some of the Queen's old servants conceived plans for her deliverance, and succeeded in conveying to her offers of their services, and proofs of attachment and of zeal; but their exertions could only procure her a transitory consolation. It is a certain fact, that many people, of all ranks, and even some of the most furious and extravagant, reflected honour on themselves, by the interest they took in her deplorable situation. Some, who were more resolute and attached, sought and obtained access even to her dungeon. A gallant anecdote of M. de Rougeville, a Chevalier of St. Louis, is recorded in the journals and memoirs of those times. He presented a note to Her Majesty, in which he offered to devote himself to save her. This circumstance again called forth the constancy, heroism, and magnanimity of Maria-Antoinetta, who refused, with the most dignified pride, to avow any thing that could betray this humane and courageous man, even when she knew that the tyrants had at length discovered his name!

whether I be well or ill fed, or well or ill clothed. A few more inconveniences will only facilitate my passage to the bourn that awaits me; and all that I wish for is, to reach it soon.

The historian in collating these events, will have an ample field for displaying the wonderful dispensations of a wise and over-ruling Providence. In presenting to the mind interesting and useful reflections, he will doubtless not omit to observe, that, in the same sitting in which it had been decided by the Convention, that the *Queen should be tried before the Revolutionary Tribunal*, a decree was also passed for the trial of the Duke of Orleans; and that in the very bosom of the Assembly itself fifty-three of the members should be arrested. Amongst these were the men whose names were infamously celebrated for their violent and furious conduct in the rebellion, and against the Monarchy, and for the most scandalous and licentious declamations against the King and Queen.....

The monster whose name is attached to every revolutionary murder committed at Paris, the infamous Fouquier Tinville, was ordered to register the act of accusation against her Majesty. It is well known he was written to, by the Conventional Committees, assuring him that by complying with this order he would evince the extent of his zeal, *as they had no documents to furnish him with.*

I cannot proceed further without weeping over the picture of those miseries daily increasing, at the time that they were thought to have reached their very extremes. Behold the descendant of Monarchs, the Queen, the disconsolate widow, the tender mother of the offspring of the ancient, and illustrious family of the Bourbons, alone, amidst her persecutors. She has nothing to enable her to bear this solitude but her fortitude and her conscience. Accumulated sorrows have rent her heart; and, in the horrible remembrances which besiege her; in the insupportable privations which, by a ferocious act, her murderers have gradually made her suffer, she has no support, no consolation, she knows not where to repose her complaints, or let fall a tear. Should the affected pity of the brigands who surround her, invite confidence, it is only to augment her torments and exhibit human nature under still more hideous aspects: she soon finds that pity is the signal of treason. She knows not what to think or what to listen to. If she experience real and sincere attachment, she views it as the presage of death, to those in whom she has inspired it; and fears more to find them sincere than to discover only a trap, or a refinement in barbarity, on the part of her enemies. Alas! that beneficent being who had,

for twenty years, dried up so many tears, finds no one now to wipe away her own....

The daughter of Maria Theresa draws near her martyrdom. Fouquier Tinville had already registered her act of accusation, for which he had, some time before, required some evidence from the committees, but which he afterwards performed without proof; and without any preliminary examination:

I have now to follow official documents; occasionally availing myself of circumstances preserved by eye-witnesses, whose distress of mind allowed them to remember but indistinctly this event, as lamentable as terrifying.

On the 15th of September, the Queen of France, the daughter of the Cæsars, was conducted before the Revolutionary Tribunal, before her assassin judges; before that cannibal jury who owed their horrible ministry to the enormity of the crimes they had perpetrated in the Revolution, and to the ferocity of their countenances which promised the perpetration of still greater wickedness.

The Queen, at first, consulting only her own

character and fortitude, resolved to reply, to the infamous tribunal, in the following dignified words: *I have no answer to make to you. Assassinate me, as you did my husband.* But yielding to a virtuous impulse, inspired by conjugal tenderness and respect, she resolved to follow the example of her Royal Consort, and not to perish without having, like him, left the murderers without excuse, and without pretext; to give to contemporaries and to posterity the striking example, of the most perfect innocence, and most courageous virtue; conveying remorse into hearts till then burning with the revolutionary passions; and making the most audacious of these ruffians recoil at the view of the crime they were going to commit.

It seems as if in this last trial, nature imposed on Maria Antoinetta the necessity of displaying every species of fortitude to crown her end, with the most brilliant triumphs.

In spite of the innumerable precautions of the tyrants of France; in spite of the pains they had taken to fill the immense hall of the *Palace* with a crowd of mercenaries of both sexes, swept from the dregs of the nation, who, for four years, were apprenticed to wickedness;

the unfortunate sufferer had as witnesses of her martyrdom, beings whose tears testified their compassion, and whose hearts have ever retained the affecting remembrance.

Amongst even those who knew only of her misfortunes, and of her glory; who, happening accidentally to be present at this lamentable spectacle, there was not one who has not felt, ever since, an irresistible impulse to talk of her continually, or that could ever speak of her without the strongest and most lively sentiments of admiration, of enthusiasm, and of sorrow. It is inconceivable what an impression Maria Antoinetta made on her first appearance before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Dignity and tranquillity breathed through every feature; nothing had altered the serene majesty, the inexpressible charm of her looks. But her countenance discovered the impression of ten years of suffering; and misery had changed her hair to grey. Yet, in spite of the ravages of misfortune, and the paleness spread over her countenance by disease, augmented by the gloomy blackness of her habiliments, still she looked the Queen, uniting the graces with majesty; which happy assemblage spread around her an indescribable interest.

It is acknowledged, and the murderers themselves have allowed it, writhing with rage, that they could only compare the answers of Louis the XVI. with those of the Queen, in energy, simplicity, presence of mind, wisdom, and that lofty contempt, by which she often confounded craft and depravity. That awful moment will live for ever, when Maria Antoinetta, aggrandized by indignation, which heightened her natural courage, like a celestial spirit, made her assassins turn pale on their tribunals, terrified wickedness in the plenitude of power, created a tremor of admiration in the crowd, consisting, for the greater part, of the most abandoned wretches; and almost extorting from them shouts of admiration. But this only hastened the fatal sentence: so much terror did the emotion and interest expressed by the audience inspire, who, though hired to commit insults, were not secured against the ascendency of superior virtue, united with astonishing heroism.

In the mass of iniquitous events, which then occurred, every thing seemed confounded in a monstrous perversion of terms. Words and things were profaned with an equal share of impudence: language was unworthily travestied. The preliminaries to murder was called a *trial*;

a few villains were called *judges*, who polluted those benches where formerly had sitten the most illustrious and virtuous of men, and frequently kings themselves. *Juries*, just heaven! men who ought themselves to be accused, were composed of a banditti escaped from the gallies and the scaffold. *Documents*, the extracts of the most infamous journals, and the most execrable libels. *Facts*, the history of some periods of the Revolution, unnatural from the most impudent falshoods, and the most ridiculous fictions. *Witnesses*, a crowd of beings who insulted by turns, good sense and truth; some of whom were distinguished during six years for their violence even in times so remarkable for depravity; others deserved on the very instant to be punished by their leaders, for an excess of wickedness which appeared suspicious, so much did it surpass what was prescribed to them, going far beyond the limits even of revolutionary madness; others were trembling victims already marked out for the scaffold, and who ascended it soon after.

The president, or rather the brigand who presided in this cavern of cannibals, with a tremulous voice, addressed the Queen, saying, *what is your name?* who, with an unembarrass-

herself her misfortunes were at an end, when she saw her efforts effectual in saving, as it were, those whom she loved, from sickness and from death.

I must not omit transcribing some of those maxims, which Maria Antoinetta, most frequently, repeated to her son and daughter: they have been treasured up by a faithful memory, and ought to be inscribed in the manual of all the offspring of kings; in every line we may trace the greatness of her mind.

" He who is born to become a king, should " learn how to be one.

" He ought to acquire a perfect knowledge " of every subject, as he is to judge of every " thing; otherwise he may often give an igno- " rant decision.

" Ill-humour, and passion, are faults in common " men. But, in the heir of a great empire, they " are crimes. Let him be accustomed to con- " quer himself, and, in a little time, he will " be proud of his victory.

" Religion is the most certain guide to true " happiness.

" My son, when you are older, you will " feel, that to be worthy a throne, it is ne- " cessary to love glory. On reading the ex- " ploits of your ancestors, remember that your " own shall be recorded.

" Whatever does not bear the stamp of truth, " and of virtue, should be rejected by your " heart. Be severe to yourself, and indulgent " to others.

" When you shall have power to issue com- " mands, first weigh them well, but never " revoke them. It is better when you do " wrong to make reparation, than to acknow- " ledge the error: the people should never " be led to think that those who govern them, " can have been deceived.

" My son, do not suffer your heart ever to be " seduced by flattery; if you do, you will soon " become the slave of those who call you " master.

" Let your presence always announce some " benefit to the people; shew yourself but " seldom; but when it is necessary that you " should appear, display that condescension

zled the finances to pay the agents of their criminal intrigues.

The history of the times, the ministerial accompts, or even the secret papers of the iron cabinet, are silent on these pretended embezzlements of the Queen.

It is notorious, said the act of accusation, *that Maria Antoinetta, at different times, remitted several millions to the Emperor, which had enabled, and continued to enable him to make war on the republic.* This was so little notorious, that during the nineteen years of the reign of Louis XVI. after having struck an exact balance of the receipts and the expenditure of France, there was not found a single year where the expenditure of a million was not accounted for; besides, the public refutation of this charge, by the Austrian Ambassador, was well known; a charge which, indeed, was never credited, excepting amongst that class whose necessities and ignorance make them adopt every report, tending to criminate those who have the administration, and disposal of the finances.

I shall not examine any further this accusation which was never deliberately registered by

its infamous author; nor the refutation of those charges, the truth of which he himself was far from believing.

The witnesses were called: the first was *Lecointre de Versailles*, an infamous fellow, who, without any reason to complain of the court, or any motive of hatred against the illustrious Maria Antoinetta, shewed an inveterate enmity to the Royal Family, but especially to the Queen; whom he accused, though she was under the axe of the executioner, and when the long deposition he made could not render her death more certain, now gave the brigands, who called themselves her judges, additional pretexts to proscribe her: he repeated against her those dark and infernal accusations which, for many years, every enlightened mind in France had rejected with horror; those charges of projects hostile to the French Nation; intelligence with a foreign court that the factions never believed, nor would have thought of, but to instigate the public mind against a great character, whose influence they dreaded in the King's Council; and who would have stopped the revolutionary torrent, if her energy had been seconded, and her example followed. The Queen listened to his dreadful deposition with the same coolness she

had always observed when the object of the blackest calumnies, and when possessing the power to punish the authors, she formed no other wish than to know them, and to heap benefits upon them, to make them repent of their conduct.

A. Roussillon afterwards appeared among the witnesses who, forgetting that he was there to make his deposition only, rather followed the secret instructions he had received, giving a loose to imprecations against the Royal victim, reproaching her with having sent to her brother the Emperor Joseph II. immense sums to make war on the Turks, *which*, said he, *brought France to the brink of ruin.*

After this witness, the audience were terrified at the appearance of the hideous *Hébert*, that monster, over whom death already hovered; that most abandoned and despicable of villains who, in the whole of this horrible tragedy, seemed to personate the Genius of Evil. Shall I recite his deposition to astonish, and shock infamy herself, and which produced that sublime emotion in the Queen, by which she dazzled the assassin judges, the suborned witnesses, and the multitude present, with the splendor of insulted

Majesty? For some minutes she held, entranced by the influence of her exalted virtue, those who were there to accuse, or to proscribe her ..... No, I shall not recite the accusation nor the sublime expression it drew from her..... No, celestial spirit! in this work dedicated to your memory, in this eulogium consecrated to your virtues, and which ought to be as pure as your life, I shall not recite the wanderings of delirious profligacy; I leave to history this painful labour which my pen refuses, and against which my mind revolts!

Another accuser succeeded of the name of *Terrasson*, charging the Queen with having on her return from Varennes, *cast a vindictive look at the guards* who escorted her, and on the *other citizens* who were on the road.

Manuel came next: but he was no longer that savage procureur of the Commune, who was in the transactions of the 20th of June, of the 10th of August, and of the 2d of September 1792; one of the leaders of the rebellion, and one of the apologists of assassination. A glance from the Queen had changed his heart. He had abandoned the banner of crime, and had quitted

the Convention after the murder of the King; he was now repentant; and he came in some measure to expiate under the eyes of the victim, the errors of a political life which had been so fatal to the Royal Family. He advanced nothing against the Queen, and the President of the Tribunal, seeing that this deposition could not add to the charges made against her, conceived the project of making Manuel undergo an interrogatory, which was the prelude to an act of accusation already meditated against himself. Here the trial they were on was forgotten, and Manuel was obliged to explain his connection with Pethion, to justify himself for having proposed to give him the *fasces*; and finally of having abandoned the Convention. This digression, as scandalous as extraordinary, being finished, M. de la Tour du Pin, late minister of war, was called, who confined himself to the defence of his own administration; and at the risk of his life, religiously avoided every charge against his Sovereign.

Bailly, whose errors were so fatal, and whose end was so deplorable, went farther: after having declared, that he never had any intimate intercourse with the Royal Family, he did not

hesitate to say, that the act of accusation against Maria Antoinetta, appeared to him, founded in falsehood.

The Count d'Estaing, who succeeded the last witness, did not add to his ingratitude towards the Royal Family the horrible weakness of accusing the Queen, in order to prevent, or suspend the blow that threatened himself. He said, that *he had reason to complain of the accused, but that being called upon to speak the truth, he protested he knew nothing relative to the act of accusation.* Being interrogated on the events of the disastrous night of the 5th or 6th of October, he replied: *I heard the advisers of the court inform the accused that the people of Paris were coming to massacre her, and that it was necessary for her to get out of the way; to which she, with great dignity, replied:* IF THE PARISIANS COME HERE TO ASSASSINATE ME, IT SHALL BE AT THE KING'S FEET—I WILL NOT FLY.

However weighty the testimony of the two last witnesses, it tended only to incense the tribunal of blood, and increased their brutal haste to conclude this dreadful business.

The other witnesses were savages of the

democracy. It is painful to transmit their names to history.

A servant of the name of *Millot* deposed, that he had *heard it said* that the Queen remitted two hundred millions to the Emperor, that she had determined on assassinating the Duke of Orleans, and had concealed two pistols in her pocket for that purpose.

Another of the name of Labénette, editor of the journal *du Diable*, accused the Queen of having sent three men to murder him.

One *Garnerin* charged Maria Antoinetta with having *monopolized* the articles of life, in order to throw Paris into a famine, and disgust the people with the Revolution.

In the whole course of the examinations the Queen never suffered a syllable to escape her that could endanger those who had been attached to her, or who had given her any proofs of feeling. Generous and great, she had not only sufficient coolness to avoid saying or doing any thing inconsistent with her character and her rank, but had also sufficient self-possession to think of those beings whose connection with

her might expose them to the rage of her enemies, and she was on her guard against all the insiduous questions by which they endeavoured to shake her presence of mind, or to deceive her goodness! Particularly on the subject of the pink which was presented to her by the Chevalier de Rougeville, who had been admitted into her prison by a municipal officer, named *Michonis*, she struggled with the greatest advantage, against the craft of all those who were instructed to extort from her the particulars of this interview. *You betrayed emotion*, said they, *when you saw this man.—Because I was afraid*, she replied, *that he would be implicated on my account.* Her precaution did not save Michonis, but it contributed to the safety of the Chevalier de Rougeville, whose very name was not distinctly known by the assassin judges at the conclusion of the trial, although it was taken down in the first interrogatories. When the whole of the witnesses were examined, the ferocious Hermann, president of the Tribunal, addressed her Majesty: *have you nothing more to say in your defence?*—She replied with the greatest composure: *the witnesses were strangers to me yesterday, and I knew not what they would depose: no positive fact has been proved against me. I conclude by observing*

that being the consort of Louis XVI. it was my duty to conform to his will.

Here, I cannot avoid making a comparison between the answers of Maria Antoinetta and those of Louis, as the same dignity, the same feeling, breathe throughout both. Their noble minds, fortified by conscious virtue, were not to be discomposed.

The only wish of our hearts, said the Queen, *was to see France happy. It was neither the King's interest nor mine to deceive the people. —My system is not to deny, but to speak the truth.*

When insidiously asked whether she was interested in the success of the arms of the enemy? her Majesty replied: *I am interested for the success of the arms of France, the native country of my child: a mother's tie is superior to all others.—You are then very glad that there is no longer a King, or Royalty?—That France may be great and happy is all that we desire.—You never then adopted the opinions of your husband?—I have always performed my duties.—You then consider those your enemies who are at war with*

France?—I consider those my enemies who are capable of injuring my children. These answers discover a greatness of mind, incapable of disavowing any principle, or denying any attachment; and that, without insulting the opinions of the day, refused to subscribe to them.

Chauveau Lagarde and Tronçon Ducoudray, who were appointed by the tribunal to defend the Queen, were heard with the most profound silence. They did not endeavour to dispute with the assassins the victim long devoted to their rage. Every thing they said with the appearance of defending her, betrayed their despondency and their conviction of the inutility of their undertaking. They acquitted themselves, notwithstanding, I can venture to say, with a propriety which was heroic in these dreadful times; when the beings devoted to death were loaded with imprecations, and when a word of consolation, or a symptom of pity, was looked upon as a conspiracy against the state. Amidst the terrific silence which had been broken only by malicious accusations or shouts of rage, it was a sort of solace to the unhappy Maria Antoinetta to hear voices raised to defend her, who addressing themselves more to her than to those who presumed to call themselves her

judges, without softening their ferocity, must have communicated at least a sensation to their hearts long unfelt. *I am*, said one of the counsel, *embarrassed on this occasion by one circumstance alone, which is, not to find answers, but to find criminal charges.* This single phrase under the circumstances it was spoken, was worth a whole defence: it indicated at once the purity of the illustrious victim and the barbarous designs of the dreadful Tribunal. When the counsel had ended, the Queen testified her approbation with inexpressible feeling. Doubtless, as they were Frenchmen, they received the last expressions of the Queen of France, as a sweet reward (all, alas! she could grant!) for their exertions on her behalf! Some writers have accused them of pusillanimity..... Far be it from me to circulate such a charge! If they afforded some consolation in her last moments to a Queen, so outraged, so deserted; if they shewed her that the horrors and madness of which she was the melancholy witness, and the unfortunate object, were disavowed by the dispassionate and enlightened part of the nation, who were shocked at them, they are intitled to the best thanks of those who mourn the unfortunate Queen; who, at least, did not suffer under the dreadful conviction that a country she so long had

loved was destitute of honour, of courage, and of virtue.

The infamous Hermann was as absurd and atrocious as those who were the instruments of this monstrous trial. He submitted the four following questions to the jury :—

" Is it proved that there has existed an intelligence with foreign powers, tending to supply them with succours in money, and to open to them an entrance into our territory ?"

" Is Maria Antoinetta, the widow of Louis Capet, convicted of having carried on these intelligences ?"

" Is it proved that a conspiracy has existed, tending to create a civil war in the interior of the Republic ?"

" Is Maria Antoinetta convicted of bearing a part in this conspiracy ?"

The juries had long before sold their consciences to the brigands who employed them. In the whole course of the trial, no salutary remorse, no religious scruple disturbed their har-

dened and corrupted hearts; and after one hour of seeming deliberation, they decided in the affirmative. Hermann asked the Queen, if she had any thing to offer to the Tribunal, that judgment should not pass? A motion with her head only, expressed that she had not, she did not condescend to honour the wretch with an answer. The Royal victim was already detached from every thing terrestrial. Infinite space was between her and the monsters who condemned her: she was already immortal. The dreadful judgment was pronounced: at this moment the daughter of the Cesars, striking as majesty and tranquil as virtue, looked up to heaven, and to her judges in sublime silence, and turning towards Tronçon Ducoudray, her counsel, she put two gold rings and a lock of her hair into his hand, for a person to whom she desired they might be conveyed.

This moment, which made an irresistible impression on even the villains who were present purposely to insult her Majesty, was one of the grandest of her life. Thus, in spite of the menaces, of the insults, the object of which was to intimidate; in spite of the means employed to depress her physical powers, she surmounted the great trial, still more worthy than

before of the admiration of her contemporaries and the homage of posterity. The sitting began at nine o'clock in the morning, and did not end until very late at night. During the whole of this time, the Queen was not permitted to take any refreshment. Having sent a gendarme one day to procure her a glass of water, he was denounced for this humane act, and obliged to justify himself as for a capital crime. It was the design of these wretches, that her ill health, when conducted to the scaffold, should be considered by the people as a symptom of dismay —those who persecuted her, fearing the effects of her striking figure on a mob liable to be roused into feelings contrary to their purposes.

At five o'clock in the morning the Queen was carried back to the Conciergerie; at this moment the drum beat to arms in the sections, to assemble the forces which were to occupy all the avenues leading to the scaffold; and to restrain every demonstration of public compassion. The august victim, still under the impression of the sentence just pronounced, heard the shouts of the mob and the beating of the drums. The assassins had resolved to deprive her of every moment of repose. After having weakened her body by fatigue and privations; after having tortured her

mind, by multiplying around her the images of death, they resounded in her ears the gloomy sounds which announced the preparations for her execution, and the precautions taken that she should not escape it. Her fortitude, however, deceived their calculations, and as she had borne their outrages with a firmness that confounded their audacity, she braved all the terrors they indeavoured to inspire, with a resolution which already began to punish the brigands, in compelling them to admire the striking spectacle of great virtue triumphing over great misfortunes.

Alone, without support, without any of those consolations which had softened the last moments of her consort; deprived of the embraces of her children and sister; not able to obtain the aids of religion so consolatory to man at the moment of quitting this life, which, opening the prospect of a happy eternity, detach him from all earthly affections; the Queen's situation was unprecedented in the history of those events that have prostrated crowned heads. She was cool and heroic at this decisive moment. On entering the prison she threw herself, dressed as she was, on the bed, and covering her feet with a blanket she slept tranquilly for two hours.

This repose, which was the prelude to eternal rest, was disturbed at seven o'clock, by one of the constitutional priests of Paris; sent to her, rather to shock her sight, and insult the purity of her religious principles, than to afford her spiritual assistance, which she would abhor receiving from an apostate priest. He made a considerable noise in entering, announcing his mission, and shewing the order of the Revolutionary Tribunal which gave him his authority. You who already belonged to heaven by virtues exercised in the most elevated station, as well as in the most adverse circumstances, by misfortunes borne with the constancy and resignation of the most illustrious martyrs; what must have been your feelings, when, awakened from that sleep, the last blessing granted you on earth, you beheld in the man who came to prepare you for death, one of the apostles of heresy! What must you have felt, whose ardent and constant faith, rejecting the councils of policy, would not have sacrificed a single dogma to preserve the most splendid throne in the world!

The constitutional priest, seeing his ministry scorned, attempted a revolutionary exhortation. *Your death,* said he, *is going to expiate.*.....

Errors! replied the Queen with animation, *but no Crime!*

This effusion of a pure conscience imposed silence on the man, whose deportment from the moment became timid and respectful.

At length the fatal time arrived: the satellites of anarchy rushed into the dungeon, where the resigned victim awaited the termination of all her miseries. The Queen was placed on a cart to take her to execution. Here a thousand times more striking, than when followed by the regret of her native country, and received with the acclamations of a people who were dazzled with her beauty, and charmed with the interesting graces of her manner, she advanced towards Paris, by a road strown with flowers, and under triumphal arches raised in honour of her by public joy. Here more majestic than when under the canopy of the throne she commanded all homage; and was more formidable to the brigands than when, on the 5th and 6th of October, the 20th of June, and on the 10th of August, she braved their fury. Still she was the Sovereign of the battalions assembled to conduct her; of that populace, hired to overwhelm her

with insults; and of those citizens, who viewed in silence but with admiration, this spectacle of fallen greatness, still blazing under the very efforts made to extinguish it; and under the precautions taken, lest it should produce too lively an impression on a misguided people. The atrocious government, though affecting to despise Maria Antoinetta, and to treat her as the most inconsiderable individual, discovered, by all the military parade spread around her, that they considered her as a being whose death would be one day mourned by France, and whose sacrifice was one of those events which sometimes change the erring spirit of the people, leading them to grief and to repentance. The first punishment of the wicked is to unite the idea of the intended crime, with the anticipation of the vengeance that ought to follow. As the dreadful procession was going to set out, the apostate priest, on whom the Queen had already imposed silence, made another attempt, saying: *Ma fam, now is the time for Fortitude!—Fortitude!* replied the heroine, *I have exercised it for years! shall I then want it, at the moment my miseries are to end?*

On the way, the Queen, without appearing to perceive the confused uproar of imprecations vomited forth against her, and as if she had al-

ready heard the harmony of the celestial choir, seemed absorbed in meditation. Her attention was sometimes drawn, but vaguely, towards the revolutionary inscriptions covering the walls of the Capital; without, however, once suffering symptoms of disgust or contempt to escape her. There was no longer any place in her heart for the recollection of her former greatness; hopes which attracted her towards heaven occupied her entirely..... In a few moments after, the most illustrious princess that ever sat upon the throne of France, was re-united to her immortal consort.

Nineteen years have now gone by, yet this sanguinary spectacle is ever present to my imagination; and I have, for that period, cherished the ambition of erecting to the memory of Maria Antoinetta, a monument, of respect, of grief, and of adoration!

Royal descendant of the Sovereigns under whose empire I was born! My illustrious benefactress! I have presumed to record the events of your life; and the remainder of mine shall be passed in deploring the fatal termination of yours.

On the Queen's death, it happened, as on

the death of the King, that the calamities of France were redoubled. The dreadful dissensions of the brigands who disputed for power in that miserable country, became daily more awful. The Girondins who had dethroned Louis XVI. were proscribed almost immediately after his execution. A similar fate befell the Hébertiste faction, who had loaded the Queen with outrages, and instigated her murder. Juridical deaths were multiplied to a terrific degree. It seemed as if the grave that had just received the august Maria Antoinetta, would engulph, without distinction, both sexes, all ages, all ranks, all crimes, and all virtues.

Until now the tyranny of the Committee of Public Safety was exercised with more violence in the departments where it encountered less resistance, than in Paris, the inhabitants of which stood dumb and trembling before it. But to men burning with a thirst for blood, and desirous to glut themselves daily with it, massacres that did not pass directly under their eyes, conveyed but a small gratification. Paris soon assumed the appearance of an immense prison, under the reign of silence and of death. At one o'clock in the day symptoms of commotion appeared. On a sudden a crowd of people were observed run-

ning in one direction; and another crowd hurrying away: at this moment sixty victims were put to death.

Amidst these executions, which, while they gave all the virtues an opportunity of displaying themselves with the greatest energy, the destruction of the villains who first caused them proved that Eternal Providence still watched over France; and the assassins seemed to have forgotten, in the retirement of her prison, the virtuous being who had poured the balm of consolation into the wounds of the unfortunate Louis and Maria Antoinetta; and who mingled with the sorrow with which she honoured the memory of the royal pair, pure and fervent prayers, that the tender offspring who had survived them, might be preserved from the rage of the murderers. But alas! they had neither forgotten her, nor their ferocity; and Madame Elizabeth was soon conducted before the tribunal of blood. You who contemplated the purity of her life, and fancied that she had a sacred circle round her, that would prevent the horrible approaches of the wicked, and stop the attempts of the atrocious; what must have been your grief, and your astonishment, on seeing her going to be sacrificed! Robespierre did not yet wish for her death, but it was suggested to him

that should his power decrease, it would arise from having retarded the crime. Billaud Varennes disputed with the tyrant of the Convention the barbarous pleasure of sending this interesting victim to the scaffold. He had her denounced by the Jacobins; and Robespierre was mute.

Madame Elizabeth was torn from the young orphan whom she had formed to every virtue. It is not possible to describe their last farewell, their prayers, and their sorrows. Heaven alone witnessed their separation, their tears, and their embraces; mortal eyes would but have profaned this tender and affecting scene; the remembrance of which is engraven on the heart of the princess, who has survived, and by whom alone it could be properly described.

Madame Elizabeth appeared before the tribunal with that peculiar modesty, which ever courted obscurity, but with all the dignity and confidence of a princess of royal blood, appearing before the murderers of her family.

The following are a few of the questions put to her by the president of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and her answers.

When the tyrant your brother fled to Varennes, did you not go with him?—It was my duty to follow my brother and not to quit him, I performed it on this, as on every other occasion.

The president then questioned the Princess, on the feasts given the body guards, with an intemperance that was intended to disconcert her; but she answered with a coolness and a precision, displaying the energy and courage of a mind which had always been the sanctuary of virtue. Having been asked whether she had sent her diamonds to the Count d'Artois, she did not give a positive answer; but being closer pressed, a faint blush spread over her cheek, and she was silent. Her silence was understood; and for the first time the assassin judge did not dare to break the barrier which virtue opposed to him.

Did you not yourself assist, and dress the wounds of the assassins sent by your brother to the Champs Elisées against the brave Marseillois?—I never knew that my brother employed assassins against any one whatsoever. If I have been able to assist the wounded, I was induced to do so by humanity alone. I had no occasion to learn the cause of their misfortunes to induce me to alleviate

them; and I make no merit of having done so; but I never imagined that it could have been imputed to me as a crime.

The accused Elizabeth, whose system of defence is to deny every thing she is charged with, will she, at least, have the candour to acknowledge that she has nursed young Capet, with the expectation of succeeding to the throne of his father; and that by this means she has endeavoured to promote the revival of royalty?—I conversed familiarly in my prison, with a child who was dear to me by more than one tie, and I administered consolation to him, without any other motive than to supply to him, in some degree, the loss he had sustained in those who gave him birth.

It is impossible to read without a religious emotion the last words of this princess! whilst the genius of history dropped a tear on the page that transmitted them to posterity; the brigands, insensible to so much greatness of mind and innocence, did not attend to that angelic voice, nor to those noble and affecting replies. They were struck with a mania, and sent her to death. The people did not display, on seeing her conveyed to the scaffold, that compassion which Robespierre had dreaded.

The families of Montmorin and of Lomenie Brienne, were cut off at the same time with Madame Elizabeth.

The memory of this princess ought to be celebrated by the angels and celestial choirs; no mortal can describe her elevated soul: a life so pure, virtues so gentle, and fortitude so heroic.. .... My eyes, suffused in tears, turn from the scaffold stained with royal blood, to view that prison which confines two orphans, against whom the monsters also conspire, who have torn from them their father, their mother, and their aunt. When the son of Louis XVI. was forced from the arms of his mother, he was delivered over to a vile and ferocious miscreant, who in cruel derision was called his preceptor, by the Commune of Paris. The royal child wept; he asked for his mother who had just pressed him to her bosom; and he trembled at the sight of the monster who seemed to seize him as a prey he wanted to devour; instead of the maternal smile, he beheld the convulsions of rage; instead of receiving those tender caresses to which his infancy was accustomed, he found himself bruised by a sacrilegious hand. Oh God, who will protect this tender offspring of many Kings? His tears, his figure, his age, his rank, his fate; will they

inspire the brigands with some pity or respect? No, his destruction is decreed, and his murderer feels his fury redouble, at the sight of charms which ought to have disarmed him. Alas! the royal child is not intended for a speedy death; they dare not immolate him publicly; and his age, that ought to have protected, subjects him to tedious torments and long sufferings.

Simon, the atrocious wretch to whom he was intrusted, in order to destroy his faculties and alienate his reason, would seize him violently by the hair whenever his mother's name escaped his trembling lips, or his tears invoked the pity of those who came to effect this cruel separation. With a harsh and menacing voice he would order him to stifle his sobs. From that moment commenced the dreadful punishment, pertaining more to the councils of a diabolical policy, than to the transports of revolutionary rage, the object of which was, to bring to the tomb by the most systematic and cruel gradations this innocent victim. During the day the monster who was the instrument of this wicked policy, forced the unfortunate child to drink spirituous liquors, and whilst in a state of stupor from their effects, he would oblige him to stammer forth revolutionary imprecations; and would direct his tremulous

hand, whilst he put his name to some scandalous accusation against his aunt and his sister. At night the miserable being would be aroused from his sleep by a dreadful voice, who would ask him whether he slept, in order to frighten him from his repose, disturb his imagination, and destroy his nerves: *Are you asleep, Capet?* his savage tutor would cry. *O, my God, yes, I sleep!* would the royal child in a soft voice answer, invoking, in the middle of the night, the God whom he had heard blasphemed in the day. A few months of such dreadful treatment were sufficient to effect what the murderers intended; and when the execrable Simon was led to the scaffold with his accomplices, it was too late to revive that tender flower, still displaying some of those charming tints with which it had bloomed some months before, but whose stalk having been crushed, intercepted the sources of heat and of life.

It will perhaps be imagined that, on the fall of Robespierre and the seeming return of the Convention to humanity and to justice, some voice had been raised to demand, in favour of this young and unhappy victim, not the considerations due to his birth, but the relief which ought not to have been denyed to the most

obscure individual. But every voice was silent; and that government, become moderate and just from interest and fear, had adopted, in respect of the royal child, the dreadful policy of the brigands they had succeeded; secretly approving the villainous expedient which destroyed and blasted this hope of the Monarchy.

After the death of his brutal jailor, Louis XVII. had no communication with any one whatsoever, except at those times when his provision was brought to him. The remainder of the day and the whole night he was left alone. His sufferings were shocking; his body was covered with ulcers, and there was no kind arm to support his languishing head, nor to dress his envenomed wounds. Dussault came at last to see him: he was shocked, and imprudently expressing his indignation and horror, he was put to death the following day!!!. A surgeon of the name of Gomin was then sent to him, but it was far too late: he beheld a child whose figure was still celestial, but who, by his inarticulate sounds and convulsive gestures, exhibited all the symptoms of a distracted imagination and deranged mind. His legs, deformed by tumours, refused to support him, and he expired at two

o'clock in the afternoon, on the 8th of June 1795.....

Eternal Justice! one must be convinced that thy vengeance is as certain as it is terrible, not to be overpowered with grief, in retracing such abominable crimes.

One now alone remained of the illustrious family confined in the Temple: she was the peculiar care of Heaven, which preserved her invaluable life, to shew that one of the last petitions of Louis XVI. was heard, and that the alliance so much wished for by the unfortunate king should at a future period take place, to present to the French Nation a prospect of peace and happiness, should they, by atoning for their errors and triumphing over their revolutionary tyrants, deserve to be restored to the blessings of legitimate Monarchy.

Ten days after the death of Louis XVII. the inhabitants of Orleans presented the following address to the Convention.

"Whilst you have broken the chains of so many unfortunate beings, the victims of a dark

and cruel policy; a young unhappy female, deprived of every human consolation and support, condemned to sorrow, and doomed to mourn the loss of every thing dear to her, the daughter of Louis XVI. still languishes in a gloomy prison.

" So young an orphan, yet so early doomed to taste the bitter cup of anguish, and surrounded with mourning, has surely fully expiated the misfortune of her illustrious birth! Who can avoid pitying so much misery and misfortune, such innocence and youth!

" Now, when without fearing the poinard of the assassin, or the axe of the executioner, the voice of humanity may safely be exerted, we come to solicit her liberty, and her restoration to her friends: for who amongst you would condemn her to live in a place still fuming with the blood of her family? Justice and humanity call for her deliverance. And certainly the most suspicious and distrustful cannot object.

" Let every Frenchman of feeling, and you who have received benefits from this unfortunate race, surround this assembly, forming a pious chain; let us come, mingling our tears, raise our

supplicating hands, and demand the liberation of this young and innocent creature. Our request will be complied with; you are going to grant it; all Europe will applaud the resolution; and this day will be to you, and to all France, a day of joy."

The sentiments of this affecting address were those of the majority of the French Nation, but the people of Orleans had the honour of being the first to express wishes which struck the murderers of the Royal Family with remorse and fear. They did not however venture to punish, by imprisonment or death, the promoters of this petition; nor, as Robespierre would have done, throw amongst them the corpse of the unfortunate orphan in whose cause they had pleaded. No, those who had suffered the immediate and legitimate heir of the Monarchy to perish without assistance, or to be murdered in the dark, respected the illustrious female thus protected by the compassion of the Nation; and they even thought it necessary to soften her captivity, and to remove from her presence the brutal keepers, who continually recalled to her mind the most shocking recollections.

At last on the 30th of June, on the motion

of Treilhard, the National Convention decreed, " *That at the moment the five representatives of the people, the minister, the French ambassadors and their suites, surrendered to the Austrians and detained by their orders, should be given up, and have arrived on the frontiers of the Republic, the daughter of the last King of the French, should be delivered to the person the Austrian Government should appoint to receive her.*"

This decree was sent to General Pichegru to communicate to Count Clairfait, which was effected by the interposition of Baron de Stein. General Clairfait having transmitted the decree to his Imperial Majesty, received a letter, from which the following paragraph is an extract.

" My aulique council of war has laid before me your report of July the 15th, and of the paper which was remitted to General Stein by General Pichegru, relative to my cousin, Princess Maria Theresa, daughter of Louis XVI. and the other princes and princesses of the Bourbon family.

" Under any other circumstances whatsoever, the conditions on which this unfortunate family, who have been detained in France, are

made to depend, would certainly have been considered entirely inadmissable; but in the midst of the violent measures that succeed one another in the French revolution, it is evidently my duty to consult only my affection for my cousin, and the warm interest I feel for the princes and princesses of the Bourbon family. And reflecting alone on the dangers they have constantly been subject to, it is my pleasure that you inform the French general that I entirely accede to the proposition which has been made to you."

The remainder of the note contained a proposal for the exchange of prisoners of war.

In the course of the following month of September, the primary assemblies of the town and district of Dreux sent commissioners to Paris, to communicate to the inhabitants of that city their unanimous wishes for the complete deliverance of the unfortunate daughter of Louis XVI., and inviting them to join in procuring it. These commissioners were well received by the Sections, but the Convention would not listen to them. The princess however, after this step, was treated with more consideration. Madame Chanterenne was placed near her person, and

many persons who had belonged to her father's court were permitted to see, and console her. The negociation for her exchange was very tedious; at last the prisoners detained by the Emperor arrived at Basle, and there was nothing to prevent the departure of that angelic being, of whom a country stained with crimes, rebellion, and usurpation, was unworthy.

Maria Theresa Charlotte of France quitted the Temple at midnight, on the 19th of December 1795, on the anniversary of her birth, attended by Madame de Soucy, the daughter of Madame de Makau, her governess.

In the same carriage, the only one that left the Temple on that night, was Gaumain, one of the commissioners of the Temple, whom the princess had chosen to accompany her. On the following day another carriage, in which was M. Hüe, followed. I shall transcribe this journey from the account given by M. Hüe, who was present, and whose courage and fidelity so well qualified him to be one of the suite of this princess, and to hand down to posterity details which cannot be deemed uninteresting, when they relate to a being to whom is attached so

many sorrowful reflections, so many hopes and wishes.

" Madame travelled under the name of " Sophia: the officer who accompanied her had " positive orders to prevent her making herself " known on the road: she was notwithstanding " discovered. From Paris to Huningue, and " particularly in the latter town, she received " silent, but expressive homage. Madame " reached Huningue about midnight on the " 24th of December. I had the honour of " joining her almost immediately after..... " Madame gave me a letter for the King which " she ordered me to forward to his Majesty. " This was not the only letter the young princess " wrote to him. Madame's confidence in me " was so great, that she ordered me to read one " of those letters, and I obeyed. I shall ever " remember the sentiments she expressed to his " Majesty: she implored him to forgive the " French, and even the murderers of her family.

" On reaching Huningue the princess " alighted at the *Auberge du Corbeau.* A few " minutes before she set out for Basle, the inn- " keeper came into the room where she sat, and, " careless of the looks of the *soi-disant* repub-

" licans, threw himself at her feet and asked " her blessing: the princess held her hand for " him to kiss..... As Madame stepped into the " carriage, her eyes were filled with tears, and " she said to the people who crowded round her: " *I quit France with regret; and I shall never* " *cease to consider it as my country.*.....

" The Princess left Huningue on the 26th " of December for Basle, where she was ex- " changed; she was given up by M. Baker to " the Prince de Gavres and the Baron Degelmann, " his Imperial Majesty's minister to Switzerland, " who were both appointed by the Emperor to " receive her. I immediately received an order " from Madame to deliver to her conductors the " cloaths which the Executive Directory had " made her prepare; and I did so.

" That very evening Madame set out for " Vienna, she was accompanied by the Prince " de Gavres and the Marquis de Soucy. I had " the honour of following her. They arrived " late at Lauffenbourg; here she found some la- " dies whom the Emperor had sent to wait on " her. On the following day she heard a mass, " which she ordered to be celebrated for her " Royal parents. On the 28th of December,

" the Princess continued her journey to Vienna,
" where she arrived on the 9th of January 1796,
" after staying two days at Inspruck, with the
" Archduchess Elizabeth, her aunt.

" On her arrival at Vienna Madame was
" received by one of the Emperor's officers of
" state; and one of the best apartments in the
" palace was prepared for her by order of the
" Emperor, whither she was conducted. The
" Emperor and Empress came immediately to
" see her. She appeared some weeks after at
" Court. The Princess put on mourning, which
" she was not able to obtain in her prison. She
" had learned at the same moment the sangui-
" nary death of the Queen, Madame Elizabeth,
" and of Louis XVII."

It is difficult to describe the sensation produced, by the presence of Madame Royale, on the people of Vienna: every one pressed round her, and wherever she could be approached or seen, the crowd were lavish in their expressions of sensibility and respect. It seemed as if the loyal nation which had triumphantly upheld the rights of the Empress Maria Theresa, wished to offer her grand-daughter a country instead of that she had lost; and to make her amends for the

love which she had not experienced from those people, whose rebellion rendered them unworthy of this sentiment, and of so amiable a Princess. On the day after her arrival, I had the very great honour and happiness of being presented to the daughter of the Queen of France, and to find in her reception, all the charms and goodness, with which I had been honoured by her illustrious mother. I shall not endeavour to describe my emotion on seeing the Princess, whose features at once recalled the charms of Maria Antoinetta, and the benevolence of Louis XVI. In the transports of my feelings I could hardly understand the kind expressions which she condescended to bestow on her mother's protégé, and one of the most faithful servants of her family. At my first audience I was impressed with such a sensation as mortals are supposed to feel when conversing with superior natures. Madame had the goodness to allow me to pay my court to her afterwards occasionally.

Surrounded with the splendour and attractions of one of the most brilliant and amiable courts in Europe, amidst the homage of the Capital of the empire of the Cæsars, Madame Royale cast her eyes and wishes towards the fugitive court, which almost on the confines of the north, was

indebted for an asylum to a power, which had, a century before, reigned over a barbarous people. The brother of the unfortunate Louis XVI. the legitimate King of France, was there; there also was the husband whom the just man had designed for her before he died: she quitted these splendours, and his homage, to fulfil the pious duties, and satisfy the fond wishes that called her to Mittau.

I shall detail the interesting events which took place on the Princess's arrival at Mittau, and on her marriage, as given by an eye-witness. The precision with which they are related, and the manner they are recorded, form an historical memorial which I think right to transcribe in these memoirs.

" The Queen arrived at Mittau on the 5th
" of June, 1799, after a long and painful jour-
" ney. The King proposed to have gone four
" miles to meet her: but they met two miles from
" Mittau. The interview of the Royal pair,
" who, after eight years separation, now expected
" in their reunion some mitigation of their un-
" heard of woes, excited the strongest interest.
" Madame Royale arrived the following day; the
" King set out to meet her early in the morning;

" the first post-house was to have been the ren-
" dezvous; but the Princess travelling with most
" speed, they also met on the road. No lan-
" guage can describe the scene that succeeded,
" the same impulse impelled the King, the Duke
" of Angoulême, and Madame to dart from
" their respective carriages.

" The King ran to embrace her, but she
" threw herself at his feet. Tears and sobs were
" the first testimonies of profound sorrow paid
" to nature, and to the remembrance of so many
" misfortunes.

" The Duke of Angoulême, restrained by
" his respect, but overpowered by a thousand
" different sentiments, bathed his cousin's hand
" with his tears; whilst the King, with the live-
" liest emotion and his eyes overflowing, pressed
" to his bosom his beloved niece, presenting to
" her at the same time her intended husband.
" This good King, so deserving of a happier fate,
" then placed between his adopted children, felt
" for the first time, that still there was some
" happiness in store for him.

" The Frenchmen who surrounded his Ma-
" jesty, eager to see, to bless, and to adore, the

" illustrious daughter of Louis XVI. had assem-
" bled in the Palace courts; at the moment she
" appeared, tears of tenderness flowed from every
" eye, and nothing was heard but petitions to
" heaven on her behalf. In the person of Ma-
" dame, in her carriage, language, and the ex-
" pression of her countenance, the ease, gran-
" deur, and the graces of Maria Antoinetta were
" visible; and, with a mixture of joy and grief,
" they retraced in her countenance the character
" of the unfortunate Louis, adorned with the
" bloom of youth. The Princess also bears a
" resemblance to Madame Elizabeth. The re-
" gret which the court, and the people of every
" class in Vienna, expressed on the departure of
" Madame Royale, the respect and veneration
" which she inspired in every one that approached
" her, are a pledge of the love which France
" will one day feel for this adorable Princess . . .
" . . . . . .
" . . . . . .
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" The marriage so long desired, of the Duke
" of Angoulême with Madame Royale of France,
" was celebrated on the 10th of June, in a large

" apartment of the Palace. A simple altar was " erected decorated with flowers. His Emi- " nence the Cardinal of Montmorency, Grand " Almoner of France, pronounced the nuptial " benediction; and delivered an eloquent dis- " course, admired for its affecting simplicity.

" The Catholic clergy of Mittau were pre- " sent at the ceremony. The venerable Abbé " Edgeworth de Fermont was near the bride and " bridegroom's kneeling desk. MONSIEUR who " was detained in England by particular circum- " stances, and MADAME whose health did not " admit of so long a journey, were not present " at the ceremony; which was accompanied by " their prayers and benedictions. The Governor, " the commander of the forces, and the people " of the first distinction in the city crowded " thither, as well as the Ministers of the Greek " and Lutheran churches.

" All the French at Mittau on this happ " day had the felicity to see these interesting ti " formed. The Royal Family had an escort of " one hundred life guards, respectable veteran, " whose honour and fidelity were rewarded by " the Emperor of Russia, who to recompense

" their long services allowed them the honourable
" office of surrounding their Sovereign.

" The Dukes de Villequier, de Guiche, and
" de Fleury, the Count de St. Priest (who re-
" ceived the contract of the marriage), the Mar-
" quis de Nesle, the Count d'Avaray, the Count
" de Cossé, and some other officers or servants
" of the King had the honour of signing as wit-
" nesses the act of celebration.

" The wedding was succeeded by a grand
" entertainment, to which every person of dis-
" tinc[illegible] was invited. M. Guillermy, deputy
" of [illegible]iers Etat to the States General in 1789,
" [illegible] present. The King said to him with that
" benevolence which is peculiar to him ; *Sir, this*
" *[illegible]te of Frenchmen ; my happiness would*
" *be complete could I have collected together all*
" *who have distinguished themselves like you, by*
" *their courageous fidelity to the King, my brother.*

" The presumptive heir of the throne of
" Louis XVI. and the precious remains of the
" blood of that unfortunate Monarch, united
" their destinies at Mittau, under the auspices
" of the Emperor of Russia. What reflections

" did this sight awaken! The consolations it
" conveyed to the mind, were mingled with
" heart-rending recollections of the misfortunes
" of France, and of the illustrious house that
" had reigned over it for many ages, rather by
" affection than authority; and tears of sorrow
" and of joy flowed from every eye.

" The King and Queen acquitted them-
" selves of the parental duties, towards the royal
" pair, with as much consideration as tenderness.

" This happy union, France will doubt-
" less consider as a signal blessing or rather a
" miracle, announcing that the wrath of hea-
" ven is appeased, and that some hopes remain for
" those subjects who were, or have become
" faithful; it is the presage of better times for
" those Frenchmen to whom their country is
" dear. Who will not recollect, without emo-
" tion, this beautiful passage, in the first letter
" Madame wrote to the King after her deliver-
" ance! *She, whose father, mother, brother, and*
" *aunt, they have put to death, implores you, on*
" *her knees, to forgive them!*

" The King, whose heart and duty urged
" him to act a father's part by this incomparable

" Princess, and who found means to make her
" desire and cherish in the recesses of her prison,
" the ties she has formed ; the King, who saw in
" the union of his nephew and niece, every thing
" that could gratify private feeling, and that a
" wise policy could deem important, enjoyed,
" for the first time in ten years, real happiness.
" The Emperor of Russia signed the contract of
" marriage, and directed the deposit to be re-
" ceived in the archives of his Senate, by the
" request of Louis XVIII. who wished, by this
" means, to perpetuate the remembrance of the
" Emperor's generous hospitality, and the inva-
" riable support he received from him."

The best and most unfortunate of monarchs, may now look down from heaven on this union, which was the last wish of his heart.

Oh God, protect all this family, whose fall has been the cause and epoch of all the miseries of the world. May the daughter of Louis XVI. and of Maria Antoinetta, may that soft and gentle dove, escaped from the storm, soon present to Frenchmen the pledge of their happiness, and a sign that thy wrath is appeased !

END.

NOTES

AND

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS,

&c. &c.

NOTES

AND

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS

TO

CHAPTERS V. AND VI.

Page 10, line 11.

BRISSAC (LOUIS-HERCULE-TIMOLEON DE COSSÉ, DUKE OF), Grand Pantler, and a Peer of France, Governor of Paris, Colonel of the 100 Swiss of the King's Guard, and Chevalier of the French Orders of Knighthood.

In November 1791 the King appointed him Commandant General of his Constitutional Guard. When the Jacobins disbanded that corps, under pretext of their not being attached to the constitution, Bazire, Chabot, and some others, obtained a decree of arrest against the Duke of Brissac. Bathed with the tears of Louis XVI, this respectable soldier departed for Orleans, where he remained until the Marseillois carried off the prisoners, who had been detained in that town, to Versailles, where they massacred them. The Duke de Brissac opposed his murderers for a long time; but after having his fingers cut off, and receiving several wounds, his jaw-bone was cloven with the stroke of a sabre, and he was overcome. He was ever distinguished for his attach-

ment to the King; and he once replied to one who had been expressing his admiration of his conduct: "I owe all this to his "ancestors, and to my own."

Page 10, line 12.

D'Hervilly (le Comte), Field Marshal of France. He was appointed in 1791 Commandant of the Constitutional Foot Guard of Louis XVI; he remained near the person of the Monarch after that corps was disbanded, endeavoured to defend him on the 10th of August, 1792, at the head of two companies of gentlemen who had hastily assembled at the Palace, and concluded by accompanying him to the Legislative Assembly. This last proof of fidelity saved his life, for by this means he was forgotten by the assassins, and escaped the massacres of that day. He fled to England in August 1792, where he raised a regiment, for the most part composed of Toulonois fugitives. This corps having been employed, in June 1795, in the expedition to Quiberon, M. D'Hervilly received a wound in the first action after the landing, and was immediately conveyed back to Portsmouth, where he died soon after of his wounds.

Page 11, line 16.

Regnaut, Advocate, and Deputy of the Tiers-Etat of St. Jean d'Angely to the States-General. He was the most verbose orator of that Assembly; and it would be as impossible to describe all the subjects which he discussed, as difficult to fix precisely to what revolutionary faction he was attached. After, however, continually varying his opinions, he at last attached himself to the monarchical side, and even edited a newspaper (*Le Courier de Versailles*) in its support, which brought upon him violent insults at the Champs Elysées on the part of the Marseillois. Gifted with a fine voice and much assurance, he suffered few sittings to take place without appearing at the tribune. Amongst other subjects, he frequently spoke on the finances, and had the hardihood to attack Count Mirabeau on the subject of the two chambers, who overwhelmed him by his superiority.

It has been pretended that the envoys of Malta offered him permission to wear the cross, without taking the vows, and a pension of 12,000 francs (£500 ster.) should he succeed in getting restored to the order the property and the rights of which it had been deprived by the first decrees; but the total suppression of that order destroyed the hope of the fortune which the covetous revolutionist had already anticipated. In July 1790 he was Secretary to the National Assembly. On the 21st June, 1791, he proposed, at the moment the King's departure was discovered, to decree the arrest of all persons attempting to pass the frontiers. In the same sitting he was nominated commissioner to proceed to the departments of l'Ain, la Haute-Saône, Jura and Doubs, to maintain order, under pretence that disturbances might arise on account of the escape of Louis XVI. Latterly he attached himself to Buonaparté, whom he followed into Italy, accompanied him to Malta, and was appointed by this general, in December 1799, member of the State Council of the interior section.

Page 12, line 8.

LARIVIERE (J. B. ETIENNE), an inhabitant of Paris. He was, from the commencement of the revolution, a member of the Municipality of Insurrection of Paris, and even went to Compiègne to bring M. Berthier to the capital, where he was massacred. But he was soon of the number of those whom remorse and shame detached from the party of the brigands. Immediately after, being called to the magistracy of the section of Henry IV, he appeared at the bar of the Legislative Assembly, on the 13th of May, 1792, and there declared that Carra having been denounced a calumniator by Messrs. de Montmorin and Bertrand, for having advanced in his journal, that there existed in Paris an Austrian committee, of which both these ministers were members, &c. &c., he had interrogated the accused, and that this journalist maintaining that he had received from Bazire, Chabot, and Merlin, every thing he had said against the ex-ministers, he came, in consequence, to demand the communication of the articles cited by these deputies, in order to be able to judge of this affair.

The communication being refused him, he had the boldness to

issue a mandate to bring before him the three representatives; which caused violent debates in the Assembly. After a protracted discussion, the party that upheld him losing their power, he was arrested the 20th of May, and sent to Orleans to be tried. At the very moment that the High National Court was going to absolve him, the prisoners were transferred from Orleans to Versailles, where he perished, on the 9th of September.

Page 12, line 10.

CARRA (JEAN LOUIS), a Lawyer, Journalist, and Deputy of the Department of the Saône and Loire to the Convention in September 1792. He made himself known before the revolution by some pamphlets on the finances, pointed against M. de Calonne; but the dull and heavy manner of the author limited the circulation to those whom he retained in his pay. From the commencement of the troubles, he signalized himself amongst the most furious of the revolutionists. He formally declared war against the Emperor Leopold, at the jacobinical tribunal, on the 29th December 1790, and asserted that he would require but 50,000 men, twelve presses, printers and paper, only, to raise all Germany. Mirabeau opposed him and caused him to be hooted. In the sitting of the 3d of September he brought to the Legislative Assembly a golden snuff-box, which he said the King of Prussia had presented to him, in return for a work which he had dedicated to him; he desired that this gold, which he despised, should be used in combating the sovereign who had made this display of it; and in concluding his speech he tore the signature from the letter of Frederick William.

He was at length nominated to the Convention, by two different departments; he accepted that of the Saône and Loire. It was he who suggested the idea of arming the people with pikes. Always inculcating in his writings pillage and murder, he was one of the chiefs of the revolution on the 10th of August, 1792; and he claimed the *glory*, in his journal, of having planned the events of that day. At the trial of Louis XVI. he voted for the death of the King; but having given umbrage to Robespierre and to his

colleagues, he joined the party of La Gironde, and was soon after involved in the fall of that faction.

Successively denounced by Bentabolle, Marat, Couthon, and Robespierre, he was at last arrested, with the principal Girondins, the 31st May 1793, and condemned to die the 31st of October the same year. On the following day he was executed: he was 50 years old, and was born at Pont-de-Vesel en Dombes. Before the Revolution he was under-librarian in the King's library, and since that period he was named, in common with Champfort, librarian in chief by the minister Roland. His enemies accused him particularly of having resolved upon placing the Duke of York on the throne of France: an accusation which was in some degree justified by a passage in the journal of which he was the editor in 1792, where he says, that a crown would not *sit ill* on a Duke of York or a Duke of Brunswick. The intention of Carra could not have been to design either of these princes for the throne of France, he only intended to shew the Bourbons that any other family would be permitted to reign in preference to theirs.

Page 12, line 20.

CHABOT (FRANÇOIS), a Capuchin, and a native of St. Geniez-Dol in the Department of l'Aveyron. Having nothing of the monk but the habit, and much hypocrisy, he eagerly embraced the opportunity of breaking his vows, afforded him by the decree issued against the monasteries by the Constituent Assembly. His ardent patriotism acquired him the situation of Grand Vicar to the Abbé Grégoire, constitutional Bishop of Blois. In September 1792, he was appointed deputy of the department of the Loire and Cher, to the legislature. Here he evinced himself one of the most sanguinary of the factious, and was always pursuing the same course with Bazire, Albitte, Lecointe-Puyravaux, &c. &c. It was Chabot in concert with Merlin and Bazire, who supported so warmly the fable of the Austrian Committee, invented by Brissot. On this subject he made several complaints destitute of proofs, and accused La Fayette, Dillon, Rochambeau, &c. &c.; several members of the Assembly, indignant at this rage for im-

peachment, which carried him daily to the tribune, moved that he should be sent to the Abbaye; he was urged to explain himself more clearly, and at last he was ignominiously silenced. On the 25th of June 1792, he was accused, in his turn, of having preached, the preceding night in favor of the King's assassination, in one of the sections of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine.

In the month of July following, he went so far as to suffer himself to be wounded, by six trusty men, that he might have it in his power to accuse the King of being the author of this assassination. Two of his colleagues who were to have joined him in this truly infernal stratagem, had not sufficient courage to risk the consequences. Conjointly with his accomplices, he procured, at the same time, a decree of accusation against the Duke de Brissac, Commandant of the King's Constitutional Guards; and it was he who on the 25th of the same month, first opened the debate on the King's forfeiture.

He said, "that he did not think that the Assembly in *soaping* "*and washing* the executive power, could enchain the will of "the people; who would always possess the right of changing the "constitution." This excited the indignation of the Assembly, and he was called to order. Prudhomme, in his *History of the Crimes of the Revolution*, asserts, as a fact, "that Chabot took "a part in the clandestine measures conceived to stir up the peo- "ple, and cause them to burst forth on the 21st of June 1792. "The pretended conspiracy to carry off the King, denounced by "him on the 4th of June, had, like the fabrication of the Aus- "trian Committee, no other object." He was soon after this one of the principal contrivers of the events of the 10th of August, and even had the effrontery to insult Louis XVI, when this unfortunate Monarch sought refuge in the Assembly. On the 17th of this very month he accused the members of the *Côté Droit* of having occasioned this insurrection, and opposing the decree of accusation moved against La Fayette; he required that this general should be declared a traitor to his country, and a price set on his head. On the succeeding day he proposed to arm the citizens, to the end that every man might destroy whoever he thought an enemy to the Revolution.

He offered some days after to enrol himself in the company of the *Tyrannicides*, proposed by Jean Debry. On the 2d of September he was sent to prevent the massacres which were committing at the Abbaye, but returned to assure the legislative body that it was impossible to restrain *the justice of the people.*

He pretended that his anxiety arose from a report spread by some journalists (amongst whom was Marat) that it was in contemplation to place a foreign prince on the throne; and he urged the Assembly to swear that *having the fullest conviction of the vices of all Kings, they would continue to detest them even unto death.*

The whole Assembly arose exclaiming, *we swear it, no more Kings!* On the 7th Chabot denounced Fauchet as having a criminal correspondence with England.

He produced a false *procès-verbal*, as well as some other papers which he intended as proof of his assertions. The Abbé Fauchet fully exculpated himself, and covered with obloquy his accuser, whom Marat, Legendre and Tallien, endeavoured in vain to support. Again nominated in September 1792, by the department of the Loire and Cher to the national convention, he strongly opposed, on the 11th of December, the motion for granting the aid of counsel to the King on his trial, and he voted for his death. He evinced himself much attached to the party of Robespierre, on the 31st of May, and on the 1st and 2d of June.

On the 14th of July he made a report on the assassination of Marat, and pretended that this event tended to a counter-revolution, in which plot he involved Fauchet and Duperret. In the following August he was sent on a mission to Amiens, where he seconded for a time the anarchical projects of *André Dumont.* Following the example of one of his colleagues whom he had often denounced (the Abbé Fauchet), he advanced on the 7th of September, that *citizen Jesus Christ was the first sans-culottes in the world.* He demanded on the 30th, that the convention should consider of another law relative to the emigrants, *and that it should be so simple, that a child might be able to send an emigrant to the guillotine.*

On the 10th of November he displeased the Jacobins, by assert-

ing that if there had been no *Côté Droit* in the Assembly, he would form one by himself alone. A few days after, he was accused of having settled seven hundred thousand francs on his wife, notwithstanding his original poverty as a capuchin, not possessing a farthing. In union with Bazire he denounced on the 12th of November, Delaunay d'Angers and Julien de Toulouse, as the authors of a new conspiracy. He deposited 100,000 francs in assignats, which he pretended to have received from them. An accusation was decreed against himself on the 16th of March 1794, and he was shut up in the Luxemburg as an accomplice of these very men, Julien and Delaunay, and also for belonging to the Dantonist faction. During his imprisonment he had a very constant correspondence with Robespierre, of whom he had ever been the mercenary tool. He wrote to him once in the following terms; "Robespierre, thou who cherishest the patriots, deign to "remember that thou didst count me in the list, and that I have "ever followed thee in the right course; do not then abandon me "to the fury of my enemies, who are likewise thine; and, above "all, do not forget that *I am ill, in a solitary cell, from having "punctually followed thy orders.* It was in consequence of "*thy advice* that I thought it proper to conceal some facts in my "declaration, &c. &c." Notwithstanding these humble supplications, and although he had only acted by order of the tyrant, he could not obtain his pardon, and was involved in the ruin of those whom he had occasioned to be denounced. As soon as he found to what he was doomed, he poisoned himself with corrosive sublimate, but the dreadful tortures he endured occasioning him to utter agonizing shrieks, he was carried to the infirmary, and his life was prolonged to the 5th of April 1794, on which day he was guillotined. Amidst all his sufferings he incessantly called upon his friend Bazire, exclaiming: "*poor Bazire! what hast thou done?*"

He died courageously in the 35th year of his age.

"Chabot appeared one day," says Mercier in his *Nouveau Paris*, "at the convention in the dirty costume of the *sans "culottes*; with his bosom bare and legs naked, in wooden

" shoes, and with the red cap in his hand; and it was in this " auspicious habit that the *commune* demanded the abrogation of " martial law, in order to realize the project of 250,000 heads re- " quired by Marat."

Page 12, line 20.

BAZIRE (CLAUDE). The son of a domestic belonging to the Carthusians of Dijon, an advocate and clerk of the archives of the States of Burgundy. In September 1791, he was nominated deputy of the department of the Côte d'Or to the legislature. He signalized his arrival at the Assembly by the most insulting motions against the King. In the sitting of the 11th of November 1791, he denounced to the Assembly M. Varnier, receiver general of the finances of Dijon, as the author of a letter written to a private receiver of the same town, by which he engaged him to send men to Coblentz. Bazire being pressed to discover how he came by this letter, refused to tell, and no longer insisted on the arrest of M. Varnier. On the 25th of the same month he occasioned the formation of the committee of inspection composed of twelve members.

He formed with Chabot and Merlin de Thionville the *Cordelier Trio*, composing a new committee within the committee of inspection itself.

On the 16th of December he required the Assembly to repeal the laws which in a part of France deprived children, during the lives of their fathers, of the privilege of enjoying the property they acquired. On the 4th of February 1792, he denounced to the Assembly the exportation of money out of the kingdom, and pretended that it had already amounted to 6,800,000 liv. and he also announced that a box full of medals of Monneron, each of which included a Louis-d'or, had just been sent to the committee of inspection.

He distinguished himself on the 7th of February amongst those who demanded the sequestration of the property belonging to the emigrants; and was one of those who gave credit to the fable of

the Austrian committee. This committee, which they pretended was under the direction of the Queen, and Austrian Ambassador and composed of several ministers and great men, had resolved (according to Bazire, Chabot, Gensonné, Brissot, &c. &c.) to effect a counter-revolution with the assistance of Austria; which power was to be fully compensated. On the 28th of May he earnestly solicited the disbanding of the King's new Guard, which he represented as formed contrary to the law; he advanced that this corps had given a dinner at which had been drunk the health of the King, Queen, and the Princes. On the 2d of July in a discussion he went so far as to insult the president, and to call him a juggler in decrees: he was called to order. After the decree of accusation against M. de La Fayette, he proposed to disband all the officers of the army and to authorise the soldiers to replace them by those who had merited their confidence. Some days after he desired that a price should be fixed on la Fayette's head, and that he should be declared a traitor to his country. He was one of the instigators of the 10th of August, a day which destroyed the monarchy.

Become a member of the convention, he demanded on the 26th of December 1792 that Louis XVI., whose defence had just been heard, should be judged without quitting the convention, and after his judgment immediately executed.

In February 1793, he was appointed member of the committee of General Safety. Sent on a mission to Lyons with Legendre, and Rovère, he compelled the municipal officers nominated by the inhabitants of that town to cede their places to the factious associated with Chalier and chosen by a club of Jacobins; these vexations provoked the resistance of the city of Lyons which preferred the horrors of a siege to obeying such brigands. On the 28th of August he caused it to be decreed that the republic would remain in a state of revolution until it was acknowledged by the foreign powers. At length he displeased Robespierre, who had him accused of counter-revolutionary designs and of being an accomplice of the *Dantonistes*. He was interrogated by the committee of Public Safety, and a decree of accusation passed against him; he

was condemned to die the 5th of January 1794, and was executed on the same day with Danton, in the 29th year of his age.

He was distinguished at Dijon from the commencement of the revolution, by the extravagancy of his principles; he often sounded the alarm bell to assemble the people: he became a member of the military committee formed in that town, and was seen at the head of every mob. In order to give a still more active circulation to his blood he took from ten to twelve cups of coffee a day, and in spite of the feebleness of his frame he had always the attitude of a madman. His wife has declared that in 1789 he would frequently start out of his sleep crying with all his might, "*Ah! "my God! they are going to hang me!*" To complete his portrait it is sufficient to recal to mind that on the 16th of March 1792 he spoke in favor of Jourdan the *coup-tête* and his accomplices, for whom he had the presumption to solicit an amnesty. A work published in 1798 has the following remark. "Bazire was brutish, wicked, perfidious, and a liar; he accused incessantly, and forged denunciations from the moment that his faction had resolved to destroy any one. The odiousness of his character caused him to play a part amongst the Jacobins, and he served as a spy to the committee of General Safety: he was a *Crétan*, that is to say of *la Créte de la Montagne*. He figured until the fall of the Girondists; finally Robespierre having no other person to be denounced by him caused him to be guillotined."

Page 12, line 20.

MERLIN, DE THIONVILLE, advocate, municipal officer, deputy of the department of the Moselle to the Legislature, where he formed with Bazire and Chabot what were then called the *Cordelier Trio*, who during the whole session were in the habit of daily denouncing all the ministers and men in office; Merlin is accused of having denounced even his own father. In general a great deal was said of him pending the Revolution (particularly during the existence of the Legislative Assembly) without his ever having gained much influence, because his talents were not equal to the part he had undertaken, and that he betrayed himself often by that

fluctuation of principle which is the seal of ambition united to mediocrity. It is just however to allow, that he was perhaps the only one of the first revolutionists who seemed to feel that in the situation in which France was, the only means to acquire power was by uniting the civil and military authority; wherefore we see him equally jealous of acquiring the esteem of the armies, and of domineering at the tribune. In November 1791, he opposed the sending troops to the colonies, representing that measure as contrary to liberty, and at the same time dangerous to the metropolis itself, which required the soldiers to controul its exterior and interior enemies.

Some days after he combated the proposition to grant pecuniary succours to these very colonies, and asserted that commerce would be fatal to France by degrading the national spirit. On the 28th of March 1792, he procured a decree of accusation against M. de Castellane, Bishop of Mende, who was immediately massacred. On the 13th of April he complained of the little care that had been taken to enlighten the people, and he proposed to send into the provinces the Almanack of Père Gérard written by Collot d'Herbois. On the 21st of April he required that the King, the ministers, and all the public functionaries should be obliged to give up to the country one third of their revenue; and on the 23d of April he moved that all the non-juring priests should be transported to America.

On the 30th he advanced, that as the nation was at war, the property of the emigrants should not merely be sequestered, but confiscated. On the 8th of May he rose against a proposed law on military discipline, and so warmly recommended insurrection that the Assembly silenced him by an express decree. On the 13th he recommended new measures against the non-juring priests.

Merlin with Bazire and Chabot invented the celebrated fable of the Austrian Committee in order to annoy and calumniate the court. The magistrate Larivière having had the boldness to attack on this account the three deputies as calumniators, Merlin in his turn denounced Larivière, and solicited with great animosity a decree of accusation against him. On the 25th of the same month

(May) he denounced all the ministers together; and on the 28th accused M. de la Porte of having caused the papers of the Austrian Committee to be burned; but this minister having justified himself at the same instant, Merlin turned his anger against the Swiss soldiers, who, he pretended, had adopted the white cockade; and he ended the sitting by obtaining rewards for some of the King's national guards who had denounced their comrades. On the 1st of June he resolved to recommence his complaints against the ministers, but the Assembly refused to hear him; and on the 4th, he was again censured and even hooted by all parties for having attempted to adduce against the minister Duport-du-Tertre a deposition written under his own hand and signed by two national guards, and which he carried in his pocket for thirty-four days, waiting for a favorable occasion to produce it. Another denunciation which he hazarded on the 13th of July against Monciel, minister of interior, was equally ill received. On the 10th of August he rendered himself conspicuous at the head of the enemies of the court, and it was he who forced Rœderer to conduct the King to the hall of the Assembly.

On the 13th, announcing that the enemies were going to attack Thionville, he desired that Louis XVI., his family, and the relations of the emigrants, should be declared responsible for the safety of the members of the legislature; and on the 23d, he renewed this proposition, by pressing his colleagues to decree that the wives and children of the emigrants should be instantly retained as hostages. On the 26th, he proposed to serve, at the conclusion of the sessions, in the corps of the *Tyrannicides*, suggested by Jean de Brie. It is asserted that he used every effort to prevent (in September) the Duke of Orleans from being nominated to the convention. Re-elected by his department, he announced on the 24th of the same month that Lasource had informed him the preceding night that a party had been formed in the convention to nominate a dictator, and he summoned this member to point out to him the tyrant, *that he might poniard him in that very Assembly.*

On the 1st of October he accused Louis XVI. *of having intended to make the blood of the people flow in torrents,* and required that

he and his partizans should lose their heads on the scaffold; and that in trying him the National Convention should assume at once the functions of judge and jury. In the course of the same month he urged the Assembly to order the public accuser to denounce the Queen at the criminal tribunal. In November he evinced himself the most strenuous advocate for Robespierre, at the time this member was accused by Louvet, and in order to be revenged, he denounced in his turn the minister Roland to the Jacobins, and engaged them to pursue him. Some days after he protested, in the very midst of the Assembly, that the only reproach he had to make against himself during the Revolution was that he had not poniarded Louis XVI. on the 10th of August. On the 11th of December he opposed the granting the monarch a counsel; and having been some days after nominated commissary to Mayence, he wrote on the 6th of January 1793, from this town, that he voted for the death of the tyrant. He remained in this fortress when it was besieged by the Prussians, contributed in a great measure to its defence, was seen sometimes at the head of the sorties acting with much bravery, and omitted nothing that could obtain him the love of the soldiery.

Notwithstanding this, public opinion accused him, sometimes of having received a bribe from the King of Prussia to procure the capitulation of the town, sometimes of having converted to his own use a part of the effects and the plate of the Elector. But what admits of no doubt is that he indulged in an unbridled prodigality during his missions, that he purchased country houses and magnificent equipages, that he supported women and opera girls, and that the portion of about two hundred thousand francs which his wife, a deluded and unfortunate woman whom he rendered miserable, brought him as a marriage portion, could not have been sufficient to defray these extravagancies.—On the 4th of August he appeared at the Convention, presented a report relative to the siege of Mayence, and caused a decree of accusation against the chiefs who commanded in this quarter to be revoked. He was appointed on the 6th of November secretary to the Convention, and on the 16th representative of the people near the army of La Vendée, where the garrison of Mayence had just arrived. On his return

from this mission he warmly defended General Westermann, whom it had been proposed to arrest, and reminded them, as a proof of the patriotism of this officer, that he had on the 10th of August 1792 conducted the phalanx of the Fauxbourg St Antoine against the palace of the Thuilleries. On the 8th of January 1794, he urged the Convention to declare that every place taken from the enemy should be dismantled, and every thing forming the riches of the invaded provinces, as horses, cattle, gold, silver, commodities, &c. &c. should be brought into France. In July he preserved the most inviolable silence during the struggle which preceded the fall of Robespierre: but as soon as he saw the victory decided, he ranged himself on the side of the conquerors. So little was it expected that he would abjure the Jacobins, that it was attempted to interrupt him on the 27th on his appearing at the tribune; but they soon perceived that the vanquished never have friends, for his only object was to declare against them. On the 1st of August he was nominated member of the Committee of General Safety, and on the 17th president of the Convention.

Become a member of the Council of Five Hundred his credit much diminished; and he was at last denounced amongst others in the *Journal des Hommes Libres* as guilty of treason or of cowardice, as well at Mayence as at Manheim in 1793 and 1795; and on the 1st of October there appeared in support of this accusation a virulent address, followed by three pages of signatures of invalids who had served at Mayence.

Merlin repelled with the spirit of a soldier all these charges, declaring, that *if the editor of* [illegible] Journal des Hommes Libres *and his correspondents were not such as* [illegible] *punished by the contempt and ignominy which their measures had attached to them, he would take the liberty of cudgelling their dear friend Charles Duval, should he again presume to introduce his name improperly.* Consoling himself amidst the enjoyments which his republican probity had acquired for the species of contempt that he himself inspired, he left the council in May 1798, and got employed in the *administration générale des postes*. This man had purchased *le Calvaire*, a small mountain near Paris, on the summit of which were

built several chapels which represented the divers incidents in the passion of Jesus Christ, and which were often visited by the inhabitants of Paris in throngs during the summer. This place of devotion was converted by Merlin into a garden in the English fashion. He has existed entirely unknown since France has been governed by Buonaparté, whether the latter did not think him worthy of employment, or that he himself declined increasing the number of his partizans. Prudhomme relates that, perishing with hunger before the revolution, he endeavoured to get received into Montansier's company of comedians, but he was rejected on account of his ugliness.

Page 21, line 24.

ROLAND DE LA PLATIERE, inspector-general of the manufactures at Arras, and afterwards at Lyons. At the beginning of the Revolution he became a member of the municipality of this last city, where he founded a jacobinical club, which he united to that of Paris; he came to the capital in 1790, took part with the democratic party, and was made by that powerful faction minister of the interior in March 1792, in the place of Cahier de Gerville. He was at that time sixty years of age, had a very limited fortune, inhabited a third floor, and was known only by having furnished the Encyclopedia with some articles on the methodical part of the arts. His mind naturally ardent, and his imagination warmed by the examples of the Romans, had inspired him with great contempt for the age and an enthusiastic attachment to a republican government; and it was observed, that the first day he appeared before the King he wore strait hair, a black coat, and shoes without buckles, a dress becoming the *protégé* of a party who honoured themselves with the title of *Sans-culottes*. He soon conducted himself in so despotic a manner towards Louis XVI. that this monarch dismissed him in the month of June; and from that instant he devoted himself more than ever to the Jacobins, became one of the most active members in their committee of correspondence, and was one of the principal instigators of the proceedings of the 20th of June and the 10th of August. It has been believed by many

that the atrocities of the 20th of June, had no other object than to force the King to recal Roland, and the other ministers who had been dismissed with him.

On the 10th of August the Legislative Assembly reinstated him in the situation of minister of the interior, and he thereby became a member of the provisional executive council. From this period he continually presented himself at the Assembly, to make reports or demands; and his union with Pethion, Brissot, &c. &c. having drawn him into the faction of the Gironde, which separated by degrees from the Jacobins, he became embroiled with the latter. Notwithstanding, in September the department of la Somme appointed him deputy to the National Convention, and he seemed to prefer this place to that of the ministry; but the wishes of the Assembly obliged him to remain at his post. In the course of October he frequently, but ineffectually, denounced the horrors committed by the commune of Paris. On the 20th of November he announced the discovery of an armoury in a wall of the Palace of the Thuilleries, and some fire-arms, which it was asserted had been procured at the charge of Louis XVI. Four days after he proposed the demolition of all the houses belonging to the emigrants. On the 20th of January 1793, he signed, as a member of the executive provisional council, the order for the execution of Louis XVI. Soon, however, denunciations, pamphlets, and accusations multiplied against himself, to such a degree that he was obliged to give in his resignation. But not being able to pass his accounts, and consequently to quit Paris, he was involved in the proscription issued on the 31st of May and on the 2d of June, against the whole of the Gironde faction. He came at length to the resolution of making his escape from the capital and of retiring to Rouen to the house of some friends who had consented to conceal him. But when he heard of the execution of his wife he resolved not to survive her.

His first project was to make his appearance, unexpectedly, at the convention, to surprise them, make them hear some useful truths, and then to ask to be conveyed to the scaffold; but reflecting that this juridical death would occasion the confiscation of the property

which his daughter might possess, he determined on suicide; therefore leaving his hiding place on the 16th of November, at six o'clock in the evening, he proceeded towards Paris as far as the Bourg-Boudoin, here he entered an avenue leading to the house of M. le Normand, seated himself against a tree, and ran himself through the body with a sword-cane which he had brought with him. He was born at Chizy on the 19th of February, 1734.

Page 21, line 24.

SERVAN (JOSEPH), officer of engineers, and brother of the celebrated advocate general of the parliament of Grenoble. He had been sub-governor of the pages, an officer of infantry, and afterwards of engineers. Having in early life adopted revolutionary sentiments, he was made colonel of one of the regiments of the paid national guard of Paris, directly after a field marshal, and finally, in May 1792, minister of war, in place of M. de Grave. A zealous Jacobin could not remain long in this situation, and the King, indignant at his conduct, gave him his dismissal on the 22d of June. In consequence of this the assembly decreed that he carried with him their regret; notwithstanding this, he was accused on account of some steps he had taken for the victualling Sarre-Louis, and Befort: but he justified himself in a letter dated the 8th of July.

He was then employed at the camp of Soissons, where were collected the most enthusiastic of the national guards, and on the 11th of August, the assembly reappointed him minister of war. He evinced much weakness, and irresolution in September, when the allies entered Champagne, and particularly on the 3d of that month, in the council which assembled at Roland's, to advise on measures to repel them.

The difficulties and contradictions which he experienced in this situation, induced him to give in his resignation on the 14th of October, and he was immediately entrusted with the chief command of the army of the Western Pyrennees. But he quitted it in July 1792 at the moment he was going to be removed. Very soon after this he was arrested at his residence on the banks of the

Rhine, taken before a military commission at Lyons, and immediately transferred to the prisons of the Abbaye. Having been forgotten by the terrorists during the years 1793 and 1794, he recovered at once his liberty, his property, his rank, and even his appointment in September 1795. He died in the course of the year 1809.

Page 21, line 24.

Clavières, a banker, was born at Geneva, the 27th of January 1735. He was compelled to quit that city when the troops of the three powers, which came to reestablish order, entered it. He found an asylum in France, and was even much cultivated by some members of the ministry, who conceited that he had a considerable capacity for finance, and who hoped to oppose him to M. Necker. At the time of the revolution, of which he was a high partizan, he wrote much on the finances, and made himself very conspicuous in the society *des Amis des Noirs*, of which he was a considerable time the president. He was strongly attached to Brissot, who assisted him in overturning the colonies; and who, in concert with the Jacobins of that time, raised him in March 1792 to the administration of the public contributions. On the 1st of April 1792, he was chosen to supply the place of M. Monneron, deputy of Paris, in the legislature, but he preferred remaining in the ministry. He was dismissed from this situation in the month of June. After the king was dethroned, he was reinstated in his functions, and became a member of the council of the *exécutive provisoire*. United with the Gironde faction, he was arrested with them, and sent to the revolutionary tribunal. He stabbed himself in prison, the 8th of December, as soon as he saw the list of the witnesses who were to depose against him: "these are assassins," said he, "I must get away from their fury;" he then conversed with the others, who were detained in prison with him, on the speediest manner of dying: he marked with the point of his penknife the part he was to strike, then withdrew to his chamber and killed himself. Mercier asserts, in his *Nouveau Paris*, that he committed suicide to prevent a public execution, and to preserve

his property to his family, which by this means would escape confiscation.

Page 25, line 9.

Acloque, a brewer at Paris at the commencement of the Revolution, and an officer in the Parisian National Guard. He was appointed one of the six commandants of that corps, after the departure of M. de la Fayette. He never quitted the king on the 20th of June 1792; and when a troop of demons rushed into the chamber, where Louis XVI. had been urged to retire, this Monarch, with only four grenadiers about him, supported himself on Acloque, who never ceased from that moment to render him every disinterested and essential service in his power. Of all those who were chiefs of the national guards, Acloque is the only one who escaped being murdered, or deprived of his situation.

Page 25, line 17.

Noailles-Mouchy (Phillipe), aged 79 years, Duke and Marshal of France, Governor of the Palaces of Versailles, Marly, &c. &c. was condemned to death as a Counter-Revolutionist the 9th Messidor, 2d year of the Republic, by the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris. He had been, in 1787, a Member of the Assembly of the Notables.

Page 25, line 17.

Septeuil (Tourteau de), one of the four first Valets-de-Chambre to Louis XVI. He was the only one of those who had this occupation that escaped the arrests of the month of August 1792. His wife, who was confined in la Force, survived the massacres of September; but the *Commissaires de la Commune* robbed her of eleven hundred and eighty-seven thousand livres, all her jewels, and seven hundred thousand livres from the Civil List of which her husband was depository. Septeuil retreated into England, and wrote to the President of the Convention, and to the Municipalities of every great town in France, to deny that

Louis XVI. had ever ordered him, as it had been asserted, of that Monarch, to monopolize specie, or to traffic in sugar and grain.

Page 30, line 6.

LAMBALLE, (MARIE-THERESE-LOUISE OF SAVOY CARIGNAN), Dowager of Louis Alexander Joseph Stanislas de Bourbon-Penthievre, Prince de Lamballe, was born on the 8th of September, 1749; superintendant of the Queen's Household. Her Majesty was attached to the Princess de Lamballe by the tenderest ties of friendship. Having been informed by a note written by Maria-Antoinetta when Louis XVI. departed in June 1791, for Varennes, she immediately set out for Dieppe, and embarked for England. But when she heard that the King had accepted the Constitution, she returned to the Queen to share her fortunes, and followed her to the Temple after the 10th of August. The Commune of Paris, irritated at such an example of fidelity, tore her from her friend on the 19th, and confined her in the prison of la Force; and on the 2d September, she was massacred, attended with the most horrible aggravations. In the morning before she was risen, it was announced to her that they were going to transfer her to the Abbaye; she replied, she thought her present prison as good as any other; but a National Guard approached her bed, and rudely told her, *that her life depended on her obedience*: having prevailed on him to leave her for an instant, she hastily dressed herself, and recalled the National Guard who gave her his arm, and conducted her to the door, where she found herself in the presence of the judges and executioners. The judges having asked her several questions relative to the Queen: she replied, *I have nothing to answer; whether I die a moment sooner or later is equally indifferent to me; I am prepared!—Oh! Oh!* said the President, *she refuses to answer!* TO THE ABBAYE!—It was the decree of death!—She was instantly dragged towards the courts, and had scarcely passed the threshold when she was massacred!!! The Conventionalist Mercier whose veracity is not questioned when he speaks well of the Royalists, relates this event in his *Nouveau Paris* in the following terms. "The sincere attachment of

" Madame de Lamballe for the Queen, was her only crime. " Amidst all our agitations she played no part, and nothing could " render her suspected by the people, to whom she was known " only by her unbounded beneficence. (*Even while she was in " prison she did nothing but comfort and console the unfortunate " beings who arrived there.*) The most ferocious writers and " most outrageous declaimers, never attempted to sully her fame. " On the 3d of September she was called to the Registry of la " Force; she appeared before the sanguinary Tribunal. It re- " quired supernatural courage to support the sight of the murderers " covered with blood. Several voices from the crowd called loudly " for her pardon. For an instant irrésolute, the assassins stopped; " but, soon having received a thousand blows, she fell, bathed in " blood, and expired!"

Page 30, line 7.

Choiseul-Stainville (Duke of), Colonel of the Royal Dragoons, having orders in June 1791, to accompany Louis XVI, when he intended to go to Montmédy, he was stopped at Varennes with Count Charles de Damas, was imprisoned at Verdun, and transferred to Orleans, where he remained till the amnesty was proclaimed on the acceptation of the Constitution. After this he participated in all the dangers of the King, and continued with him until he was conveyed to the Temple. Having quitted France, he raised a regiment of hussars in the service of England, and was taken by the Republicans with the Count Charles de Damas, passing from Germany to England. Thanks to the sacrifices made on the part of the Court of London, he escaped the dangers of such a situation; but having run ashore sometime after, on the coast of Normandy, he was imprisoned at Calais, and the English Government made fruitless efforts to obtain his liberty. Finally, after the establishment of the Consulate in France, he was transported with his companions in misfortune to the frontiers of Holland.

Page 40, line 6.

Brissot de Warville (Jean Pierre), deputy of Paris to

the Legislature in 1791, and of Eure and Loire in the Convention of 1792. He was born on the 14th of January 1754, in a village near Chartres; his father was a *traiteur*, and although he had several other children, he resolved to give Brissot an education above his rank in life. He quitted an attorney with whom he had been placed, and became an author. In his twenty-fifth year, he had already published several works, amongst others the *Theory of the Criminal Laws*, in which he advanced so many revolutionary doctrines, that he lost his place in the Chancery of the Duke of Orleans, where he had a lucrative situation. Pursued by his creditors he passed into England where he resided, partly supported by Clavière and other Genevois. He attempted to form a Lyceum in London, but this establishment did not succeed; having returned to France; he was one of the founders of the society denominated *Les Amis des Noirs*, and was sent to America to enquire into the situation of the negroes: on his return he published a work, nearly as little remembered as the others, on the United States. Determined to play a part in the Revolution, he caused himself to be appointed President of the section *des Filles St. Thomas*; and from that moment, endeavoured by his pamphlets and particularly by a journal entitled the *Patriote François*, to sow the seeds of anarchy which he had been collecting in another Continent. When the Commune of Paris was formed in July 1789, he became a Member; and it was into his hands the keys of the Bastille were put on the day that fortress was taken, where he had been confined in 1784, for a libel against the Government. The Commune having formed within itself a Committe of Inquiry, he was President, and became as it were Grand Inquisitor, with Voidel, who had the same employment in the National Assembly. In the month of June, 1792, Brissot enjoyed a considerable degree of influence in the Legislative Assembly. From the conclusion of the preceding year, he was at the head of the Diplomatic Committee, in the name of which, he bitterly declaimed *against* Austria, the Emigrants, the French Princes, the Ministers, and even against the King himself. He came forward in *April* 1792, to declare war against the Emperor. His manner of justifying

this step at the Jacobinical Tribunal after the 10th of August, is curious, and deserves to be recorded. " In declaring war, said he, I meditated the abolition of royalty ; for, as it is the King's duty, according to the Constitution, to direct the army, he himself will furnish us the means of his own condemnation."

What a crowd of reflections does this phrase present to the mind ! When the aggression that he had excited against Austria, occasioned Prussia to take up arms, he appeared at the tribune, on the 9th of July, to launch out into abuse against Frederick William and Louis XVI , and to denounce, according to custom, the ministers and the generals ; and concluded by saying, that " to strike at the Thuilleries was the only means to attack the " evil at its root." It is not difficult to determine after these words and after the nomination of six new ministers, who were all his friends, whether or not he had a share in the events of the 10th of August. At this period, however, his credit began to decrease, because his faction resolved, from that very time, to complete the Revolution, whilst the Mountain party eager for anarchy, determined to prolong it.

Become a member of the Convention, Brissot remained at the head of the diplomatic Committee, in the name of which he promoted a war with England and Holland. At the time of the King's trial, he endeavoured to refer the sentence to the people, and voted immediately for his death ; with a respite until the ratification of the constitution by the primary assemblies, notwithstanding this he saw his party every day decreasing in influence and popularity.

The 31st of May and 1st and 2d of June completed his downfal. He was decreed in arrest, with the chiefs of his faction ; he fled, and endeavoured to reach the South in the character of a merchant of the name of Neuchâtel; but his passport, not being signed by Barthélemi, then Ambassador in Switzerland, he was stopped at Moulins, and carried back to Paris ; where he arrived the 23d of June, and was guillotined on the 31st of October. He was 39 years old, of a middle size, delicate frame, and of a pale complexion ; he was remarkable for the simplicity of his clothes ;

an extravagant admirer of the Americans, he had in some degree adopted the manners of a Quaker, and was not displeased at being considered one.

Page 40, line 6.

GENSONNE (ARMAND), a lawyer, judge of the tribunal of Cassation, born at Bourdeaux on the 10th of August 1758, deputy of the department of the Gironde to the Legislature, and soon after to the Convention. He possessed a certain degree of reputation at Bourdeaux until the commencement of the Revolution, at which period he zealously embraced the cause of the innovators. United with Guadet, Roland, and Brissot, he acquired a considerable degree of influence during the Legislative Assembly particularly by means of committees, in which he domineered less by his talents, than by an overbearing asperity which rendered him formidable to his colleagues. Like all the Girondin faction he appeared more intemperate in the Legislature than in the Convention. He presented and caused a decree of accusation to be passed on the 31st of December 1791 against their royal highnesses the King's brothers, the prince of Condé, Messrs. de Calonne, Laqueuille, and the Count de Mirabeau: on the 9th of February he procured an order for the sequestration of the property belonging to the emigrants. On the 16th of August he caused a decree to pass, conferring a power on the commissioners of the assembly to break, and even to imprison the generals of the army, and all public functionaries. Immediately after he became a member of the constitution[illegible] committee; and re appointed at that time to the convention, he pronounced a discourse tending to prove the necessity of referring the King's sentence to the primary assemblies. He nevertheless voted, sometime after, for the death of the monarch. In the first months of 1793, he warmly opposed the party of the Mountain; and had even the courage to demand the punishment of the *Septembriseurs*; and to him was owing a decree which forbad for some time domiciliary visits.

At length, involved in the fall of his faction, which had above all others contributed most to the overthrow of the Monarchy, he was

arrested on the 2d of June, and condemned to death, as a Girondin, on the 31st of October, by the revolutionary tribunal of Paris, in the 35th year of his age.

Page 41, line 25.

Rœderer, counsellor in the parliament of Metz, deputy of the *Tiers-état* of the Bailiwick of that town to the *Etats-Généraux*. Here he loudly declared himself for the Revolutionary party; and at the time all the members of the National Assembly quitted the Jacobins to unite at the Feuillans, he was one of the five deputies who remained, with Robespierre, in the former of these clubs. The parliament of Metz having been denounced in November 1791, he himself promoted on the 17 rigorous measures, against a body of which he had been a member. When the King's arrest at Varennes, was made known in the sitting of the 22d of June, and the part which M. de Bouillé had taken in his escape, he caused a decree to pass against this general, and he was broken. On the 11th of November 1791, he was made *Procureur-Syndic* of the department of Paris, and from that very moment began to act with duplicity, which doubtless he thought the only means of retaining his delicate situation, and which ended in his meriting, at least, the distrust of all parties.

Alternately flattering or menacing the King and the Jacobins, and always managing the assembly, he hoped to escape by this indecision the attacks of the Municipality, and the dangers which the 20th of June 1792, and particularly the 10th of August collected around him. But when on the 10th of August he was seen interesting himself about Louis XVI. and at the same time caressing the populace; alarming the King and at the moment giving orders for his security, and finally delivering him up to the factions in the bosom of the assembly; he was completely unmasked, and this conduct led to his ruin. Seals were affixed to his papers; and he ineffectually endeavoured to exculpate himself from the crime of having a desire to maintain the constitution. In his justification he formally denied having given an order to repel force by force; but always true to his character he declared at the same

time *that he had taken no more pains to preserve the lives of the Royal Family than he should have done for the most obscure individual.* He concluded his profession of faith by affirming, *that he had ever been the friend of equality, liberty, and limited monarchy, and of a republic itself.* These prevarications did not appease his enemies, and he was obliged to conceal himself for a considerable time, and was soon reduced to that insignificance which is ever the fate of intriguers. He became some time after the editor of a journal, but the same indecision and ambiguity are as discernible in his writings as in his conduct. In March 1796, at that period when the clubs were destroyed and the liberty of the press preserved, he asserts, in one of his numbers, *" that the reason why Clubs act admirably against a government one would wish to destroy, is, because they are dangerous to a government that one would preserve. Clubs make men, and unmake things; the press makes things, and unmakes men."* It is clear the second part of this proposition has only the merit of an antithesis. Condemned since 1792 to obscurity or to the part of a journalist, Rœderer long watched an occasion to come forward again, and flattered himself he had found an opportunity in 1799, when he very openly joined the party who proposed to overturn the Directory.

In the month of December, Rœderer was appointed president of the council of state in the important section of the interior; and obtained, with the confidence of the principal men, a considerable influence in the government; and in 1800 he acquired the chief ascendancy. He has since lost that influence, and is now almost as obscure as when a journalist.

Page 40, line 6.

CONDORCET (MARIE-JEAN-ANTOINE-NICOLAS-CARITAT, MARQUIS OF), whose family were originally Venetian nobles, was born at St. Quintin on the 17th of September 1743, and was one of the forty members of the French Academy. Possessing no fortune, he devoted himself in early life to the study of the sciences and thereby obtained a splendid livelihood, particularly through

the protection of the Duke of Rochefoucauld, who was liberal of his services, procured him pensions, and opened his road to literary honours, by introducing him to all the literati. Although Condorcet has not given to the world any celebrated work, his connection with Voltaire and his correspondence with the King of Prussia, procured him a certain degree of reputation, and he became a member of the most famous societies in Europe. At the Revolution, he relinquished the sciences for the tribune of the Jacobins; he sided with the popular party, and became with Cerutti the editor of the *Feuil'e Villageoise*, which most powerfully contributed to corrupt the minds of the people, especially in the country. When the question was agitated relative to the appointment of a governor for the Dauphin, the Jacobins endeavoured to obtain the situation for Condorcet; but to which M. de Fleurieu was appointed. Called in September of the same year to the legislature, he spoke on the 25th of October on emigration and dividing the emigrants into different classes, demanded the punishment of death, against those only who should be taken under arms. In March 1792 he submitted a plan to the Jacobins tending to declare that the King was considered as having abdicated; he was given to understand however that this step was premature. On the 17th of June he proposed to the Assembly to celebrate the anniversary of the destruction of the nobles, by authorizing the deputies to burn the titles and testimonies of nobility which should be found in the archives, in the depositaries of the Chapters, &c. &c. &c. and it was so decreed. To be convinced of the part he took on the 10th of August 1792, it will be sufficient to review the discourse which he read the preceding night, on the sovereignty of the people, and to recal the words he uttered some days after at the tribune: "if we have seen some ebullitions of revenge, said he, it must be allowed the people did not deceive themselves in the choice of their victims, &c. &c." Immediately after he wrote the address to the people of France, and to Europe, accounting for the motives that urged him to pronounce the suspension of the King. At the period he became a member of the Convention, the Empress of Russia and the King of Prussia had his name erased from the list of the Academie

cians of Petersburgh and Berlin. At the time of the King's trial, he condemned him to perpetual confinement, which (according to his expression) was, the greatest punishment, short of death. He acted in the constitutional committee from the 10th of August 1792, and had digested a plan which was going to be adopted, when the Revolution of the 31st of May gave birth to the Constitution of 1793. He wrote against it, was denounced by Chabot as a partizan of the Girondins, and was outlawed. He then took refuge at the house of a state minister (Garat); a lady afterwards concealed him until the end of April 1794; but renewed domiciliary visits obliged him to leave Paris disguised as an old woman. Having immediately after resumed the habit of a man, he presented himself at a friend's house in the country, where he expected to be well received, but he was absent from home. Obliged to wander by night, and hide himself by day, hunger compelled him to enter the village of Clamars; here he was stopped, carried before the committee of the place, searched and interrogated. He called himself Simon, and described himself as an old domestic: he had neither papers, maps, nor passport to betray him; but an HORACE, with marginal notes written in Latin, with a pencil, was the cause of his ruin. "Thou tellest us thou art a servant," replied the countryman who questioned him; "I rather think that thou art one of these *ci-devants* who kept servants." It was accordingly resolved to conduct him on foot to Bourg la Reine; but he fell into a swoon at Châtillon, and it became necessary to get a horse from a vine-dresser to carry him to Bourg; here he was thrown into a damp dungeon, where he was forgotten for twenty-four hours; and as he had not been allowed time to finish his meal at Clamars, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, he was found dead.

Page 42, line 8.

VERGNIAUD (PIERRE VICTORIN), born at Limoges in 1759, was an advocate at Bourdeaux, administrator of the department of the Gironde, and deputy of that department to the Legislature. His talents and the boldness of his attack on the King and the Monarchy, at the very first sittings, acquired him great influence.

From that time the Girondins viewed him as one of their principal chiefs and raised him to the presidency in the month of October 1791.

On the 25th of the same month he delivered a long discourse on emigration; and was one of the first who proposed the adoption of rigorous measures against the fugitives, and particularly against the French Princes. On the 17th of December following, he proposed to address the people to prepare and animate them against the Royalists, and against the House of Austria, to which he had vowed eternal hatred. In this discourse he gave himself up to digressions without end, and was even deficient of his usual eloquence and energy. On the 18th of January and the 20th of April 1792 he vociferated for war, and required that the campaign should commence instantly.

He warmly attacked the King's ministers on the 10th of March, and on the 17th he declared himself the champion of Jourdan *Coupe-Tête** and of all the assassins of Avignon.† He had a very active part in the transactions of the 20th of June, and contributed, above all, to gain admittance and a hearing for a deputation which came to the bar, to prepare the minds of the Assembly, for the request which they soon expected to present on the King's forfeiture of the crown. He was still endeavouring to arrive at the same end, when he delivered, about the first of July, a very long discourse, in which, at the conclusion of a diatribe against the government, he proposed *rigorous measures against the ministers and the generals.* Finally, the Monarch, at whose person their arrows were pointed when they thus overthrew his defenders, was himself attacked in his palace; and on the 10th of August, Vergniaud presented the plan of the decree which declared the suspension of the King, and the formation of a National Convention. On the 17th

* Head-lopper.

† I must remark, says Prudhomme, that the deputies who have contributed the most to the pardon of the scoundrels of Avignon, are La Source, Gundet, Vergniaud, &c. &c.; the same who cry out most on the massacres of September, although not one of them endeavored to prevent them.

of August he gave an account of the arrest of the representatives of the people, at the army of la Fayette, and caused to be brought to the bar, the department of Ardennes, and also the municipality of Sedan.

It was much about this time that the contention which took place between the Girondins and the Terrorists, began to lead the former to adopt sentiments somewhat less extravagant; and even Vergniaud opposed, on the 23d and on the 26th of August, the general transportation of the priests, and the formation of a corps of *Tyrannicides* proposed by Jean de Brie; he caused a decree to pass on the 4th of September to send a deputation to the prisoners at Orleans to remind the people of the respect due to the law; but this measure was inefficient, as the victims were, notwithstanding, immolated on the 9th and 10th at Versailles. When appointed deputy of the Gironde to the National Convention, he denounced from the 25th of September the Commune of Paris on account of the crimes committed in that city, and amongst others, pointed out Robespierre and Marat, requiring the latter should be prosecuted on account of his incendiary writings. On the 31st of December, he delivered a long speech on the necessity of referring the sentence of Louis XVI. to the people; and this opinion which raised to the highest pitch the fury of the Terrorists, occasioned in the beginning of January 1793 several violent altercations between them and the Girondins. His party having succeeded in raising him to the Presidency, on the 10th of January he filled the chair, on the day that sentence was passed on Louis XVI. for whose death he voted, after having, in the second *appel-nominal*, required that the sentence should be referred to the people. On the 10th of August following he was denounced by Robespierre, with Guadet, Gensonné and Brissot.

After much difficulty he got round and took possession of the tribune; and replied to the studied diatribe of his adversary, by an extempore harangue, worthy of being considered a model of courage, presence of mind, and true eloquence.

This party was annihilated on the 31st of May, and the 1st and 2d of June. It was evident on the 31st of May, that he himself despaired of saving it in spite of the composure which he affected

during the sitting. On the 1st of June he scarcely raised his voice in the Assembly, and on the 2d he made no effort to repel the decree of arrest which was carried against him and his colleagues. However, on the 6th he resumed the courage to write, requiring an examination into the petitions which had desired his arrest, and the punishment of the petitioners if they were calumniators; but they passed to the order of the day; and not possessing the address like some of his colleagues, to escape from the capital, a decree of accusation passed against him; he was transferred to the Revolutionary Tribunal, and condemned to suffer death on the 30th of October 1793.

Page 42, line 19.

SANTERRE, brewer, and beer-seller in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine at Paris. Debauched, brutal, intemperate, and inclined to every degraded vice; yet his stature, strength, and audacity procured him a very great preponderance in the Fauxbourg.

Although very illiterate, he had the vulgar eloquence of the fish-markets, and from the very commencement of the Revolution, he played a part in the commotions, similar to that of Legendre, Saint Huruges, and the other inferior insurgents. A parity of talents rendered him dear to the Orleans faction, who endeavored to attach him. He began his career on the 14th July 1789 at the taking of the Bastille at the head of the forces of his Fauxbourg, and was appointed, on the formation of the National Guards, commandant of battalion. In 1791 he commenced a law-suit against la Fayette, who had accused him of having drawn his sword on his aide-de-camp Desmottes, the day on which the people went to the palace of Vincennes. On the 28th of November of the same year, he put all the corps-de-garde of Paris on the alert, by spreading a report that the troops were all to be strangled, to facilitate the escape of the King: consequently the posts were doubled, the gates of the Palace of the Thuilleries shut up, and every person within them detained until the following day.

On the 20th of June 1792, he led the mob against the Palace, and went to shower insults on Louis XVI and his family, on the

31st of July following, he excited a quarrel at the Champs-Elysées between the Marseillois and the grenadiers of the battalion of the Filles St. Thomas, the King's reputed friends; and on the 10th of August, being appointed commandant of the National Guard, he seconded all the efforts of the Jacobins to overturn the monarchy, and he himself conducted the King, immediately after, to the tower of the Temple. Notwithstanding, in spite of all his zeal, he was not considered a proper person to direct the murders in the prisons. Marat, says Prudhomme, considered him as a man of no decided character; and the commune ordered him, on the 31st of August, to a review at Versailles, whence he returned on the 4th of September, that he might not be present either in that city or in Paris during the assassinations of that period. On the 11th of December he conducted Louis XVI to the bar of the National Convention, for the direction of his trial; on the 21st of January, 1793, he commanded, in concert with Berruyer, the troops which conducted the King to execution; and it was Santerre who interrupted him when he attempted to address the people from the scaffold, by directing the drums to beat in order to drown his voice. Ambitious of signalizing himself, also with the armies, he presented a plan on the 31st of May to the Convention for a campaign against La Vendée, and set out on the 10th of June, with fourteen thousand men, to oppose the Royalists: but he was always unfortunate; defeat and rout succeeded each other with astonishing rapidity; and in conclusion he was put under arrest. On the 9th Thermidor of the second year he was set at liberty, but was never after employed. He was notwithstanding continued on the list of general officers. About a month after the establishment of the consulate, Santerre presented himself at the Thuilleries on a review day, and was tolerably well received. It is imagined that ever since he has enjoyed a pension, which doubtless was the price of the obscurity and inaction in which he consented to live.

Page 42, line 23.

Ramond, a literary man, deputy of Paris to the Legislature. He appeared frequently at the tribune during this Session, and

evinced in all his discourses a rectitude of thought, and an exaltation of principle from which he never departed. Having made it the rule of his conduct to support the Constitution established by the first Assembly and sanctioned by the King, he never deviated, or attached himself to any faction.

On the 29th of October, 1791, he pleaded with energy in favour of the nonjuring priests, and insisted on the freedom of religious worship. On the 24th of March, he again warmly opposed the tyranny of exercising against them the authorities of the departments. On the 29th he deprecated the project of disbanding the King's Paid Guard, and represented, ineffectually, that this act was a violation of the Constitution. On the 20th and the 28th of June he opposed the Girondins, who led to the fall of the executive power by degrading it, and who attacked La Fayette, because that general, with his usual indecision, appeared now to favour the cause of Louis XVI. He has since lived in exile or in retirement, and, renouncing politics, has cultivated letters exclusively.

Page 42, line 28.

CALVET, deputy of the department of Arriège to the legislature in 1791. He warmly opposed, on the 26th of April, 1791, the grant to Dumouriez, then minister of foreign affairs, of six millions for secret services.

He was a member of the committee of inspection, and was sent to the Abbaye for three days, for having treated the denunciators of the King's new guard with contempt, and for having compared the age he lived in with the reigns of the emperors Tiberius and Nero.

On leaving the hall on the 8th of August, he was insulted by the mob for not having declared against La Fayette.

Page 44, line 5.

CHAMPCENETZ, governor of the palace of the Thuilleries, who was with his son Louis, aged 35, born at Paris and an officer of the French Guards, condemned to die on the 5th of October, accord

year of the Republic, by the Revolutionary Tribunal of *Paris*, as accomplices of a conspiracy in the prison of the convent of the Carmelites.

Page 48, line 18.

Le Gendre (Louis), was for 10 years a sailor and then a butcher at Paris. This man, who did not want native talents, but who always betrayed the low education which he had received, and the trades which he had exercised, figured very early in the troubles of the capital. From the 11th of June, 1789, he was one of the leaders of those patriotic processions which carried about the busts of Necker and the Duke of Orleans; and he distinguished himself some days after by an harangue to the people to excite insurrection, and to enter forcibly the hospital of the Invalids to procure arms to attack the Bastille. Similar dispositions struck the leaders of the popular party, and they considered him a proper instrument to excite the people; the Lameth party flattered and brought him over to their side.

But before the end of the first Session he withdrew from his protectors, leaving far behind in their revolutionary career, those whom he called *luke-warm conspirators*, and joined the Marats, the Dantons, the Camilles, and became one of the leaders of the club of the Cordeliers.

He was on the 11th of December, 1791, the orator of a deputation from the *Théâtre Français*, who threw out some hints on the King's dethronement. On the 20th of June, and on the 10th of August, 1792, he was one of the promoters and authors of the insults which the King received in the Thuilleries. The electors of the city of Paris made him deputy to the Convention in September. From this moment he never ceased to persecute Louis XVI., to urge at every sitting his trial, and on the 11th of December, when the King was just going to appear at the bar, he demanded a profound silence, *that when the criminal should enter the hall he might be terrified by a silence like that of the grave.* He conducted himself as a zealous Terrorist in the several missions on which he was sent in the course of 1793; and wherever he went, issued orders for arrests and murders: thus fully justifying the wis-

dom of the English law, which excludes butchers from serving the office of jurors. At Rouen, he levied a forced loan, payable in 24 hours, and threatened to guillotine *every merchant in the city*, if it were not complied with: at Dieppe he replied in full club, to the people who complained of the want of bread: *Well! eat the aristocrats!* When his old friend Danton was arrested, he was the only person who spoke favourably of him.

This proof of friendship provoked the hatred of the tyrant, and he was marked as his victim, with Tallien, Freron, Billaud, Collot, Bourdon, Cambon, Vadier, &c.; with whom he united to escape death, by overwhelming him who had sworn to destroy them. After the decree of arrest was issued against Robespierre, he declaimed against him with warmth: he also went to the hall of the Jacobins to blow out the brains of Vivien their president; he chased all the members away and carried off the keys with him, which he delivered up to the Convention. On the 1st of August he was again appointed member of the Committee of Public Safety. On the 3d of October he denounced Barrère, Billaud Varennes, and Collot d'Herbois, as accomplices of Robespierre, accused them of having conspired with him to assume supreme power, and that *they did not rise to persecute that man of blood, until they had seen him totally overthrown.* Since this period, he declaimed against the sanguinary measures he had himself instigated; and declared (as he expressed himself) war unto death against the Jacobins, and particularly on the 28th of May, 1795, he attacked the ancient committees of the government. About the same time, nevertheless, he opposed the recall of the deputies proscribed by the Mountain; "and," says Mercier, "when the seventy-three demanded the return of the twenty-two, Legendre swore *he would "first expire in the tribune*; they were recalled, but he did not "expire." When a member of the Council of Ancients, he appeared less conspicuous in the Convention, where he more rarely spoke, because his peculiar eloquence necessarily lost its influence in proportion as minds became more tranquil. He died in Paris, on the 13th of December, 1797, at 41 years of age. He bequeathed his body to the faculty, "*in order to be useful to men even after his death.*"

Page 48, line 26.

Dumas, Field Marshal, deputy of the Seine and Oise to the Legislature, and member of the Council of Ancients. He had been an officer in the Landoc infantry, was afterwards attached to the council of war, and served soon after with the rank of colonel in America. In the beginning of the Revolution, he embraced the monarchical party, and was employed under la Fayette in the Parisian National Guards. In May 1791, he went as a commissioner to Alsace, to regulate the public mind on the new opinions starting up. After the arrest of Louis XVI. at Varennes, he was sent with full power to demand troops, in order to bring back the Monarch to Paris: at this period he was appointed field marshal, and he was then employed in Lorraine. Nominated in Septetmber deputy of the department of the Seine and Oise, to the Legislature, he became one of the chief leaders of the Feuillans. On the 28th May 1792, he maintained that the Legislative Power had nothing to do with the King's Guard. On the 20th of June, he arose and spake with much warmth against the outrages committed on his Majesty's person on that day; and on the 2d of July, he saved him from new insults, as well as the ministers and generals who were accused of the repulses experienced in Brabant.

On the 27th of July, he accused all the Jacobin ministers who at this time were Roland, &c. &c. of having compromised the security of the state, by suffering Belgium to be attacked. Notwithstanding the moderation of his principles, he happily escaped by much address the proscriptions of the Terrorists during the reign of the Convention, and became a member of the Council of Ancients, in September 1795. He published a work entitled: *Result of the last Campaign*; his object was to induce the Directory to make peace with the emperor, retaining only Luxembourg, Tourney, Anvers, and Masetricht, to cover the frontier. On the 28th of July 1797, he strongly opposed the approach of the troops, which, the Directory had called toward the capital. The victorious triumvirate, on the 5th of September, sentenced him to be transported; but he escaped from Paris on the 6th, under pretence of visiting the quarters as the officer of the day; and retired into Germany.

He published at Hamburgh in 1799, the *Epitome of Military Events*, a well written journal, in which he discovers, at least, very considerable theoretic knowledge of the military art: the last number on the Campaign of Egypt, however, appears in some measure to have been written as the reward of his recall, which took place at this time. His talents have since been justly appreciated, by employing him in organizing regiments, rather than in commanding armies. His military fortune goes no farther; for he is one of those metaphysicians, whose principles, intrigues and connections, will ever prevent his playing a great part under a government that wishes to be stable. He is now minister of war, at Naples.

Page 49, line 4.

THURIOT, Advocate to the Parliament of Paris, was appointed in September 1791, deputy of the department of Marne to the Legislature, where he evinced very revolutionary principles.

On the 10th of August he promoted a decree of accusation against M. D'Abancour, minister of war, and M. de la Porte, minister of the Civil List, and caused domiciliary visits to be decreed. After he had directed with a high hand these last acts of the Legislature, the Jacobins carried him to the Convention, where he was faithful to their principles, and evinced during the whole trial of Louis XVI. the utmost rancour against that Monarch. He was one of the four commissioners sent to enquire of the king whom he would name as his council. On the 18th he declared at the jacobinical tribune, *that if the Convention shewed the tyrant any indulgence, he would himself go and blow out his brains!!* A degree of arrest passed against him on the 16th of April, 1795, and one of accusation on the 2d of May following, for having taken part in the conspiracy of the Jacobins, whose intentions were to liberate and procure the pardon of the members who were arrested or proscribed in March. He escaped by flight the execution of these two decrees: he was pardoned in 1796, and immediately employed by the Directory, as a civil commissary at the tribunal of Rheims. He now exercises in the tribunals of Paris very important functions.

Page 49, line 24.

PETHION DE VILLENEUVE (JEROME), an obscure advocate at Chartres, deputy of the Tiers-Etat of the bailiwick of that town to the States General where he proved a revolutionary madman. Possessing personal beauty, a mediocrity of talents, and a character sufficiently enterprizing, but notwithstanding timid in dangers, he became one of the leaders of the Revolution. He was appointed in the month of June 1791, president of the Criminal Tribunal of Paris, and when the Assembly heard of the departure of Louis XVI. he was one of the three commissioners who were dispatched to bring the King from Varennes. He did not express those feelings of humanity for the unhappy Monarch that Barnave evinced. On his return from England where he had been sent by the Duke of Orleans with Madame de Genlis, he obtained the place of mayor, in which he was installed, on the 18th of November 1792.

On the 20th of June, in which he acted the principal part, Louis XVI. spoke to him with firmness and treated him with great coolness. Pethion got his conversation with the King printed, hoping by this means to exasperate the people to a still greater degree against him. Notwithstanding the department of Paris had the courage to suspend him on the 6th of July, and the King confirmed this suspension: but Pethion instantly put the sectionary assemblies in motion who vociferously demanded his reinstalment; and the populace ran about the street, crying, *Pethion or death!* On the 12th he appeared himself at the bar, *not to justify himself*, he said, *but to promote strict justice.*

To avoid being responsible, on the 10th of August for events, in case his faction should be repulsed, he took care to have himself kept at home by the mob, which did as he desired, at the time his trusty adherents prepared to attack the palace; but he dispatched an order to defend it. On the very instant he desired it, he obtained his liberty, and went to the assembly to flatter the people. He was one of the commissioners who conducted the Royal Family to the Temple.

In a letter which he published in the journals of the 10th of November 1792, he himself asserts, *that he had not a little contributed to bring about the transactions of the 10th of August.*

Pethion was the president of the Convention when Manuel proposed to place the president in the Palace of the Thuilleries and to surround him with a respectable guard.

From this period until the death of Louis XVI. he almost daily ascended the tribune to urge the execution of the King; and he was seen again at this time employed in the interest of the Duke of Orleans, to whose party he seemed constantly attached. On the 2d of June, Pethion was decreed in accusation, and was outlawed on the 28th of July, with the Girondins. He succeeded however, in making his escape from his residence, where he was guarded by a *gendarme*: he was found some time after with Buzot, either starved to death, or assassinated, and his body half devoured in a field of the department of the Gironde.

Page 56, line 8.

Monciel (Terrier, de), President of the Department of the Jura, appointed minister of the interior on the 18th of June 1792. Before he had this appointment, he was the French minister to the court of the Elector of Mayence. In difficult times he evinced great courage and probity. He frequently appeared at the bar of the Legislature to speak strong truths against the disorganizers; and in general all his efforts tended to restore tranquillity, and to support the Monarchy. After the 10th of June he published a proclamation full of vigour and of wisdom; but the Jacobins whose views he thwarted, obliged him shortly after to give in his resignation. He lives at present in an obscure manner, in the department of the Jura.

Page 58, line 22.

Guillaume, Advocate to the Councils, deputy of the *Tiers-Etat* of the jurisdiction and Viscounty of Paris to the States-General. He opposed the revolutionary party, from the time he perceived they were approaching to anarchy. On the 1st of July 1792, he appeared at the bar of the legislature, at the head of a deputation, and presented a petition under the appellation of *the petition of the twenty thousand*, soliciting the punishment of the authors of the atrocities committed on the 20th of June against the

King: his discourse was attended to with some degree of patience, although he did not treat the assembly itself with much decency; it produced no good effect, and the orator retired amidst the murmurs of the tribunes and a portion of the deputies. In December 1792, seeing Louis XVI. going to be tried by the Convention, he presented another petition, demanding that his sentence should be referred to one or two tribunals, and that it be done by a secret scrutiny. This demand having been rejected, he offered to be one of the King's council; this too was refused him, the selection having been already made.

Page 59, line 18.

LAMOURETTE (ADRIEN), grand vicar of the archbishop of Arras. He embraced the revolutionary party, and was elected constitutional bishop of Lyons, and immediately deputy of the Rhône and Loire to the Legislature.

Having retired to Lyons at the end of the session, he was arrested by order of the Mountain, after the siege that town sustained against the conventional troops. He was carried to Paris and imprisoned in the Conciergerie; and on the 14th of January, 1794, the Revolutionary Tribunal condemned him to death as convicted of being concerned with the Federalists, in a plot which had existed in Lyons in 1793. He was at table when the writ of accusation was presented to him. During the supper, he sustained almost the whole conversation, on the immortality of the soul. He treated this subject with such force of expression that he astonished all his companions in misfortune, by his courage and his erudition. The fate which awaited him seeming to [illegible] them, he said, *are we to be surprised at such an event? Is not death always to be expected? and what is the guillotine? only a slip on the neck.*

Page 52, line 27.

COUTHON (GEORGES, surnamed CATO during the Reign of Terror), born at Orsai, department of the Puy-de-Dôme, in 1766, and an advocate at Clermont. He was appointed in September 1791, deputy of the Puy de-Dôme to the Legislature, and in

September 1792 to the Convention. From his first entrance into the Legislature, he manifested a violent hatred against the monarchical government, and when Louis XVI. came to the Assembly on the 5th of October 1791, Couthon required that each member should stand, or keep his seat according to his taste, and that in addressing the King the words, SIRE and MAJESTY should be omitted. Prudhomme relates that Couthon was using the bath at Boues de St. Amans, on the 10th of August 1792; but that at his apartments in Paris, Danton, Marat, Petion, Robespierre, and the others assembled to plan the manner of insurrection. At the trial of Louis XVI. he prevailed on the Convention to pass sentence on him; immediately voted for his death, and warmly opposed respiting his execution. Become at this time the friend of Robespierre, the species of fanaticism that seized him had no longer any limit: he caused Mr. Pitt to be declared *the enemy of the human race.* He proposed to the Jacobins to commit an act of accusation to writing, against all Kings, *and to send it to the tribunal of public opinion in every country, in order that no part of the world should be found willing to endure a tyrant.* He was one of the Commissioners entrusted with this undertaking. At length being sent to Lyons after the siege of that city, he rivalled Collot d'Herbois in cruelty. Being carried in a chair to the square Belle-Cour, the Convention, *in order to humble the pride of the inhabitants of Lyons,* having decreed the destruction of its two superb fronts, he gave the first stroke of the hammer, saying; *I command you to be demolished in the name of the law.* Robespierre was in the height of his power at the time these crimes were perpetrated. He was accused at the same time with his accomplices, and made no effort to reply to his enemies. Succoured as well as Robespierre by the Municipality, and taking refuge in the Hôtel-de-Ville, he evinced the greatest degree of weakness; he burst into tears when he saw he was going to be seized on, and had not sufficient courage to stab himself with a poniard with which he had been armed. He was executed on the 18th of July 1794, and suffered horrible agonies before he died; his singular formation and frightful contortions, so affected all his members, that the executioner, weary of endeavouring to tie

him on the plank of the guillotine, was under the necessity of turning him on his side to give the fatal blow: his execution lasted twice as long as that of the seven others who were condemned with him. Such was the end of that monster, who was so generally acknowledged for a ferocious and sanguinary man, that one of his colleagues, hearing him one day complain of thirst, in the middle of a very warm debate, exclaimed, *give Couthon a glass of blood.*

Page 68, line 10.

POIX (PRINCE DE), Knight of the Golden Fleece, captain of the Gardes-du-Corps, governor in reversion of Versailles, deputy of the Nobles, and of the Bailiwick of Amiens and Ham, to the States General.

He at first embraced the revolutionary party, and was even appointed to the command of the National Guard of Versailles; but he sent in his resignation on the 31st of July 1789, and thus avoided being involved in the events of the 5th of October. Fashion rather than ambition drove the Prince de Poix towards the popular faction, nevertheless, he always remained attached to the King: he had even resolved in 1791, to join the French Princes in a foreign land; but having been badly received by some emigrants, he returned immediately to Paris, and remained constantly near Louis XVI. during all the transactions of the 10th of August 1792, and was arrested by order of the Committee of Inspection, but was released at the time of the massacre of September, through the interference of Panis and Sergent, who made him pay dearly for his ransom.

Page 68, line 10.

BREZE, (MARQUIS DE) Grand Master of the Ceremonies, of France. He fulfilled the duties of his office in the different Royal sittings which took place at the commencement of the States General. The 23d of June, the day on which the King went to communicate his benevolent designs, for the good of his people, to the assembled orders, M. de Brézé, was ordered by him after

the sitting, to induce the Tiers-Etat to quit the hall. Mirabeau insulted him and contested his right to bring the King's commands to the Assembly, and charged him to announce that the *Tiers-Etat* would not quit the hall but at the *point of the bayonet*. M. de Brézé immediately retired to his estate, at Maine. He was arrested at Mons by order of the municipality, which decided that he should remain in prison until the determination of the National Assembly should be received; and on the 26th of June 1790, a decree was issued to set him at liberty.

Page 73, line 13.

Aubert du Bayet, member of the Legislative Assembly, a general of the republic, minister of war, and immediately after ambassador from France to Constantinople. He was in 1780, sub-lieutenant in the Bourbonnois regiment, and served in the American war. At the beginning of the Revolution, he for a short time opposed the new opinions, and even wrote a violent pamphlet against the Jews, their rapacity, and the danger of admitting them into the government. But his colonel, Prince de Broglio, soon drew him into the faction, by flattering his ambition and his philosophy; and he became so extravagant, that when addressing the assassin of M. de Voison, who was massacred at Valence, he said, *that no title of nobility, however ancient, would be considered equal to that he had just acquired in the eyes of the whole world.* Appointed ambassador to the Ottoman Porte, and having taken leave of the Directory on the 30th of March he embarked for Constantinople. His numerous suite was for the most part composed of officers destined for the service of the Porte, amongst others, a company of horse-artillery, which the Grand Seignor reduced some time after.

In December 1797, he was attacked by a malignant fever, and died on the 17th of the same month.

Page 73, line 17.

La Croix (Jean François de), advocate, and member of the Tribunal of Cassation, deputy of Eure and Loire to the Legislature and afterwards to the Convention, where he voted for the

death of Louis XVI. In the latter months of 1791, he frequently attacked the ministers, and promoted rigorous measures against the emigrants.

On the 5th of February 1792, he accused Louis XVI. of being the author of all the troubles by his refusal of sanctioning the decree against the priests, and he caused the minister of interior to be sent during the sitting to compel the King to sign. He was arrested with Danton on the 31st of March, and condemned to die on the 5th of April 1794, as having conspired against the republic, and resolved to re-establish the Monarchy. On his entrance into the Luxemberg, he affected surprise at the number, the age, and the sex of the prisoners, and to be softened at their misfortunes; but this hypocrisy only excited universal indignation. Danton having asked him, when their acts of accusation were brought them, what he had to say? "That I am going to cut "off my hair," said he, "that the Sampsons * may not touch it." They both assumed an extraordinary gaiety going to the tribunal. Mercier thus expresses himself with regard to Lacroix in his *Nouveau Paris*: "This country advocate became a colonel and field marshal in two or three months; acquired a large property, was a long time connected with Dumouriez, whom he pretended to denounce, favoured the tribunes, the murderers, and rioters of the sections, caressed the anarchical commune, and defended the cut-throats with his stentorian voice. He was 44 years old when he suffered."

Page 93, line 9.

MANDAT, an old captain in the French Guards. Having embraced the revolutionary party, he happened to command the Parisian National Guard at the Thuilleries on the 9th of August. Pethion, Mayor of Paris, foreseeing the insurrection which was preparing to break out, sent him a written order to repel force by force. He made his arrangements in consequence, and communicated to the Swiss Guard the instructions which he had just received. But the new Municipality, having soon chased away the old, Mandat received an order to surrender himself at the Hôtel-de-

* Brothers, the executioners at Paris, before and during the Revolution.

Ville. What was patriotism an hour before, was construed into a crime; the following morning he was ordered to be conducted to the Abbaye, and the president accompanied this order with a gesture, which the satellites understood, by massacring their victim on the very steps of the Commune house.

Page 94, line 1.

DUPONT DE NEMOURS (PIERRE SAMUEL), state counsellor, knight of the order of Vasa, and a landholder, deputy of the *Tiers-Etat* of the Bailiwick of Nemours to the States General of 1789. On the 28th of July, he warmly pressed the Assembly not to interfere with the police, seeing that it belonged to the Executive Power alone. On the 4th of September, in the discussions on the Veto, he demanded that the King should be granted a *suspensive* Veto, and that the Legislative Body should be formed of two chambers, one of Representatives, the other of Ancients. In September, 1790, he opposed the paper money; but he was doomed to be the victim of his zeal; for on the 25th, leaving the sitting, he was surrounded by the populace which had been placed by the intriguers to intercept him, and they were going to drown him, when the National Guard ran and tore him away from the assassins. Being a member of the council of ancients, he spoke in favour of the relations of the emigrants, and contributed not a little to the rejection of the law which had been then proposed in order finally to strip them of their fortunes. He wrote a work entitled *The Historian*, in which he uses every effort to recall the public mind to a wise and moderate way of thinking. On the 18th Fructidor, he was going to be included in the list for transportation, when one of the leaders objected, as he was only to be considered as a dotard; and obtained, by this subterfuge, the erasure of his name from the list. He left the Council of Ancients, in 1793. After having long lived in obscurity, he consented to accept a place under the present government.

Page 99, line 27.

CAMUS (ARMAND GASTON), advocate at Paris, and counsel to the clergy in all ecclesiastical affairs, deputy of the *Tiers-Etat* of

Paris to the States General of 1789. This man, who was a blind compound of philosophy, of devotion, and even of superstition, evinced himself one of the most ardent persecutors of the clergy, to whom he owed all his fortune; and yet he continued attached to the most minute ceremonies of religion. This inconsistency rendered him as remarkable in his discourses in the tribune, as in his private conduct. On the 4th of August, 1789 when the declaration of the Rights of Man was dicussed, he desired to have the word *duties* added. He obtained in the sitting of the 11th the abolition of the annates, payable to the court of Rome. On the 30th of November, when the claims preferred by the Grand Master of Malta, in consequence of the suppression of tithes were read, Camus exclaimed, "In reply to this letter, I demand that all the establishments of "the order of Malta in France, be suppressed." Become a member of the committee of the finances he prevailed on M. Necker to submit to the committee the famous *Red Book*, under a promise of inviolable secrecy: he openly broke his word, and had it printed without the concurrence of the Assembly. This book, so much talked of by the popular party, and which took its name from the red Morocco binding, contained the list of pensions granted by the King, particularly to many of those who have assisted in overturning the throne. On the 13th of August he caused the allowance to the King's brothers to be reduced to one million, and insisted on the suppression of their military establishment. In the course of December, 1792, he required that Louis XVI, should be declared guilty, and an enemy to the Nation.

Being employed in the capacity of commissary to the army, at the period of the King's trial, he wrote to inform the Convention, that he voted for the death of the tyrant. Having been arrested with the minister of war, Bournonville, and five commissaries, he was given up to the Austrians. Detained successively at Maestricht, Coblentz, Spielberg, Kaniggratz, and Olmutz, he was exchanged with his companions in captivity at Bâle on the 25th December, 1795, for Madame Royale, the daughter of Louis XVI. Since his return to France, he has been a member of the Council of Five Hundred, and afterwards filled the office of keeper of the National

archives. His opposition to the present government of France has condemned him to obscurity.

Page 99, line 11.

MADAME ELIZABETH (PHILLIPINE MARIE-HELENE OF FRANCE), sister of Louis XVI, born at Versailles, on the 3d of May, 1764.

To describe her virtues, it would be necessary to name all those endowments with which nature sometimes adorns those favoured beings, whom she seems to bestow on us as models of every human perfection. Minds of sensibility could not, for a long time, hear the name of one so amiable and so good pronounced without emotion. But her very virtues and her exemplary attachment to her brother caused her misfortunes. When the aunts of Louis the XVI. left France, Madame Elizabeth was to have accompanied them: on seeing the dangers which surrounded the royal family, she hesitated, but when Maria Antoinetta said to her, *and do you too forsake us?* she vowed to her never to separate their fortunes; and she kept her word. In vain was she urged to join her sister at Turin. *A woman*, said she, *has nothing but attentions and consolations to bestow, and I must pay them to those who have need of them.* In fact she became the consolation of her friends. Her courage, mild but immoveable, often supported them when sinking under trials calculated to subdue the firmest fortitude. France, to the latest times, will glory in having given her birth.

It was contrived to confound her in the same accusation with several other captives; but, a stranger to the caution which the two beloved victims who had preceded her thought right to observe, in their answers to the questions put to them, she replied, when her name and rank were demanded, I AM ELIZABETH OF FRANCE, THE KING'S AUNT. A sublime answer from the lips of a woman deserted by the whole world: abandoned, without friends and without succour, to a band of confederate ruffians. These words naturally recall to remembrance those she uttered on the 6th of October, 1789, to the women who informed her that the assassins were going to force the doors of her apartment, supposing it the Queen's: *admit them*

she replied, *and above all, do not undeceive them.* I question whether all antiquity presents any thing superior to this.

Page 104, line 26.

Suleau, Advocate to the Parliament of Paris, who was, with Robespierre and a great portion of the popular party, educated at the College of Louis-le-Grand. He defended the monarchy with almost as much violence as the others attacked it. His pamphlets against the Duke of Orleans and the Jacobins, his interrogatory at the Châtelet, his arrest on the 21st of July 1792; finally, his journey to Coblentz, have signalized him as a counter-revolutionist; and the Marat faction dreading his superiority, and his writings, had him assassinated by the instigation of the infamous Théroigne on the 10th of August 1792. He had been married only two months before to a Miss Hâll, the daughter of a celebrated painter, whom he left pregnant. His head was cut off and paraded about the streets of Paris on the end of a pike.

Page 105, line 26.

Theroigne de Mericourt, a courtezan, was born in the Luxembourg; and played a sort of part in the first years of the French Revolution. Connected with several leaders of the popular party, she was very useful to them in the greater part of the riots; and especially contributed, on the 5th of October 1789, at Versailles, to corrupt the regiment of Flanders, by bringing girls, who were under her direction, into the ranks, and distributing money to the soldiers. A witness deposed, at the Châtelet, that he saw her, on the morning of the 5th, dressed in a red great coat, acquitting herself of this commission by pouring into a large basket packets previously prepared.

In 1790, she was sent into Liège, in concert with Bonnecarère to excite the people to insurrection; but the Austrians arrested her in January 1791, and she was carried to Vienna accompanied by two officers, in her carriage. She was imprisoned in a fortress; but on the report of the commissioners, sent to interrogate her, the Emperor desired to see her, conversed with her for some time, and in the course of November had her liberated with an injunction

not to appear again in the Austrian territory. She returned to Paris, and soon reappeared, pike in hand, at the head of an army of women. She frequently made speeches in the clubs, and particularly distinguished herself, on the 10th of August 1792. On this day she occasioned the murder of Suleau and Vigier, grenadiers of the battalion of the Filles St. Thomas, with five other persons in the Court of the Feuillans. Prudhomme thus expresses himself on this subject: "The too famous Théroigne, habited like an Amazon, with pistols in her girdle, and a naked sabre in her hand, went to the Corps-de-Garde, demanding, in the name of the people, these six victims to be immolated."

Page 124, line 25.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS, a member of the Convention; and, previous to the Revolution, a bad comedian; after having played at the Hague, and in several provincial towns in France, he was hissed off the stage at Lyons, where he had the assurance to make his appearance.

Appointed to the Convention by the department of Paris, he demanded, from the first sitting, the abolition of Royalty, and the establishment of the Republic, a compliance with which he obtained, rather from the stupor so unprecedented a proposition threw the members of the Convention into, than from their enthusiasm. On the 30th of October he moved the punishment of death against the emigrants. At the trial of Louis the XVI, he was at the head of the MOUNTAIN*, near Robespierre, and voted for the death of the King, after having written to the Convention that he was convinced of his crimes. This man, justly surnamed the *Tiger*, and the *Mitrailleur*, at the beginning of November 1793, went to Lyons, which he soon buried under ruins and dead bodies. He was heard vociferating during the siege, "that he would pay them, dearly, for their hisses;" and he kept his word. After having required the Jacobins of Paris to select, from amongst themselves, *sans culottes* of courage to hasten the fall of the inhabitants of Lyons; and having brought a column of the revolu-

* A party in the Convention.

tionary army to the spot, Collot, himself, directed the firing, organized the materials, and latterly prepared combustibles composed of old nails, &c. &c. to supply the slowness of the guillotine.

Amongst the cruelties personally perpetrated by Collot, the following deserves to be recorded. Collot caused two women and a young girl, who had solicited the pardon of their husbands and brothers, to be tied for two hours on the scaffold where their friends had perished: it has been asserted that these unhappy women were compelled to witness the execution, and that the blood of the victims spirted upon their garments. Amidst all the enormities committed at Lyons, Collot, and his accomplices gave a loose to every excess in luxury, effeminacy, and licentiousness. On his return to Paris, this monster was one of the members, appointed, by the club of Jacobins, to register *the act of accusation against Kings*, but, at last on the 2d of March 1795 on the report of Saladin, and subsequent to a motion made by Legendre, he was arrested, with Billaud, Barrère, &c. On the 1st of April the Assembly condemned them to be transported to Cayenne, as the leaders of the Jacobin conspiracy, which had burst out on that day, the intention of which was, in a great measure, to save them.

After the insurrection of the 22d and 23d of May, which originated with the Jacobins, the Convention ordered them to be brought before the tribunal of the Charente-Inférieure, instructed to try them; but Collot and Billaud-Varennes, had already embarked, and they reached Guiane, where Collot soon endeavoured to excite the negroes to insurrection. He was, in consequence, shut up in the fortress of Sinamari where he died in November 1796, leaving Billaud his sole legatee.

Page 128, line 16.

Manuel (Pierre), born at Montargis, and aged 42, was condemned to death for a conspiracy, on the 24 Brumaire, the second year of the Republic, by the Revolutionary tribunal of Paris. Though the son of a potter, he had received a tolerably good edu-

cation. From the commencement of the disturbances he attached himself to the Jacobins, and was employed in November 1789, in the Municipality of Paris in the section of the police. Upon a re-election of this body he retired to Montargis, but returning afterwards to the capital he was appointed in November 1791, *Procurcur de la Commune* of Paris. He then began to obtain considerable influence, and soon became dear to the Jacobins, by his audacity, his harangues against every species of authority, and the extravagance of his opinions on every occasion. In February 1792 he printed an address to Louis XVI. beginning with these words: *Sire, I like not kings.* On the 17th of May he proposed to the Jacobins, to compel the Queen to retire to Val-de-Grace, during the war, as being considered suspicious and dangerous in Paris. He was the very soul of the insurrection of the 20th of June; and whilst the Mayor, divided between fear and hope, animated the mob with one hand, and calmed them with the other, Manuel, more bold, and decided, resolved that this commotion should not prove fruitless. Having, in consequence of the results of this day, been suspended by the department, and by the executive authority, he braved the decrees with a degree of insolence and contempt, which the consciousness of his own strength, and the weakness of his enemies, alone could have inspired. On the 14th of July 1792, though indisposed and denounced, he had himself conveyed in a litter to the federation, and there insulted the King, encouraging the people to cry, *down with Madame Veto, au d.... La Fayette.* Two days after he appeared in the Assembly; and under the pretence of justifying his conduct he gloried in what he had done, virulently satirizing Kings and the great; he reproached the Legislature with being afraid to contend with a despot; and then abused La Fayette. He was granted the honours of the sitting, and on the 23d an express decree reinstated him in his situation.

On the same day he took his seat again, and made a speech, in which, besides other things, he said that he had been suspended by the department and the King, but that he was more powerful than they were. On the 12th of August he appeared at the bar, and imperiously required that the Temple should be assigned as the

prison of the Royal Family. He himself conducted them thither on the following day, and was not sparing of grossness and insults. He afterwards distinguished himself in a manner still more horrible by being one of the authors of the Massacres of September, which he thought politic to perpetrate, through the medium of his creatures, and to disavow afterwards in public. But this disavowal could not banish the remembrance of the plots brewed by him in conjunction with Danton, the leader at that sanguinary period, nor that of the dinner he gave at his house, even on the 2d of September, and particularly his shocking expressions to some persons in the prison who urged him to put an end to so many crimes. We find in *the Picture of the Prisons of Paris during the reign of Terror*, that when Manuel was arrested, his presence at the Conciergerie infused a universal horror amongst the prisoners, who looked on him as one of the principal instigators of the massacres of the 2d of September 1792. The soldiers who had orders to bring him before the tribunal, were driven away by a group of prisoners, who, pushing him violently towards a pillar which was still stained with the blood of the victims sacrificed at that time, one of the men cried aloud, *wretch, behold the blood shed by your means, it rises in judgment against you.*—As he was led to the scaffold the mob saluted him with huzzas. He evinced, however, before his death, some symptoms of repentance, that render his memory less execrable than that of the monsters who, partaking in his crimes, have not experienced his contrition.

Page 133, line 15.

RHULIERES (A. J. A. DE), Commandant of the Gendarmerie of Paris and brother to the academician. Having the command of the Gendarmerie on the 10th of August 1792, he instantly resolved to employ them in the King's defence; but soon discovering, by the expressions of his men, that they were not well affected and would not consent to assist him, he retired with his officers previous to the attack upon the Palace. He was afterwards arrested and imprisoned in La Force: he was one of the victims of the 2d and 3d of September.

Page 133, line 16.

La Chesnaye, Commander of the Legion of the Parisian National Horse Guards. He took the command at the Palace of the Thuilleries, on the 10th of August 1792, on the death of M. de Mandat; was afterwards confined in La Force and massacred on the 2d of September.

Page 136, line 1.

Durozoi (Barnabe), editor of the *Gazette de Paris*, and of another paper intitled the *Royaliste*. This warm and violent supporter of royalty was condemned to die on the 24th of August 1792, by the criminal tribunal of Paris, as the author of counter-revolutionary writings, and was executed on the 25th, at night by torch light. M. de St. Méard relates in his *agonie*, that Durozoi, who was his fellow prisoner, the night before he suffered, shewed him a letter he had received from a female friend informing him of his condemnation, and that he exclaimed, just before he fell asleep: *poor soul! she will suffer more than I shall.*

Page 136, line 1.

Backmann (Jacques-Joseph-Antoine Leger), a native of the Canton of Glaris in Switzerland, and a major general of the regiment of Swiss Guards. On the 9th of August 1792 he marched his corps to the Thuilleries to protect the King. Some days after he was arrested and conducted first to the Abbey, and afterwards to the Conciergerie, where he was tried, by the Revolutionary Tribunal and condemned to death under the pretence of having been convicted of a conspiracy, on the 10th of August at the Palace. He was executed on the 23d of August, and suffered like a hero.

Page 138, line 1.

Robespierre (Maximilian Isidore), was born at Arras in 1759, of indigent parents. It has been said, but not truly, that he was of the family of Damiens, who assassinated Louis XV. His father, an advocate in the Superior Council of Artois, having

outrun his means, left France long before the Revolution. He opened a school for the French language at Cologne. He afterwards went to England, and thence to America, where he lived unknown, particularly, as the father of that monster who was to become the tyrant of his country. Marie-Joseph Carreau, the mother of Maximilian, was the daughter of a brewer at Arras: she died young, leaving her son only nine years of age. Robespierre had a brother who participated in his crimes, and two sisters, one of them died in her infancy; the other incurred his hatred on account of her religious principles. After having encouraged her to come to Paris, he turned her out of doors, sending her to beg a retreat at Arras. Robespierre was brought up by his relations. And the Bishop of Arras charitably took him in 1770 from the Cathedral where he was a chorister, to send him to the College of Louis-le-Grand, where he had obtained him a scholarship. From early infancy, though timid, he was gloomy and malignant. This character, restrained before his masters, passed, with them, for the love of study, and conciliated the good will of some of them, whilst others conjectured the blackness of his heart. The Abbé Proyart, the president, supplied him with the allowance granted him by the Bishop of Arras; and the Abbé Aimé, a Parisian Monk, whose persecutor he afterwards became, gave him his board. The troubles arising from the state of politics in 1788, turned his head, and he soon made his appearance at the Revolutionary Committees, so general in the beginning of 1789; and the Tiers-Etat, of the province of Artois, named him, subsequently, one of their deputies to the States-General. On the 23d of December of the same year, he warmly solicited the rights of citizens for the Jews, players, and executioners. On the 3d of November 1792, he required the immediate trial of *the last tyrant of France, and that the punishment due to his crimes might be inflicted.* On the 2d of December he maintained, in a long speech, *that the object was not to try Louis, but to perform an act of national justice, in declaring that Prince a traitor to the French nation and to humanity: and by condemning him, to give a striking example to the world, in the very same place where, on the 10th of August, the martyrs*

of liberty had perished. He endeavoured to bring the Queen and Madame Elizabeth before the Tribunals, and to keep the Dauphin confined in the Temple until a peace. On the 3d of December, he was refused a hearing on this subject; but on the 4th, he declaimed, in spight of very violent opposition, and proposed to *condemn Louis directly to death, on the pretence of an insurrection.*

It is unnecessary to add that his vote was for death on the day of the *appel nominal.* On the 27th of March 1793, he renewed his persecution of the remainder of the house of the Bourbons. His most dangerous enemies amongst the Girondins were outlawed; and the others were arrested. Henceforth every one trembled before him, and before that revolutionary government, intrusted to the Committee of Public-Safety, of which he had assumed the direction, and to twelve commissioners, who replaced the ministers.

Taken up with the committees, or with his accomplices, Robespierre came less frequently to the Convention, and never more spoke but to get himself applauded. In June 1794, he presided a second time in the Convention, and the reign of terror was at its height. A storm was, however, silently gathering, which was soon to overwhelm him. Bourdon had the courage to begin the attack, by requiring a speech of Robespierre's to be submitted to the committees, previously to its being printed, under pretence that some errors might have escaped correction. Errors, in a discourse of Robespierre! This expression created a general sensation. The party were united, the moment was come, when they were to act, and Vadier, Cambon, Billaud, Panis, Bentabolle, Charlier, Amar, Thirion, and Bréard, successively spoke against the tyrant, but, with a sort of half courage, demonstrating the fear he inspired. Barrere alone, as yet undetermined what party to embrace, delivered, in this sitting, a few insignificant, and vague, expressions insufficient to commit him with either of the two parties. Robespierre felt the danger that threatened him; he saw that the greater part of the members abandoned him, from hatred, or a dread of falling with him. On the 26th, at night, he assembled his most intimate friends. St. Just urged him to act upon the

spot; he paused for twenty-four hours: this delay was his death-warrant. St. Just next day endeavoured, in vain, to address the Convention; but his voice was overpowered. Tallien renewed the attack, Billaud Varennes completed his distruction. Robespierre darted towards the tribune, but shouts of "*down with the tyrant,*" soon chased him thence. The struggle now was, who should declaim most strenuously against the overturned idol, or who should give him the last blow. Though menaced on all sides, Robespierre evinced more firmness than he was supposed to possess. He had the boldness to threaten the Convention, and to tell Tallien, with an air of authority, who had required a hearing in order to bring back the debate to the true point for discussion, *I shall know how to bring it back!* After various digressions, in which the orators displayed no eloquence, but afforded time to the leaders to go round the hall to secure a majority, the decree of arrest was immediately carried against him, his brother, St. Just, Couthon, and Lebas.

He took shelter with them at the Commune, but not knowing how to avail himself of the means in his power to triumph over the Convention, he fired a pistol at his head the instant the Gendarmes entered to arrest him. The ball only fractured his under jaw. He was taken to the Conciergerie and thence to the scaffold, on the 28th of July 1797. It is worthy of remark that during his short imprisonment he was lodged in the cell that Hébert, Danton, and Chaumette, had successively inhabited. He was treated very harshly by the jailors whilst he surveyed with an air of stupefaction, his gloomy abode. One of them, whom he had asked to bring him a pen and ink, replied. *what are you going to do? to write to your Maker at the moment you are going to see him!* On leaving the jail to go to execution, the prisoners obstructed the passage, the jailor cried out, "make way there, make way for M. l'Incorruptible!" He was conducted to the scaffold on a cart between Henriot and Couthon. The shops, the windows, and the roofs of the houses were covered with spectators. Shouts of joy accompanied him the whole way. His head, being wrapt up in a cloth much stained with blood, that supported his under jaw, on-

ly one side of his livid and ferocious countenance was visible. The dragoons who escorted him pointed him out to the mob with the point of their sabres. The people stopt him before the house he had lodged in, the women danced before the cart, and one of them cried: *thy execution transports me with joy! Descend to Hell with the maledictions of all wives and mothers!* The executioner, in his impatience, roughly tore, from off his head, the dressings of his wound; he uttered a hideous yell, his under jaw separated from the upper, the blood gushed out, and his head presented a most shocking spectacle. He died aged 35 years.

Page 139, line 8.

MARAT (JEAN PAUL), born in 1741. His parents were Calvinists of Beaudry, in Neuchatel. He was assassinated in Paris on the 14th of July 1792. Marat was not five feet high, his visage was hideous, his appearance horrible, and his head monstrous, in proportion to his body. Possessing from nature an ardent mind, a wild imagination, a malevolent disposition, and a ferocious heart, the life he led, until the Revolution, added, still more, to his natural extravagance and cruelty. Bribed by the Orlean faction, from whom he contrived to draw considerable sums, under pretence of getting a work on the criminal law printed, he continually insulted the King, his ministers, and the nobility, in his journal entitled *L'Ami du Peuple*; recommending rebellion, murder, and pillage. His colleague Mercier says, expressly, in his *Nouveau Paris*, that, "Marat and Fréron fomented, by their periodical incendiary writings, quarrels between the citizens and the King's constitutional guard; an apt means to provoke the disbanding of that corps, and leave the Sovereign unprotected from the insults of the populace." He soon signalized himself on the 10th of August 1792, a day that determined the fate of the Monarchy. The massacres in the prisons followed close upon these plans of destruction, and it was Marat who conceived the execrable project of butchering all who remained of the nobility, of the priesthood, and of the royalists, after the 10th of August. He also planned on the 2d of September that butchery which Robespierre after-

wards juridically continued. And it was Marat who first proposed to Danton to *sweep the prisons promptly*. On the 24th of October of the same year, he was denounced by Barbaroux, who accused him of having exceeded revolutionary measures, of incessantly preaching anarchy, and still calling for 270,000 heads. Far from denying this execrable proposition, he publicly acknowledged having entertained it, adding, *such was his opinion*. On the 6th of December he made a motion that the King should be judged by *appel nominal*, and that a list of the votes should be posted up that the people might know what traitors were in the Convention. On the 10th, dissatisfied by the report presented by Lindet against Louis XVI, he ascended the tribune and burst forth into the most disgusting abuse of the King. On the following day he opposed the granting Louis a counsel, and voted, when he was tried, for his death in twenty-four hours. In one of the numbers of his journal of the month of December, he expressed his discontent with the situation of deputy, declaring that he would have had resigned it but in the certainty of events, that must shortly take place. *Massacre*, said he to the people, *massacre two hundred thousand partizans of the old government and reduce the Convention to one fourth of its members*. At last, on the 14th of July, Charlotte Corday,* rid France of this monster, who resembled Nero in more than one respect, uniting, like him, madness and cruelty.

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* Corday D'Armans. Marie Anne Charlotte, was the daughter of John François Corday, an Equerry, and of Charlotte Godieu. She was born at St. Saturnin, near Sécz in Normandy, and resided at Caen, with her relation Madame Coutelier de Bréteville. She arrived in Paris on the 12th of July 1793, and on the following day requested an interview with Marat. About seven o'clock in the evening of the 14th, she went to his house, and upon writing him a note, she gained admittance to his library just as he came out of the bath. After some minutes conversation on the troubles of Calvados, Marat having said that the members of the Convention who were at the head of the federates of Caen

Page 156, line 1.

CHENIER (MARIE-JOSEPH), a literary man. He was born in 1792, at Constantinople, where his father resided as French Consul, having long filled a similar situation at Morocco. His brother André Chenier was a writer of great probity: he was guillotined in 1794, for having published, two years before, in the *Journal de Paris*, some wise reflections on the situation of France.

Marie-Joseph Chenier replied to his brother, in an apology for the conduct and principles of the Jacobin Clubs. He laboured to prove that all those composing them were men of principle, and the most steady supporters of the Constitution.

He was also a dramatic writer, and the author of Charles IX, Calas, Gracchus, Timoléon, &c., and the greater part of the revolutionary pieces. He was a member of the Municipality on the 10th of August 1792, and distinguished himself amongst the promoters of that day. His odes were chanted on the anniversary of the 14th of July, and of the 10th of August, at the *Fête de la Raison*, at the removal of the ashes of Marat to the Pantheon, at the fête of J. J. Rousseau, and on every occasion, of which the number did not exhaust his fertile genius. He was appointed in September 1792, deputy of the department of the Seine and Oise, to the Convention, where he voted for the death of Louis XVI. He it was who registered the petition of the Municipality demanding the deposition of that Prince, to whom, four years before, he had dedicated his tragedy of Charles IX: his dedication began with this line:—

"*Monarque des François, Roi d'un peuple fidèle.*"

"Monarch of France, a faithful people's King."

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should soon mount the scaffold, Charlotte drew a poinard from her bosom and with one blow put an end to the life, and to the crimes, of this wretch. Her long examination is interesting from the calm and dignified courage she displayed before the judges. As early as the 17th she was condemned to die. She ascended the scaffold clothed in a red chemise, as the assassin of one of the representatives of the people. She was handsome, and endowed with every female charm.

On the 27th of December 1794, he presented in the name of the committee of Public Instruction, a report on decadary feasts, and attacked, as contrary to nature, the religious opinions hitherto adopted by all civilized nations. He was proclaimed *the first of French poets*, at the Champ-de-Mars, on the 22d September 1796, but the spirit of faction, notwithstanding so many efforts, could not secure to Chenier a rank which the public voice had always denied to him. After this period he attached himself to the Directory, devoted himself since to the Consulate, and was in consequence nominated in December 1799, a member of the Tribunate. Subsequent to the suppression of that corps, he was made one of the inspectors of public education.

Page 223, line 3.

FOURNIER, called the AMERICAN. This wretch, having been long confined in the prisons of St. Domingo, his native country, for various crimes of which he had been guilty, was sent to be tried in France at the breaking out of the Revolution. He was taken from the dungeons in 1789, to make him one of the spies at the Palace, and he soon became a Coryphæus of the Club of the Cordeliers. He accompanied in 1791, Jourdan-Coupe-tête to Avignon; appeared at the capital soon after, at the head of a band denominated Marseillois. He commanded a company of them on the 10th of August 1792, and contributed, in a great measure, to the events of that day.

About the end of the same month, he went to Orleans at the head of an armed body, brought away from that town all the prisoners that had been transferred by the high National Court, and conducted them to Versailles, where he caused them to be massacred, on the 7th of September. The monster still lives, in spite of two death-warrants issued against him at different periods of the Revolution.

Page 228, line 19.

KERSAINT (ARMAND-GUI-SIMOND, COUNT DE), a captain in the Royal Navy. Having warmly embraced revolutionary princi-

ples, he was nominated in September 1791, sub-deputy of Paris to the Legislature. He took his seat some time after, and proved as intemperate as any of the Girondin faction, to which he was attached. Elected in September 1792, by the department of the Seine and Oise to the Convention, he, however, opposed the system of terror with more energy than any member of his faction. After having voted on the 16th of January for confining the King till a peace, he wrote on the 20th to the president, giving in his resignation; and informing him, that, *having suffered himself to become the colleague of the panegyrists and the promoters of the atrocities of the 2d of September, he was resolved to defend his memory at least from the stigma of having been their accomplice.* The mountain party never pardoned this letter. He sought retirement in vain; he was soon after arrested, and sentenced to die on the 24th Frimaire, second year of the Republic, as a conspirator and federalist. He was 52 years of age, and born at Paris.

Page 263, line 11.

CHAUMETTE (PIERRE-GASPARD), was born at Nevers, on the 24th of May 1763, his father was a shoemaker. After being cabin-boy, pilot, a transcriber at Nevers, and clerk to an attorney in Paris, he was employed as an assistant under the journalist Prudhomme, who describes him as being very ignorant. He afterwards enrolled himself in the band of demagogues, who Camille-Desmoulins formed at the taking of the Bastille, to harangue the people in the public places; and was the first who displayed the national cockade. He instituted himself a member of the self-appointed Municipality of the 10th of August 1792, which gave the first blow to the monarchy. He became procurator to the Commune in September, and on the day of his installation he declared that, "hitherto he had been called Pierre-Gaspard, because his sponsors invoked the saints, but as for his part, who did not, he renounced these names, to assume that of ANAXAGORAS, a saint, who had been hanged for his republican principles." He became some time after the organizer of the *Fêtes de la Raison*, orgies and profanations, which polluted all the

churches of the capital. Involved in the fall of the Hébertistes, and shut up in the Luxembourg, he was condemned to death, and executed on the 13th of January 1794, twenty days after his friend Hébert. He foretold, on the scaffold, that those who had condemned him would shortly follow.

Page 264, line 26.

SIMON (ANTOINE), was a shoemaker in Paris, and a furious Jacobin. Employed by the Commune as an agent in the prison of the Temple, he was one of those who most frequently tormented and insulted Louis XVI; and it was to him, the Dauphin was intrusted after the execution of the King. The 9th Thermidor became the term of his crimes: he was outlawed with his protectors, and executed the following day. He was 58 years old and born at Troyes, in the department of the Aube.

Page 264, line 26.

ROUX (JACQUES), a priest, and Municipal officer a Paris, was a mad Jacobin. This man, who, appointed himself preacher to the Sansculottes, was one of the commissioners of the Commune, intrusted with the government of the Temple during the imprisonment of Louis XVI, and his family. Amongst the infamous acts that characterised this monster, we shall be satisfied with relating the following.

The King having a violent tooth-ache, begged of Roux to send for a dentist: *It's not worth while,* replied he, *in a little time your teeth will be repaired.* The King having added, *Sir, if you felt the pain I feel, you would pity me.—Pho, pho,* said he, *you must accustom yourself to every thing.* It is very generally known, that this was the man chosen to conduct his Majesty to the scaffold, who, on being requested by him to take the charge of a ring for the Queen, answered: "I will accept no charge but that of taking you to execution." This execrable wretch, having been condemned to death on the 9th Thermidor, stabbed himself in five places with a knife, and died in the prison of the Bicêtre.

Page 270, line 27.

Louvet de Couvray (Jean-Baptiste), advocate, a man of letters, and author of the scandalous work, Faublas. From the beginning of the Revolution he embraced with ardour the popular side, and appeared in 1791, at the bar of the Legislative Assembly, to urge a decree of accusation against the French emigrant Princes. Nominated in September 1792 deputy of the department of Loiret, to the National Convention, he attached himself to the Girondin party, and voted, on the trial, for the death of Louis XVI. Nevertheless he opposed the mountain faction with great courage, which occasioned him a long banishment. Having returned to France and to the Convention, he became the apologist of the brigands, whom he had formerly combated. He left the council of five hundred in May 1797, and died at Paris on the 25th of August following.

Page 280, line 8.

Tronchet, advocate to the Parliament of Paris, was looked up to before the Revolution as one of the brightest luminaries at the bar, and was the object of universal esteem. In 1789 he was made deputy of the Tiers-Etat of Paris to the Etats-Généraux, and obtained but little influence in the National Assembly on account of his moderation; but had considerable labour in the committees. In June 1761, he was one of the three commissioners deputed to received the declarations of the Royal Family on their return from Varennes. When the King's trial was begun, his Majesty chose M. Tronchet to be one of his council. He acquitted himself on this occasion with all the zeal the situation of his unfortunate client inspired. He presided in the Council of Ancients towards the end of November 1796, where he was conspicuous for his moderation. In April 1800 he was appointed a member of the tribunal of Cassation; he died sometime after, having been raised to the presidency of that body.

Page 280, line 15.

Malesherbes (Chretien-Guillaume de Lamoignon de),

formerly minister of state, and *ci-devant* president of the Court of Aids in Paris. This venerable man, who had been long distinguished for his virtues, his genius, his talents, and his humanity, having been twice minister to Louis XVI, proved his attachment to him to the very last moment. He wrote on the 11th of December 1792, to the president of the Convention to offer his services to the King as counsel and advocate. Robespierre and his accomplices could not forgive him for having publicly presumed to lament their victim; and he was soon sent in his turn to the scaffold. His whole family suffered either with him, before, or after him: his sister, his daughter, and his son-in-law, as well as his granddaughter and her husband. During his trial he composed a memoir in justification of his conduct displaying much greatness of mind, but which formed one of the grounds of his condemnation, because he gloried in sentiments and actions which were now considered criminal. One of these was having possessed the esteem and friendship of Louis XVI. In notes which he has left on the death of this Prince is the following passage, invaluable to history: "M. Thurgot and myself were very honest, well informed men, and passionately devoted to virtue; who would not suppose but that we were well chosen? Nevertheless we were bad ministers; knowing men but by books only, and having no capacity for business, we left the King to be directed by M. de Maurepas, who united all his own imbecility to the irresolution of his pupil; and without intending or foreseeing it, we have contributed to the Revolution." On the 22d of April 1794 he was condemned to die by the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris.

Page 285, line 7.

Deseze, advocate to the Parliament of Paris. He was the official defender of M. de Besenval in 1789, and the King of Poland in 1790, sent him a gold medal, in testimony of his admiration for having so courageously defended the cause of this respectable officer, who was his Majesty's relation. Deseze, with M. Tronchet and M. de Malesherbes, performed the same office for Louis the XVI. and it was he who read the King's defence before the

Convention. He survived the Reign of Terror; and has frequently, though often ineffectually, stood forth as the champion of persecuted innocence.

Page 287, line 10.

CHAMBON (AUBIN BIGORE), treasurer of France, deputy of the Corrèze to the National Convention. He was a member of the Committee of Public Safety in January 1793; he voted for the death of the King on the express condition that the sentence should be ratified by the people, and used every exertion to obtain a respite until the primary assemblies should pronounce as a last resource. He was of the Girondin party, and involved in their fall on the 31st of May. He concealed himself in his department, and was killed in November defending himself against those who attempted to arrest him.

Page 295, line 15.

MAILHE (JEAN), a lawyer, and procureur-syndic of the department of the Haute-Garonne, deputy of this department to the Legislature, and afterwards to the Convention, where he generally sat among the Jacobins. It was he who wrote the report on the accusation brought against the King, and who proposed the plan which formed the basis of the debate which took place against Louis XVI. At the *appel nominal* on the punishment to be afflicted, Mailhe thus prefaced his vote: *According to the opinion I have already expressed, my vote is for death; but I shall make a simple observation. If the majority be for death, I think it will be worthy of the Convention to examine whether it may not be useful to retard the execution. But resuming the question, I vote for death.* Becoming a member of the Five Hundred he was included in the proscription of the 4th of September, 5th year; contriving to get his sentence changed to transportation, he went by an order from the Directory to Oléron in January 1799, and was recalled in January 1800, by the existing government. His office is that of advocate to the Tribunal of Cassation.

Page 302, line 20.

GARAT, Junior, a man of letters, and professor of history at the Lyceum of Paris, deputy of the Tiers-Etat of Labour to the States-General of 1789. He opposed the granting the unconditional veto to the King, and the power of making war or peace. Brissot, Rabaut, and Condorcet, made him minister of justice, on the 9th of October 1792, and he evinced his gratitude, by assisting to bring them to the scaffold, as well as others whose best friend he called himself. Prudhomme styles him *the officious apologist of every crime*, particularly *of the massacres of September*. He proclaimed this axiom, *that to Paris belonged the privilege of initiating in rebellion*. He was deputed to announce to the King his Majesty's condemnation, and acquitted himself with the most insulting indifference, though all the other members, and even Hébert himself, could not hear the decrees read without emotion. In 1799 he became a member of the Senat-Conservateur; and sits in the National Institution in the Class of Metaphysic.

Page 303, line 18.

EDGWORTH DE FERMONT, a French priest of Irish origin. He was chosen by Louis to confess him: he accompanied him to the scaffold; and afterwards retired into Germany where he received the most flattering reception from Louis XVIII. He died at Mittau of the effects of a disease contracted by devoting himself to the service of the French prisoners.

Page 325, line 13.

MAURE, deputy of the department of the Yonne to the National Convention, where he voted for the King's death, regretting that Louis had not a thousand lives that he might be obliged to quit them all. Being the friend of Marat and Robespierre, he participated in all the crimes of the Terrorists. Having been frequently accused, he was again denounced on the 4th of June 1795 by the Commune of Auxerre, imputing to him every species of crime and exaction. Amongst others things he was charged with having celebrated *a feast of terror*; and he blew his brains out, to

evade the decree of accusation that menaced him. He had been an officer before the Revolution.

Page 325, line 13.

DUMONT (ANDRE), deputy of the department of the Somme to the Convention, and afterwards to the Council of Five Hundred. He voted for the death of Louis XVI. and long rivaled in cruelty, Carrier, Lebon, &c. &c. On the 9th of September 1793, alone he had two hundred persons thrown into prison, of whom sixty-four were priests. He informed the Convention of this transaction thus: *I have had these five dozen animals, and black beasts, tied together, two by two; I exposed them to public derision under the care of a company of comedians, and afterwards incarcerated them.* This report concluded with insult to the memory of Louis XVI. whom he called *Louis the Shortened.* He left the Council of Five Hundred in May 1797, after appearing to lament his Republican disorders.

Page 337, line 20.

FOUQUIER TINVILLE (ANTOINE QUENTIN), the son of a farmer of Héronelle, in the department of Aisne. He was at first procurator to the Châtelet. Having squandered his patrimony, and the profits of his office, he became a bankrupt. He was afterwards employed as a clerk in the police department.

Being appointed juryman in 1793 at the Revolutionary Tribunal, he was noticed by Robespierre, who deemed him a proper object to fill the office of public accuser in his tribunal, and he worthily answered the confidence placed in him by such a patron. Being accused, some time after the ruin of the Mountain party, he endeavoured to justify himself by criminating Robespierre; but the Tribunal of Paris condemned him to death on the 17th of April, third year of the Republic, for having caused the death of thousands, of both sexes, and of all ages under the pretext of their being conspirators; for having caused the condemnation of from sixty to eighty individuals in four hours; of having loaded carriages, previously prepared for the purpose, with the victims, whose very conditions were not defined, and against whom the

judgments being signed in blank, could have no authority: of having composed the jury of his own creatures, &c. &c. Volumes might be filled with the crimes of this monster: we shall confine ourselves to a few striking facts. A man whose name was Morin was brought to trial: the public accuser said, "Morin that is here present, is not the man cited in the act of accusation; but I accuse this man of having hid his plate, which I seized." And Morin was guillotined. M. de Gamache was brought before him; the doorkeeper observed that he was not the accused person. *No matter*, said Fouquier, *go on, bring him in nevertheless.* Directly after the real Gamache was introduced, and both are at once tried and guillotined. An agent of the government expressing, on some occasion, his fears to Fouquier, he replied: *patriot or not, if Robespierre wills it, you yourself shall come here, and I will make you ascend my little steps; when Robespierre points out any one to me, he must go.*—A considerable number of these victims going one day to the scaffold, Fouquier who had not been present at their trial, meeting the jurymen, asked them upon what crime they had pronounced,—*we know nothing about it*, replied they, *but you have only to run after the condemned and inquire:* then all bursting into a laugh added, *there are so many the less.* Fouquier often united irony to cruelty. Madame de Noailles deaf, blind, and in her dotage, being brought before the tribunal, did not answer any of the president's questions; it being observed by a person present that she was deaf and blind: *no matter*, said Fouquier, *she has conspired without noise.* An old man, who e tongue was paralized, in like manner not answering his questions, the monster was informed of the cause, and cried, *'tis not the tongue, 'tis the head we want.* Even the downfall of Robespierre did not abate his thirst of blood. On the 27th of July 1794 he condemned, and caused to be executed forty-two persons. It having been observed to him that the arrest of Robespierre ought to occasion some change, he answered, *no matter, justice must have its course.*

Page 353, line 21.

HERMANN (ARMAND-MARTIAL-JOSEPH), aged 36 years, was

born at St. Pol in the department of Pas-de-Calais. He was president of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and condemned to death on the 17th of April, 3d year, by the Tribunal of Paris, as the accomplice of Fouquier-Tinville. He was arrested as far back as 29th of July 1794, as the agent of Robespierre.

He presided at the Revolutionary Tribunal when he condemned the Queen to death. He was very frequently employed to revise the lists of the supposed conspirators in the prisons. He had filled for a very short time in April 1794, the situation of minister of the interior and for foreign affairs.

Page 358, line 16.

TRONÇON DUCOUDRAY, an advocate to the parliament of Paris, one of the Queen of France's official defenders. Immediately after her execution he was arrested, but after undergoing an examination, which proved he had learned nothing particular from Maria-Antoinetta, he was liberated. Having made a speech some days before the 18th Fructidor, in which he attributed to the executive power the troubles that then divided the government, he was included in the proscription of the 4th of September, and transported to Cayenne where he died on the 22d of June 1798. He was a native of Rheims, and 45 years of age.

Page 367, line 2.

BILLAUD-VARENNES, advocate and ex-oratorian. In 1792 he was deputy to the procurator of the Commune of Paris, and became one of the instigators of the massacres of September. Prudhomme asserts in his *History of Crimes*, that in a conference which took place to plan the dreadful executions of that day, some one present observed, they would be at a loss to find a sufficient number of *Cut-Throats*: Billaud replied with fire, *I will find them!* And in fact having gone to the Abbaye while the murders were perpetrating, he encouraged the assassins, saying:—*by destroying your greatest enemies, you will do your duty!* When the Committee had resolved to retain the effects of the victims, which had been claimed by the murderers, Billaud addressed them thus:

respectable citizens! you have deserved well of your country; the Municipality do not know how to recompence you; and is now considering of your reward; meanwhile you will each receive twenty-four livres: go on, my brave lads, don't relax, &c. &c. On presenting one of these monsters to the Commune; *Here,* said he, *is one of these brave fellows to whom France owes eternal gratitude.* In the same month he was appointed deputy of the department of Paris to the National Convention, where he voted for the death of Louis XVI, after having opposed the granting him counsel. Finding that the trial proceeded too slowly, he proposed to destroy the bust of Brutus which was placed in the Hall; saying, *that illustrious Roman did not pause at the destruction of a tyrant, and the Convention defers the justice of the nation against a King.* After the downfall of Robespierre, Billaud was denounced, decreed in accusation and sentenced to be transported to French Guiane on the first of April 1795. He died after living six years in the desert of Sinamary.

Page 377, line 10.

PICHEGRU was born in 1761, at Arbois in Franche-Comté; he went through a course of philosophy, in the convent of the Minimes of his native town, by whom he was sent to the military college at Brienne to teach mathematics. If he owed his rapid advancement to the Revolution, he was indebted for his fame to talents and to virtues worthy of a better cause. He could be modest amidst the most brilliant triumphs; and had courage to be humane among the revolutionary tigers.

His eagerness to accept the proposition made to him to adopt the Bourbon cause, proves that he had never embraced, or at least had long abjured, the doctrines of the Revolution. He fell whilst preparing an enterprise at Paris, the intent of which was to restore the Royal Family of France.

NOTES

AND

HISTORICAL ELUCIDATIONS.

AS the benevolence of Louis XVI. and Maria-Antoinetta is here particularly in question, I shall take the liberty of stating, without observing the order of time, two circumstances, proving how habitual and pleasing the exercise of this virtue was to them; and how frequently they were rewarded by the blackest ingratitude.

The Ingratitude of the Inhabitants of Fontainbleau, Moret, and Tomery.

In 1790 the situation of the King did not permit him to visit Fontainbleau, and he gave up the pleasure of going there to hunt as usual with greater reluctance lest the quantity of game should become destructive to the country. Complaints to this effect were made to him by the inhabitants of several villages. The King in consequence ordered M. Antoine de Beauterne, one of his Majesty's gun-bearers, with the assistance of the officers of the chace and the gamekeepers to kill three-fourths of every kind of game, and to distribute them gratuitously not only in the town of Fontainbleau but in all the villages within ten leagues round.

The Queen eagerly availed herself of this opportunity to exercise her benevolence; and to render this act of beneficence more remarkable she gave 4000 livres from herself to M. de Beauterne, and obtained 5000 more from the King; which sums were distributed to the poor inhabitants of these places, by an officer of the household, whom their Majesties honoured with their confidence.*

* M. Hue, doorkeeper of the King's chamber; housekeeper and resident at Fontainbleau: the same person to whom their

This good and generous act made but little impression on the ungrateful hearts of the people of Fontainbleau and the two villages; for, on the third day after they had partaken in the distribution of the bounties of their Sovereigns, they rose, pursued the mayor of the town, because he was a royalist, and demolished the meat shambles because they belonged to him. This brave man fled in disguise: and they continued to vent their rage and execrations against the court.

The Queen's Manner of disposing of her Savings.

It would be impossible to relate all the acts of benevolence lavished by Maria-Antoinetta upon every class of the indigent, particularly on the unfortunate prisoners of the Capital. Every period of her life was marked by considerable deeds of charity; and she monthly appropriated to this purpose four-fifths of the sum allowed her for her personal expenses. The King had fixed that sum to 20,000 livres which was payed every month to the Queen by the treasurer-general. About 2,000 were spent in purchasing the articles necessary for the work Madame Royale took so much delight in, and to which she applied with so pleasing an interest! The poor were clothed by her hands, by her industrious and charitable exertions.

The surplus of her money was regularly distributed by Maria-Antoinetta in pensions or occasional aids. But those who enjoyed her bounty and her pensions were not the more grateful. Distracted by the principles of the Revolution or excited by the factious, these people would claim as a right her Majesty's donations, and with the greatest insolence present themselves at the Palace demanding those succours, when their source was exhausted: they even carried their insolence so far, that the hired National Guards, though the supports of the Revolution, would often drive them away with indignation.

Majesties gave the important place of first valet-de-chambre to the Dauphin (Louis XVII.) and who had subsequently the honour of serving the King in the Temple.

Page 109, line 7.

On the 10th of August in the Court of the Feuillans, I heard two chasseurs of the hired National Guards, relating to their comrades, with bursts of laughter: *qu'ils avoient fait descendre la garde à deux tambours Suisses*; which means, according to the Jacobin slang, as I afterwards understood from their explanation, that they had shot two unfortunate Swiss-drummers who were unarmed and begged for mercy from the top of the trees in which they had concealed themselves.

Page 109, line 16.

Passing through the rue Poissonnière, on the 11th of August at seven o'clock in the morning, I saw a young woman, who was urging her female friend to *walk faster, that they might have the pleasure of seeing the throats of the royalists cut, at the palace.*

Page 109, line 16.

On the 12th I heard, at a shopkeeper's in rue du Boulois, another young woman say, with the greatest satisfaction: that she had gone over the whole palace on the 10th, and that she recognised amongst the dead, priests and pages, &c. &c. That she was much amused, not knowing where to put her foot, there was so much blood, and such heaps of dead bodies.

Page 116, line 5.

The number of persons massacred on the 10th of August at the Palace and around it amounted to near 600. On the following day the people piled up the bodies in the Palace Courts and burned them with expressions of great joy; and on the third day more than 10,000 persons danced on the pavement imbrued with the blood spilt two nights before.

Page 154, line 6.

The massacre of the prisoners, which began on the 2d of September, had attracted; around the jails, thousands of spectators of both sexes and of all ages; who occasionally cheered the assassins

when they gave the last blow to their victims, or the few persons that were spared.

I was of the latter number: from the time the guards had twirled their hats on the points of their swords crying, *vive la Nation*, we were extravagantly cheered; the women seeing me in white silk stockings, stopt the two guards, between whom I was, and angrily said, *take care, don't you see, you make the gentleman walk in the kennel.* They were right, for the kennel was flowing with blood. The civility of these furies astonished me, as I had seen them, a few moments before, clap their hands with savage exultation on seeing the persons slaughtered who had gone before me.

Page 130, line 18.

The young Countess Pauline de Tourzel, the Countess of Soucy, the ladies Thibault, Terasse, le Moine, Bazire, de St. Brice, and Mademoiselle Ernestine Lambriquet, were spared on the 10th of August, through the presence of mind displayed by one of the Queen's first waiting women, who advanced towards the door to meet the assassins, saying aloud—*my brave people, will you not have pity on poor servants?* The murderers looking at each other, said—*the woman is right, we must save them: we swear to convey you home safe and sound:* and they did so. Not only, all the women belonging to the Palace were saved, but also M. le Monnier, the King's physician.

The manner M. Monnier escaped the massacres of that day deserves to be mentioned. When the Palace was attacked he was in his study, and had not dressed. Men, with their arms covered with blood, knocked loudly at his door, he opened it;—"*what are you doing here?*" said they, "*you are very tranquil!*" "I am at my post," replied the old man. "*What is your occupation here?*" "I am physician to the King."—"*And you are not afraid?*" "Why should I! I am unarmed: who would attack him that has no means of defence?" "*Thou art a good D——, and not safe here; men less reasonable than us may come and destroy you with the rest. Where do you wish to go?*" "To the Luxembourg." "*Come, follow us, and fear nothing.*" He

passed files of bayonets and pikes, &c. &c. "*Comrades*," they cried before him, "*let this man pass; he is the King's doctor: but he is not afraid; he is a good D——.*" He arrived safely at the Faubourg St. Germain.

Page 154, line 16.

When the federates and other assassins of the Faubourgs had emptied the prisons, a universal alarm prevailed in the sections, on hearing that the banditti, at the instance of the Jacobins, intended also to attack those whose names were to the petition which 20,000 citizens of Paris, 8,000 of St. Chapelle, and 2,000 members of the Club des Feuillans had signed, to implore the King to remove the Mayor of Paris, who had not done his duty on the insurrection of the 20th of June.

To prevent so shocking a plan the list that contained the signatures was burned; and every citizen was sworn to assist his neighbour at the risk of his own life. Notwithstanding these precautions, the only ones that could be imposed on the Jacobins and their satellites, on the 20th of the same month, the names of 30,000 of the signatures of the list which was supposed to have been burned, were printed and posted up on the corner of every street, but the author of this infamous and treacherous act remained unknown.

Page 156, line 2.

M. Crétu, a pensioner of the King, and grenadier of the Filles St. Thomas, slid behind the guard to offer me his services just as I was going to be confined in the chapel opposite the table of the president, before whom I was first examined. He met me again after my release from the Hôtel de la Force, endeavoured to obtain me a passport, and also to procure the restitution of my forty double-louis which remained in the custody of Collot d'Herbois, and proposed to go with me to the president for that purpose.

Collot received us with politeness, Crétu having been manager for the Count de la Montansier, in a company of provincial players to which the president, an actor of inferior talents, had belonged.

He informed us that the money we claimed had been deposited in the hands of a Commissary of my Section, who had orders at the same time to take the seals off my property. After much boasting on the important part he had to act, and on the superior talents he expected to display afterwards, he added: *that all that had passed since the 10th of August was nothing in comparison to what would take place; he bitterly complained at not having been consulted on the manner of informing the Queen of the death of the Princess de Lamballe.*

This monster, whether to rend my heart, or whether carried away by his jacobinical rage, paying no attention to me, related, with the satisfaction and coolness of a consummate villain, that, *this unfortunate Princess had been slaughtered on passing the wicket of the Hôtel de la Force; being delivered to the fishwomen, these abominable creatures made sashes of her entrails; and dragging the body naked through the principal streets of the city, finished, by watching the moment the Queen approached the window to lift the pike, and shew her the head of her friend.* He added, sighing with vexation, that, *had he been consulted, he would have served Madame de Lamballe's head under cover for the Queen's supper.*— I was without arms—my knees gave way, I shuddered with indignation and with horror. Crétu, perceiving my situation, and the new danger I was near incurring, took me under the arm, and assisted me to leave that infernal house.

Page 195, line 17.

Benevolence of the Archduchess Maria-Christine and Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen.

On the 8th of October 1792, H. R. H. Maria-Christine, to whom I had had the honour of paying my court, when she was staying at Versailles, and the Duke of Saxe-Teschen, informed of my misfortunes and of my conduct with regard to the Royal Family, set no limit to the presents they condescended to make me on my arrival at Brusselles; and had also the very great goodness to send their Treasurer to inform me that the Archduchess and the Duke had

granted me a provisional pension payable until my return into France, or until I should have a situation equivalent to it in my own country; adding, on the part of their Royal Highnesses, that the pension should be paid in whatever country I should chuse for my residence.

Grateful for so many acts of goodness, I feel unable to render them the homage due to them. Grief broke their generous hearts. The misfortunes of the house of Austria hastened the death of the Archduchess, and my second benefactress has dropped into an early grave. Nature and fortune had withheld nothing from her but a throne, which she would have dignified by her virtues and her exalted sentiments. I have a difficulty in restraining myself here from expressing my wishes and my prayers, for the preservation of the illustrious Prince who made her happy, and who, not satisfied with having raised a magnificent Mausoleum to her memory, perpetuates it still better by imitating her benevolence.

Page 199, line 21.

The general interest felt for the unfortunate Royal Family gives a value to every thing regarding the few effects that remained in their hands.

When Louis XVI. was in the box of the Logographe, the Assembly decreed that it should consider of what allowance was to be granted to the deposed King. But this decree had been forgotten. The Monarch had no money, and the Queen was in the same state: as she left the hall some persons slipt twenty-four louis into her hand. During her captivity she refrained from touching this money; she preserved it as a trust, and hid it so carefully, that it escaped every search made by the jailors. Nor was it until the moment she was going to die that it was discovered; she then told from whom she had it: it is not known whether this sum was restored to the person to whom her Majesty requested it should be delivered. The Queen had had also in her possession a pocket-book, furnished with scissars, needles, silk, and thread; a small looking-glass; two small papers with the hair of the King, and of her children living and dead; a ring with the hair of her children

and her consort; and miniatures of the Princess de Lamballe, the Duchess of Mecklembourg, and the Princess of Hesse, with whom she had been brought up at Vienna, and whose remembrance she loved to cherish.

Page 200, line 2.

M. de Choiseul, de Briges, d'Aubier, de Poix, and M. de Goguelas, would not quit the King, and remained with him whilst he and his family remained under the protection of the Assembly. At meals they stood and waited. But the people having murmured against them and called for their punishment as traitors, induced the committee of inspection to remove them. When the member, Calon, came to inform the King of it, he said: "am I then in prison? Charles the first was more happy than me, he retained his friends around him to the scaffold."

Louis informed these faithful royalists that they must part: "I desire, gentlemen, to see you out of danger." This separation was most affecting. The King, with tears in his eyes, presented the Dauphin to them, whom they all embraced. "We only now begin to feel the horror of our situation, which your kindness and attachment had softened and prevented our feeling,"—said her Majesty.

On coming to the Assembly the Royal Family had neither money nor clothes: these gentlemen knew it, and laid on the table all the money they had about them. M. Aubier, afraid of being refused, threw fifty louis on the table, and ran away. The Queen perceiving their intention, said, "gentlemen, keep your pocket-books, you want them more than we do; you have, I trust, longer to live!"

Page 201, line 23.

Six days after the Royal Family were in the Temple, every one who accompanied them at first was removed; Madame de Lamballe, Madame and Mademoiselle de Tourzel, the ladies Thibaut, Bazire, Navarre and St. Brice. M. Hue remained a few days longer, but he too was taken away and arrested on the 2d of Sep-

tember, as guilty of the crime of having discovered too much feeling for his master's sufferings. When M. Cléry entered the prison, the Queen and the Princesses asked him if he could comb their hair, as they had been eight days without their female attendants, and almost without clothes, and without any description of servants.

During the dreadful days, and still more dreadful nights, of the 2d, 3d, and 4th September, the august prisoners were in the greatest alarm; the frequent noise of drums, the howls of the mob; the abuse and insults of the most violent, which some times reached the Queen's ear; the gloomy and savage looks of the Municipal officers; the arrest of M. Huc who was torn away before the King's face; the expression of one of the commissioners who had dared to speak to him of the people's rage; the victories of the King of Prussia, and the responsability of his situation; the refusal of permission to the family to go down to the garden; the disturbed manner of the jailors; the intimation of approaching danger which escaped from Manuel;—all gave rise to the most dreadful ideas, and continually increasing shocking conjectures.

On the 3d of September, as the Royal Family rose from table, a Municipal officer, with the most brutal inhumanity, told the Queen that the Princess de Lamballe had been massacred and that in an instant she might see her head.....The Queen fainted, and did not perfectly recover till she had taken refuge with her family in Madame Elizabeth's chamber, where the cries of the cannibals were less distinctly heard, and where the Royal Family staid the whole day to mourn that shocking event.

In fact about two o'clock, it was expected that the gate of the Temple would be forced open, and that the wretches who bore the head of Madame de Lamballe would rush in to present it to the Queen.

Page 215, line 18.

I must not reject the painful task of recording here several circumstances little known, accompanying and following the lamentable end of the Queen's most dear and worthy friend.

Three letters which had been found in Madame de Lamballe's cap on her first interrogatory, made her death almost certain; one of these letters was from the Queen.

This fact, though no mention be made of it in any of the memoirs of the time, has been certified by an officer of the Duke de Penthièvre's household, who had, by the order of that Prince, followed Madame de Lamballe to the Hôtel de Ville. He heard these unfortunate letters denounced by a commissioner, who had been eight years in the service of the Princess, and receiving her benefactions.

On hearing of these events, the Duke de Penthièvre wrote the following note to one of his agents.

"I request, my dear de * * *, should any misfortune befall my daughter-in-law, that you will follow the body every where, and obtain interment for it in the nearest burying-ground, till an opportunity occurs of removing it to Dreux."

The agent sent for an officer belonging to the Prince's household, communicated to him his highness's note, adding, "I charge you, Sir, to fulfil the wishes of the Duke." This happened on the first of September, and at that time there existed a considerable tumult. M. de * * * sent for three men, two of whom belonged to the Prince, and the third to his daughter-in-law, made them assume a dress by which means they might pass unnoticed by the brigands, who were already proceeding to the prisons, gave them a considerable sum in assignats, and ordered them to spare neither trouble or expense to accomplish the intentions of their master, should they be so unfortunate as not to succeed in saving the Princess.

Having escaped the second of September, her friends began to have some hope: but they learned on the third that the massacres still continued; and M. de * * * was soon informed that the Queen's friend was no more, and that the blood-thirsty wretches seemed resolved to glut their infernal rage on her palpitating remains. The three faithful servants, surmounting the horror the cannibals inspired, mixed amongst them, to watch an opportunity of carrying away the body of the ill-fated Princess. The monsters had first determined to take it to the Hôtel Toulouse. The Prince's

officers being told of this plan shuddered at the very idea; they would not however oppose it, the lobbies were opened, and with trembling limbs they waited in expectation of the dreadful train, which had already proceeded as far as the rue de Cléry, when one man, struck with the shocking effect such a spectacle must have on the Prince's people, were they compelled to behold it, asked Charlat, who carried the head, where he was going? *To make this..... kiss her fine furniture.* "You are mistaken, this is not her house, she does not live here,—but at the Hôtel Louvois or at the Thuilleries." In fact the Princess's stables were in the rue de Richelieu, and she had besides apartments in the palace; though her actual residence was at the Hôtel Toulouse. But happily the brigands believed this considerate man, who thus spared the faithful household of the Prince so mournful a sight. This horde of barbarians did not stop, but proceeded to the Thuilleries; they were not admitted; and returning to the corner of the street des Balets, in the faubourg St. Antoine, opposite the Notaire, they entered a public house. Here the Prince's emissaries thought to obtain the mangled corpse, but the savages took it away, and threw it on a heap of carcases near the Châtelet. The Duke de Penthièvre's people flattered themselves they should easily find it amongst the heap; and they at this time endeavoured only to obtain the head.

Her fine hair still adorned her head, when these monsters took the resolution of parading the remains of the unfortunate Princess through places in which she no longer existed; thinking, in their inhuman delirium, that the insensible members of their victim, could feel these outrages and indignities. As the head passed the gate of la Force, a wig-maker darted forward, and with inimitable dexterity cut off the hair.

This action afflicted the Duke's agents, knowing that he would have sacrificed much to preserve the Princess's hair; however they seized on what was left; and after having intoxicated Charlat, they prevailed on him to set down the pike at the door of a public house, into which two of them accompanied him. One of them, whose name was P....., availed himself, it is said, of this moment to tear the head from off the pike, and putting it into a napkin, which

he had purposely provided, he informed his companions of it, and they went together to the Section of Popincourt, where declaring that he had a head in the cloth which he wished to deposit in the burying-ground of the Hospital of the Quinze-Vingts, he said he would come next day with two others of his comrades to take it away, and would give a hundred crowns in silver, to the poor of the Section.

They gave an account to M. de * * * of what they had done; he advised them to go very early next morning to the Section; meanwhile he made dispositions to recover the body.

The remains of the victims had been placed in a house that was in ruins. M. de * * * spared no expence or trouble to find the body of Madame de Lamballe, but could not succeed, and the ruins were searched in vain. M. de * * * seeing that the men he had employed did not return, began to suspect their fidelity, for he had given them what money they had asked for, when a messenger came to inform him, that the three men had been arrested under suspicion of having assassinated the Princess de Lamballe.

M. de * * *, without losing time, ran to the Section, and explained the matter so satisfactorily, that the commissioners of the Section, not only set the prisoners free, but authorized them to take away the head of Madame de Lamballe. M. de * * * took a plumber to the burying-ground of the Quinze-Vingts, who placed in a leaden box all that could be obtained of these precious relics. He had them conveyed to Dreux, where they were placed in the family vault.

Page 228, line 18.

Having imposed on myself the rigorous duty of not inserting in this work, dedicated to virtue and misfortune by gratitude and truth, any but authentic and incontrovertible facts, I cannot state as certain, what has been, nevertheless, rumoured abroad with some colouring of truth; of a communication having existed between the famous Manuel and the Royal Family, but particularly the Queen, during her residence in the Temple.

I can however affirm, that what has been said on this head is

not totally destitute of probability. The following are fragments, supposed authentic, of some letters which the Queen had written to Manuel.

" The tigers have destroyed the only friend that remained to me. And you did not inform me of these horrors. Are you united with them to deceive me?.....I shall know if you are unfaithful. Forward the enclosed letter. I shall expect you will convey me an answer to it to-morrow."

It is asserted that on hearing of the massacres of the prisoners of Orleans, she wrote to him:

" What new crimes have I just heard of? Still massacres! I was too distant to hear the names of the victims. I command you to send me a list of them."

Yes, doubtless, this is the stile in which it is possible Maria Antoinetta might have written to Manuel. These lines breathe the consciousness of her dignity, displaying a soul always superior to fortune! This is the language of majesty addressing a repentant rebel, of virtue speaking to remorse, of true and noble pride, which commands, even while it solicits!

Page 242, line 20.

The Commissaries sent by the Commune to superintend the Temple were not all equally barbarous; and there is even reason to suppose, that zeal occasionally induced some to solicit the honour of being employed in the Temple.

One day the Family having roast pigeons for dinner, the Queen observed that they would be very good with lemon-juice, the commissioner in waiting instantly went out, and returned with some lemons: the Queen thanked him with a look.

The evening of the same day, the workmen in the gardens sung obscene songs under the windows of the Royal Family; this man had the courage to say, *Why do you not sing something else, and respect misfortune?* The Queen thanked him again saying, *Our misfortunes would be more supportable if all your brethren were like you.*

Another commissioner being present at a geographical lesson the

King gave his son, he asked him where was Luneville situated?—*In Asia*, the young prince playfully replied; *What*, said the commissioner, *do you know no more than that of a place where your ancestors have reigned!*

What, *Sir*, said the Queen with quickness, at the same time approaching him, *are you of Lorrain?* He made a sign to her not to expose him; she said no more, but gave him a look full of kindness.

Page 259, line 23.

A deputy, after the 9th Thermidor, dared to reproach the Committee of Public Safety, of having permitted ineffectual crimes, and of having forgotten that the son of the tyrant still lived. Louis XVII. died in a few days after.

I cannot resist the gratification of transcribing some verses on this occasion, that will ever be remembered by persons of feeling, and which are capable of exciting universal pity for such heart-rending misfortunes.

" ..... Seul au fond de sa tour, sous l'œil de ses tyrans,
" Un fils respire encore: il n'a, pour sa défense,
" Que ses traits enchanteurs, et que son innocence.
" Contre tant de foiblesse, a-t-on tant de courroux?
" Cruels! Il n'a rien fait, n'a rien pu contre vous.
" Veille sur lui, Grand Dieu! protecteur de sa cause,
" Dieu puissant! C'est sur lui que notre espoir repose.
" Accueille ses soupirs, de toi seul entendus,
" Qu'ils montent vers ce Ciel, hélas! qu'il ne voit plus.
" Tu connois ses dangers, et tu vois sa foiblesse;
" Ses parens ne sont plus, son peuple le délaisse:
" Que peuvent pour ses jours ses timides amis?
" Les assassins du père environnent le fils:
" Sa ruine est jurée. A peine leur furie
" Lui laisse arriver l'air, aliment de la vie.
" Son courage naissant et ses jeunes vertus.....
" Par le vent du malheur languissent abattus.

" Leurs horribles conseils, et leur doctrine infâme,
" En attendant son corps, empoisonnent son âme.
" Déjà même, déjà de sa triste prison
" La longue solitude a troublé sa raison.
" Quoi n'étoit-il donc plus d'espoir pour sa jeunesse ?
" De l'amour maternel l'ingénieuse adresse,
" Le zèle, le devoir, pour défendre ses jours,
" Etoient-ils sans courage, étoient-ils sans secours ?
" Abner sauva Joas ; sous l'œil même d'Ulysse,
" Un faux Astyanax fut conduit au supplice.
" Mais quoi ! pour remplacer cet enfant plein d'attraits,
" Quel visage enchanteur eût imité ses traits ?
" L'œil le moins soupçonneux eût percé le mystère,
" Et la beauté du fils auroit trahi la mère. "
" Aujourd'hui plus d'amis, de sujets, de vengeur ;
" Chaque jour dans son sein verse un poison rongeur.
" Quelles mains ont hâté son atteinte funeste ?
" Le monde apprit sa fin, la tombe sait le reste.
" Ah ! malheureux enfant, ah ! Prince infortuné,
" Sous quelque chaume obscur, pourquoi n'est-tu pas né ?
" Pleurez, François, pleurez tant de maux et de charmes ;
" Il eût tari vos pleurs, ayant versé des larmes :
" Victime d'un long trouble, il eût aimé la paix."

" A son still breathes, beneath his tyrants' eye,
" In gloom immur'd, he heaves the languid sigh.
" Infantine charms, and innocence divine,
" Are no protection from the blood-stain'd shrine ;
" And yet no other shield or power had he,
" How then, barbarians, could he injure ye ?
" Inhuman monsters ! why this rage malign !
" Why torturing weakness, cruelty refine ?
" Protect him heaven ! his sacred rights defend,
" With him our hopes, our expectations end.
" Omniscient Being ! hear his rending sighs,
" His soft low murmurs and his plaintive cries.

" Bereft of father, mother, all but thee,
" Alas how dreadful his sad destiny!
" Forsaken object of the people's hate,
" Can timid friendship hope t'avert thy fate?
" When round the son, the sire's assassins press,
" His doom is fix'd, his fate without redress.
" Life's first, and chief support, the balmy air,
" Insatiate fury gives not him to share,
" Nipt in the bud by sorrow's blighting wind,
" His op'ning virtues and angelic mind
" Languishing fall: demoniac advice,
" Hell's darkest councils taint his soul with vice.
" Ah now, e'en now, by gloomy horrors rack'd,
" The tender fibres of his brain are crack'd.
" Were there no hopes, no efforts made to save
" The mother's beauteous offspring from the grave?
" Where was their zeal, and where their duty flown?
" Had they no valour, were they quite o'erthrown?
" Abner saved Joas, Ulysses' piercing eye,
" In fancy saw, an Astyanax die.
" Hard task indeed thy beauty to replace,
" What lovely form could emulate thy face?
" Thy beauty would thy mother's charms betray,
" And to the world the honest craft display.
" But now when subjects, friends, and champions rise,
" Rank poisons daily rack him—and he dies.
" Whence the fell hand that durst the victim doom?
" He is no more—the rest's known to the tomb.
" Ill-fated Prince! unhappy child thy lot
" Had happier been, within some humble cot.
" Mourn, Frenchmen, mourn, his sorrows and his fate,
" Taught by misfortune he'd amend your state,
" Dried up your tears, have bade your sufferings cease,
" Discord's sad victim would have cherish'd peace."

I imagine my readers will feel an equal pleasure with myself in

perusing after my too imperfect description of the unexampled misfortunes I have had to describe, M. de Lille's verses on the Duchess d'Angoulême and Madame Elizabeth.

" Et toi, qui, parmi nous prolongeant ta misère,
" Ne vivois ici-bas que pour pleure un frère;
" D'un frère vertueux, ô digne et tendre sœur!
" Reçois de la pitié son tribut de douleur.
" Ah! si dans ses revers la beauté gémissante
" Porte au fond de nos cœurs sa plainte attend[illegible]nte,
" Combien de la vertu les droits sont plus puis[illegible]traits,
" Sa bonté la rend chère aux cœurs compâtissans;
" Pour son propre intérêt l'homme insensible l'aime,
" Et pleurer sur ses maux, c'est pleurer sur soi-même.
" Aussi, des attentats de ce siècle effréné,
" Ton trépas, ombre illustre! est le moins pardonné.
" O Dieux! et quel prétexte à ce forfait infâme?
" Ton nom étoit sans tache, aussi bien que ton âme;
" Ton cœur dans ce haut rang, formant d'humbles désirs,
" Eut les malheurs du trône et n'eut pas ses plaisirs.
" Seule, aux pieds de ton Dieu, gémissant sur un frère,
" Sur un malheureux fils, un plus malheureux père,
" Tu suppliois pour eux le maître des humains:
" Ce Ciel, où tu levois tes innocentes mains,
" Etoit moins pur que toi. Dieux! quels monstres barbares,
" Purent donc attenter à des vertus si rares?
" Ah! le Ciel t'envioit à ce séjour d'effroi,
" Va donc, va retrouver et ton frère et ton roi;
" Porte-lui cette fleur, gage de l'innocence,
" Emblême de tes mœurs, comme de ta naissance;
" Mêle sur ce beau front, où siége la candeur,
" Les roses du martyre, aux lys de la pudeur.
" Trop long-temps tu daignas, dans ce séjour funeste,
" Laisser des traits mortels à ton âme céleste:
" Pars, nos cœurs te suivront; pars, emporte les vœux
" Des peuples et des rois, de la terre et des cieux!"

" . . . . . .
" Mais je respire enfin ; le règne des forfaits
" Sans doute est achevé. De ce sang que j'adore,
" Moins à craindre pour eux, un enfant reste encore ;
" Elle a, sans rien prétendre au trône de nos rois,
" Les grâces de son frère, et n'en a pas les droits.
" Bénissons ses malheurs ; son sexe est sa défense ;
" Peut-être ils feront grâce à sa foible innocence.
" Déjà brille autour d'elle un plus pur horizon ;
" Mais que de pleurs encor vont baigner sa prison !
" Où ses parens sont-ils, qu'est devenu son frère ?
" Essuita-t-elle encor les larmes de sa mère ?
" Son père est-il vivant, conserve-t-il sa sœur ?
" Douter de leur destin est sa seule douceur.
" Aucun de ces doux noms n'arrive à son oreille ;
" Rien n'appaise sa crainte, hélas ! et tout l'éveille.
" Mais quel jour pur se glisse à travers ses barreaux ?
" Le Ciel veut-il s'absoudre en terminant ses maux ?
" Oui, l'heure est arrivée, un Dieu finit ses peines ;
" Et de ses belles mains je vois tomber ses chaînes.
" Fuis, ô fille des rois ! fuis ces scènes d'horreur,
" Vole aux champs maternels. Hélas ! notre terreur
" Ne peut t'offrir encor, sur ton morne passage,
" Qu'une pitié captive, et qu'un muet hommage ;
" Mais à peine échappée à ce séjour d'effroi,
" Les cœurs en liberté vont s'envoler vers toi.
" Tous plaindront du malheur l'image attendrissante,
" Ces traits décolorés, cette langueur touchante ;
" Et dans ces yeux, long-temps noyés dans les douleurs,
" Chercheront en pleurant la trace de tes pleurs.
" Et vous, qui, terminant sa triste incertitude,
" Devez de tous les coups lui porter le plus rude,
" Ah ! ménagez son âme, et de tout son malheur
" N'allez pas tout d'un coup accabler sa douleur ;
" Qu'elle implore le Ciel ; qu'elle invoque, en ses peines,
" Pour des maux plus qu'humains, des forces plus qu'humaines !

" Qu'on la mène aux autels, qu'on lui montre à-la-fois
" Son père à l'échafaud, et son Dieu sur la croix!
" Ce Dieu servit d'exemple au courage du père ;
" Tous deux dans ses malheurs ont soutenu la mère.
" Qu'elle soit digne d'eux en acceptant ses maux!
" Cependant de son deuil égoyez les tableaux ;
" Que les fleurs, les gazons, de ces tristes demeures,
" Lui fassent oublier les languissantes heures!
" Déjà les noirs chagrins semblent s'évanouir,
" Ses traits se ranimer, son front s'épanouir ;
" Ainsi, l'éclat douteux du crépuscule sombre
" Semble insensiblement se dégager de l'ombre,
" Et mêle, en colorant la vapeur qui s'enfuit,
" Les prémices du jour aux restes de la nuit!"

" O! thou whose sorrows fate prolong'd below,
" Doom'd to weep a virtuous brother's woe,
" A brother worthy purity like thine,
" Our tribute bear to pity's sacred shrine.
" If weeping loveliness our souls can move,
" Afflicted virtue stronger still must prove ;
" Thy virtues rare, if feeling minds adore,
" Thy woes, self love, will make the wretch deplore
" A death like thine, in this ensanguin'd age,
" Illustrious shade! inspires us most with rage.
" Spotless thy fame ; as pure as snow thy soul ;
" Heavens! what pretext urg'd a deed so foul?
" No wish ambitious thy meek spirit fir'd,
" In rank exalted yet by heav'n inspir'd :
" The cares of grandeur 'twas thy fate to bear,
" Unmingled with delights the lowly share.
" Before thy God in adoration bent,
" To mourn a brother and his fate lament ;
" The unhappy Son and Sire's misfortunes rise
" With thy pure vows as incense to the skies.

" Alas! could Heav'n the monstrous deed allow,
" Whilst all the virtues weeping bled below?
" Angelic spirit, flee this world of crimes,
" Go, meet thy brother in more blissful climes;
" Bear him this flow'r, fair pledge of purity,
" The emblem sweet of innocence and thee:
" Bind thy fair front, which beauties rare disclose,
" With lillies pure and martyrdom's-stain'd rose.
" Too long in this abode of grief and pain,
" As mortal, doth thy seraph soul remain.
" Depart, bear with thee ev'ry pray'r and sigh
" Of People, Princes, earth and powers on high.
" . . . . . .
" At length I breathe—the Reign of Terror o'er,
" A child exists, whose race I must adore;
" Without pretensions to the kingly throne,
" Her brother's beauties mingle with her own.
" Sacred her griefs! Her sex is her defence,
" Or are the tyrants aw'd by innocence?
" An air more fragrant now around her glows,
" Yet still her prison echoes loud her woes.
" Where's her lov'd brother, her fond parents, where?
" Shall she no more assuage a mother's care?
" These well lov'd names no more salute her ear,
" Doubtful she hopes, yet wishes scarce to hear;
" No rumours lay, but all increase her fear.
" How many days shall still in sorrow flow,
" Will heav'n in pity terminate her woe?
" Th' auspicious hour is come, her thraldom ends,
" From her white arm I see the chain descends.
" Haste, Royal Virgin, flee horrific scenes,
" In fields maternal peaceful concord reigns;
" To cheer thy way, accept a pitying tear,
" All we can now bestow, restrain'd by fear,
" Scarcely escap'd this horror-stricken land,
" When hearts unshackled fly to thy command;

" Lament the afflicting picture of thy woes,
" The pallid cheek which now no longer glows.
" From thy soft eyes, so long by tears distress'd,
" Weeping they trace the lines by care impress'd.
" With caution break the truth she now must know,
" Nor all at once her soul oppress with woe.
" Let her heaven invoke, her pious incense paid,
" Immortal sorrows claim immortal aid.
" Before the altar let her then be told
" Her parent's murder, and the cross behold!
" God's great example her Sire with courage fir'd,
" Whilst both, her mother's noble breast inspir'd.
" True to her birth, may she her griefs forego,
" And spite of mourning banish all her woe.
" Let pleasing meads and variegated flow'rs
" Dispel the thought of pain and gloomy hours.
" The vapouring mist, dispersing glad I view
" Her charms revive, her features brighten too;
" Thus the pale glimmer of the dim twilight
" Insensibly breaks through the shades of night;
" And as it tints the clouds dispersing wide,
" Night and morn rather mingle than divide."

Page 277, line 8.

Were I to go on with quotations I should never conclude: those of the highest interest presenting themselves to me without number: however I cannot but relate a report made on the 11th of December, by a Municipal officer whose want of feeling bordered on barbarity.

" Louis rose at seven o'clock, he had a long beard, he did not dress. At eight o'clock he heard the drum beat, and inquired what it was. I do not know, replied the Municipal officer.—I am not accustomed to hear it at this hour—Is it not the *générale?*—I do not know.—I hear the clattering of horses feet in the court.—I know nothing about it.

" He breakfasted with his family who were much agitated, and

alarmed at the noise that continued. An armed force was drawn up in the first court. Louis remained in a state of feigned * tranquillity; instead of giving his son a lesson in geography, they played at Siam together; the son could not get farther than sixteen: this is a very unfortunate number! said he....I thought so before, said the father.....And they played no more.—As the noise increased, continued the Municipal officer, I went up to him, and informed him that he was going to receive a visit from the Mayor.... Ah! so much the better.—I have to tell you that he will not speak to you in the presence of your son, he must go to his mother.... Come, my son, embrace me! *(in an under voice)* kiss your mother for me! .....

" As he passed through the garden he looked towards the Tower, his eyelash seemed moistened with a tear.....

" I went to Antoinetta's chamber, her sister and she appeared much agitated; her son had informed her that his father had seen the Mayor.....Your husband is at the bar of the Convention; be tranquil, said I to her.—Had you told us that before, she replied, you would have consoled us; we were grieved.....Louis returned to the Temple after the Mayor's departure.—Do you think I shall have a counsel?—Yes, if the Convention allow it.—I will see what the constitution says, he read: the constitution allows it. May I see my family?—I will consult the council. My colleague replaced me .....Order my dinner up, I am fasting.—Shall I see my family?—No, Sir, the Assembly must determine.—Shall I not even see my son?—I tell you you must have no communication with your family; your son would report to them.—Ah! my son, he is only seven years old; I am not allowed then to go to him, nor he to come to me!"

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* *Feigned!* the wretch thus dared to calumniate the conscience of the just! .....*Editor's note.*

Report made to the Commune of Paris, on the second Appearance of Louis XVI. at the National Convention.

27th. Every thing was perfectly calm yesterday, nevertheless this tranquillity was thought to be very deceitful.. When Louis passed the Boulevard, he was escorted by only a small number of troops who advanced at a quick pace in some disorder. The citizens on guard on the Boulevard, apprehended some resistance; suspicions became fears, the disordered march of the troops appeared to them a flight; they thought Louis had escaped the vigilance of his guards: the guns were already levelled to prevent the imagined insurrection. A perfect silence reigned throughout the numerous battalions armed to guard the King; and amongst the immense crowd of citizens assembled to contemplate the striking spectacle of a King torn from his throne, it was remarked that Louis had a more composed and less gloomy aspect than the last time he appeared at the bar; and he conversed familiarly with one of his counsel, who was with him in the carriage. It rained violently, and the wind being high, the ex-monarch desired the blinds to be put down; but this request was refused lest it should occasion some distrust in the spectators.

The recorder read, at the beginning of the sitting, the minutes of the second appearance of Louis at the Convention and thence to the Temple: the result of which was that neither obstacles nor dangers occurred on the way. On arriving at the Temple, the Municipal officers who accompanied the prisoner to the bar, delived him into the hands of the commissioners on service, received a certificate, and then retired.

After three minutes had been read, which did not appear to several of the members sufficiently in detail, nor to the tribunes whose curiosity was not satisfied, the recorder continued. The following is his report registered for the most part by himself.

" My account shall be brief. On arriving at the Temple, the Mayor, the procurator of the Commune, some commissioners on duty, the commander-in-chief, and myself, entered the Tower.

The prisoner was immediately informed that he must appear before the Convention. Louis instantly came down: it was then half past nine o'clock. He expressed some uneasiness with regard to the mode his counsel should be conveyed to the Convention; he said that yesterday they had asked the Commune to make some arrangement for this purpose. He was answered, "that his advocates would do as they pleased on this head, and that the council had decreed that there was no place there for them to deliberate in."

"Getting into the carriage he noticed the detachment of cavalry of the Ecole Militaire, the foundation of which he was unacquainted with. But on this occasion, as on every other, he evinced the greatest coolness and the most perfect tranquillity. This man must be fanatical, for it is impossible otherwise to account for his calmness amidst so many causes for fear.

"In the carriage, he took part in the conversation which was tolerably well supported on literary subjects, and particularly on some of the Latin authors. He delivered his opinions on all with great justness, and I thought he seemed anxious to display his learning.

"One of us having observed that he did not admire Seneca, because his love of riches was not consistent with his philosophy, and that his attempt to palliate in the Senate the crimes of Nero, was unpardonable. This reflection did not appear to affect Louis. Speaking of Livy, he said, He had amused himself in composing long harangues, which certainly were never pronounced but in the closet; for it is impossible that they could have been delivered by generals at the head of their armies. He said also, of the same author, that his style was very opposite to that of Tacitus.

"Arriving at the hall, where he was to stay until admitted to the Convention, he found his counsel there, with whom he retired into a corner, and they conversed apart.

"He did not wait long before he was conducted to the bar. Desèze opened the defence immediately. His exordium was ingenious. He continued in a very happy manner to throw a great portion of the charges against Louis on his ministers. But his justification of the private conduct of Louis was weak. His peroration did not

wont fire; but when in extolling his client he permitted himself to say "that Frenchmen were indebted to him for their liberty," a general murmur of disapprobation ran through the tribunes, which had till then heard him with great indulgence; at a pause three or four Royalists clapped their hands; but this did not take: no one joined them.

"Louis arose immediately, and said he had nothing to add to what the assembly had heard. *This is perhaps the last time I shall appear before you, gentlemen; I therefore declare, that I have never designedly spilled the blood of Frenchmen. The reproaches made me on this subject, I feel more poignantly than any other.*" The President told him he might retire; and he returned to the room he had waited in on his arrival.

"He was very busily employed about his advocate Desèze, who was very much heated. Louis himself asked whether there were no means of changing his linen, observing that he had spoken more than three hours.

"We got into the carriage, he was calm and serene as usual. On passing by the dépôt of the ci-devant French guards, he remarked with astonishment, the magnificent house that was built on that spot.

"As we proceeded, he said to me in a good-humoured way, having my hat on my head: "The last time you came you had "forgotten your hat, but you have been more careful to-day." This observation might have been made without any particular meaning; or perhaps recollecting his former prerogative, he wanted to give me to understand that, according to his system, I ought to be uncovered before him. Chaumette touched my elbow at this observation, probably making the same remark that I did.

"Speaking of the indisposition of the Procurator of the Commune, the conversation turned on the hospitals of Paris. He made some reflections on the expences of these houses. He said that it would be very beneficial to institute them in every section, by which the poor would be better attended and relieved. He asked Chaumette several questions—of what country he was? what were his occupations? he carried his curiosity so far as to enquire even into the details of his family."

"Having saluted several of my comrades as we passed; he enquired whether the persons I bowed to were of my section? No, they are members of the former Council-General, that I see with pleasure employed in preserving order. He then told me that there had been one amongst them who did not retain his situation long. He alluded to Meunier. "When employed at the Temple, said he, expressions of distress often escaped him on hearing the report of guns; he seemed much afraid." I answered that it was less the effect of fear, than surprise, to find that the decrees of the Council, which forbad firing in the street, was so ill-observed. "His death was very unfortunate," replied he. I know not how he obtains his information; but, as you see, he knows almost every thing relative to the members of the Council.

"He then took the Mayor's snuff-box; he asked him if the picture on it was his wife's. But before the Mayor could answer him, the conversation was interrupted by cries of *Shut the windows, shut the windows*. On this he said, "This is abominable."—"It is a measure of security that has been taken," replied Chaumette. The windows were forbidden to be opened. "I thought they cried *vive La Fayette*, but that would be folly."—Louis Capet no doubt reflected, at this moment, on the difference between the brilliant guard of La Fayette and that which escorted him, composed chiefly of Sans-Culottes.

"Here, citizens, are all the details in which I thought proper to enter, as they have appeared to interest you."

Several members requested permission to add some circumstances to this report. A violent opposition was manifested; but the tribunes having expressed, by their murmurs, an eager desire to hear them, it was decreed they should be heard.

The following fact will convince you, said the first who spoke, of the apathy and indifference of this man.

"When the members of the Vingt-un brought him the 406 papers relative to his trial, he received them as the Grand Seignior receives the accounts of the comptroller of his finances; and whilst they were reading them to him, he played with the snuff-box of Tronchet which lay upon the table. This snuff-box had, on one

side, the figure of *Aristocracy desiring a Counter-Revolution*; on the other was a figure arched with a cap of liberty, and this legend, *Democracy loves the Revolution.* Louis, on seeing this, said, "I should not have expected to find on the snuff-box of citizen Tronchet, a figure preaching a Counter-Revolution." "It is a figure of former date," said Tronchet, who was employed at the examination of the papers.

"This anecdote proves that the Abbé Lenfant has inculcated on his mind that his kingdom is not of this world, and that all he suffers is his purgatory, as no event disturbs him. Louis XVI. sees his three counsel every day; and the tranquillity of his mind is displayed on his countenance; he awaits his sentence with fortitude and resignation. Maria Antoinetta and his family appear more resigned, since they have been informed that his three counsel are almost always with him. The order of the day has been adopted on all these details."

Page 286, line 3.

LOUIS XVI. KING OF FRANCE, was born at Versailles on the 13th of August 1754, and crowned at Rheims on the 11th of June 1775. He was condemned to death by the National Convention on the 16th and 17th of January 1793, and was executed on the 21st of January at the *Place Louis XV.* then called *Révolution.* The opinion of France and of Europe is now decided with regard to this Monarch. I shall transcribe his will, which depicts his character better than a long dissertation, and rest satisfied with reminding my readers that this Prince, whose whole life was devoted to the welfare of his people, who abolished slavery, ameliorated the criminal code, suppressed the rack, &c. &c. was successively called *the Just, the Good, and the Father of his People,* by those who afterwards dragged him to the scaffold as a tyrant; an epithet which was never more improperly applied, than to this Monarch.

THE WILL OF LOUIS XVI.

In the name of the Holy Trinity, of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; on the 25th day of December 1792, I, Louis

XVI. King of France, having been more than four months immured with my family in the Tower of the Temple at Paris, by those who had been my subjects, and deprived of all communication whatsoever, even with my family, since the 11th of this month; involved moreover in a trial, the issue of which, from the passions of men, it is impossible to foresee, and for which there is neither pretence nor foundation in any existing law; having God only for the witness of my thoughts, and to whom I can address myself: I do hereby declare in his presence my last will, and the feelings of my heart.

I render my soul to God, my creator; beseeching him to receive it in his mercy, and not to judge it according to its own merits, but according to the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, who offered himself a sacrifice to God his Father, for us men, unworthy of it as we were, and I above all others.

I die in the union of our holy mother the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church, which holds its powers by an uninterrupted succession from St. Peter, to whom they were confided by Jesus Christ. I firmly believe, and acknowledge all that is contained in the creed and the commandments of God, and the Church, the sacraments and mysteries, such as the Catholic Church teaches and has ever taught them. I have never pretended to set myself up as a judge in the different modes of explaining the dogmas that rend the Church of Christ; but I have ever conformed and ever will conform, if God grant me life, to the decisions which the superior ecclesiastics, of the Holy Catholic Church have made, and shall make, conformably to the discipline of the Church adopted from the time of Jesus Christ. I grieve with all my heart for our brethren who may be in error, but I presume not to judge them, and I do not love them all the less in Jesus Christ, as we are taught to do by Christian charity.

I pray to God to forgive me all my sins. I have endeavoured scrupulously to know them, to detest them, and to humble myself in his presence. Not having it in my power to avail myself of the ministry of a Catholic priest, I pray to God to accept the confession

that I have made of them to him, especially my remorse for having put my name, though against my will, to instruments that may be contrary to the discipline and belief of the Catholic Church, to which I have always been sincerely united in heart. I pray to God to accept my firm resolution of taking the earliest opportunity, if he grant me life, to avail myself of the ministry of a Catholic priest, to confess all my sins, and receive the sacrament of penance.

I entreat all whom I may have offended inadvertently, (for I do not recollect having ever willingly given offence to any person) or to whom I may have given any bad example, or scandal, by my actions, to forgive the evil I may have done them.

I entreat all charitable persons to unite their prayers with mine, that I may obtain pardon of God for my sins.

I forgive, with all my heart, those who have become my enemies, without my having given them any cause; and I pray God to forgive them, as well as those who, through a false or misconceived zeal, have done me much evil.

I recommend to God my wife and my children, my sister and my aunts, my brothers, and all who are related to me by the ties of blood, or in any other manner whatsoever. I pray God more especially to look with mercy on my wife, my children, and my sister, who have been suffering a long time with me; to support them by his grace, if they lose me, and as long as they remain in this transitory world.

I recommend my children to my wife; I have never doubted her maternal love. I recommend to her above all, to make them good Christians, and to give them correct and virtuous principles. To make them look on the pomps of this world, if they are condemned to experience them, as a dangerous and perishable inheritance; and to turn their thoughts to the only solid and durable glory of eternity. I entreat my sister to continue her tenderness to my children, and to be to them a mother, should they have the misfortune to lose their own.

I entreat my wife to forgive me all the evils she suffers on my account, and whatever vexations I may have caused her in the course of our union; as she may be assured that I harbour nothing

against her, should she suppose there was any thing with which she might reproach herself.

I recommend most earnestly to my children, after what they owe to God, which they must always consider their most sacred duty, to continue united together, submissive and obedient to their mother, and grateful for all the cares and pains she takes for them, and in memory of me. I entreat of them to consider their aunt as a second mother.

I recommend to my son, if he should have the misfortune of becoming king, to reflect, that he ought to devote himself entirely to the happiness of his fellow citizens; that he ought to forget all hatred and resentment, and particularly in what relates to the misfortunes and vexations I have suffered; that he cannot promote the happiness of a nation but by reigning according to the laws; yet at the same time, that a king cannot make his commands respected, and do the good which his heart prompts, unless he be possessed of the necessary authority. For, otherwise, being fettered in his operations, and inspiring no respect, he is more injurious than useful.

I recommend to my son to take care of all who were attached to me, as far as circumstances may allow him: to recollect that it is a sacred debt I have contracted with the children or relations of those who have perished for me; and lastly, of those who are themselves suffering on my account. I know that there are several persons, formerly in my service, who have not conducted themselves towards me as they ought, and who have even shewn me ingratitude; but I forgive them. In times of tumult and effervescence we are not always masters of ourselves; and I entreat my son, if he should ever have an opportunity, that he will think only of their misfortunes.

I wish I could here express my gratitude to those who have evinced a true and disinterested attachment for me: on the one hand, if I have been keenly wounded by the ingratitude and disloyalty of people who have experienced from me nothing but bounty, either themselves, or in the persons of their relations, or friends; on the other hand, I have had the consolation of seeing

an attachment and concern, manifested for me by many, on whom I never bestowed a favour: I request they will accept my best thanks.

In the situation in which things still remain, I should be afraid of endangering them, were I more explicit; but I recommend it particularly to my son to seek occasions of showing his acknowledgment.

I think, however, that I should fix an indelible stain on the national character, if I hesitated openly to recommend to my son M. de Chamilly and M. Huë, whose sincere attachment to me, prompted them to shut themselves up with me, in this gloomy habitation, and who could have expected nothing less than becoming victims of that attachment.

I also recommend Cléry to him, with whose services, ever since he has been with me, I have had every reason to be satisfied. And as it is he who has remained with me to the last, I entreat the gentlemen of the Commune, to see that my cloathes, books, watch, and the other small articles which were deposited with the Council of the Commune, be delivered to him.

I also most freely forgive those, who have been placed over me as guards, the bad treatment and the restraint they thought it their duty to inflict upon me. I found some whose souls were tender and compassionate; may their hearts enjoy that peace which should be the reward of such dispositions.

I entreat M. de Malesherbes, M. Tronchet, and M. de Seze, to receive here the expressions of my gratitude and my best thanks, for the care and trouble they have taken upon themselves for me.

I conclude, declaring before God, in whose presence I am ready to appear, that my conscience does not accuse me with any of the crimes which are imputed to me.

Done (and a duplicate made thereof) at the Tower of the Temple, on the 25th day of December 1792.

(Signed) Louis.

(Underneath was written) Baudrais, Municipal Officer.

Page 305, line 12.

It is necessary here to relate some other authentic accounts of this affecting interview; extracted from details approaching nearer to cruelty and indifference, than to partiality. Although, at this afflicting period, the most hardened monsters (the ferocious Hébert himself) seemed capable of feeling and emotion.

" Between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, Maria Antoinetta, her sister, and her children, came down to the apartment of Louis XVI.....He discovered on seeing them that he expected them, and was desirous of receiving them. Maria Antoinetta threw herself at the feet of her husband; her sister and the children did the same, and Louis, who was not unfeeling (it will be seen whether impartiality does not border on barbarity) to these expressions of affection and tenderness, proved, by doing as they did, that he had a great affection for his wife and family. They continued their mutual embraces for near half an hour.....Tears, sobs, and broken sighs, were the only expressions of their mutual sorrow.....After remaining about an hour with him, Maria Antoinetta, his sister, and his children left him, after making him promise to see them before he went to bed. On leaving the room, Maria Antoinetta went up to the Municipal Officers, and told them, with an angry and threatening accent: " You are all villains." In the evening, about ten o'clock, Maria Antoinetta and Madame Elizabeth came back to see him. They appeared more tranquil; and did not remain with him as long as before. On quitting him, they made Louis promise not to go away in the morning without seeing them."

Another commissioner of the commune reports the same circumstance in the following manner.

" When the provisionary Executive Council read the decree relative to his execution to Louis, he immediately asked to speak to his wife; the commissioners expressed some reluctance. To remove all difficulty, they proposed to him to see his family in his own apartment; which he agreed to. His wife, his sister, and his children came down accordingly. The interview took place in the eating room, and lasted an hour and an half. His family on reti-

ring entreated of him to see them once more in the morning. Louis, embarrassed with their pressing solicitations, did not promise or refuse; and thus left them. Maria-Antoinetta on entering her apartment, began to cry.....*The assassins!*.....Then speaking to her son, she cried: "learn, my son, by your father's misfortunes, if you ascend the throne, not to avenge his death."

The most notorious of the monsters of this period expressed himself with regard to Louis XVI. in the manner following:

"I was determined," said he, "to be of the number of those who resolved to be present at the reading of the decree of his death to Louis. I[a] listened with extraordinary coolness while the sentence was reading. When it was ended, he asked for his family, a confessor, and all that could afford him consolation in his last moments. He infused so much grace, dignity, and grandeur into his manner and expressions, that I could not bear it. Tears of bitterness moistened my eyelids. There was something in his manner and look evidently supernatural. I retired, in order to restrain my tears which would flow in spite of me, and resolved here to end my ministry.

"I opened my mind to one of my colleagues who had not a greater degree of firmness than myself to continue his attendance, and I said, with my customary frankness, "my friend, the priests, who are members of the Convention, by voting for death, although forbidden by the sanctity of their office, composed the majority which rids us of the tyrant: therefore let the constitutional priests conduct him also to the scaffold. My colleague and myself decided that the two Municipal priests, Jacques Roux and Pierre Bernard, should conduct Louis to death."

When the unfortunate Family of Louis XVI. came to his apartment for the last time, they thought from the serenity of his countenance that he was acquitted and they gave way to the most lively joy; but the King soon undeceived them; informing them that it was the last time they should meet. No powers of language can describe the despair of this unfortunate family. The Queen flung herself against the window bars uttering piercing shrieks, and invoked the pity of feeling minds. Madame Elizabeth and Ma-

dame Royale embraced the King's knees. During this scene of anguish the Dauphin found means to escape, and was not recognized until he had reached the courts, near the street door. When stopped by the guards he wept and entreated them to let him pass. " But where will you go?" said one of the soldiers, affected by his beauty and his tears. " I will go," said he, " I will go to implore the people not to kill my papa. My God! do not prevent my speaking to them;" and with his feeble exertions he endeavoured to break from the soldiers.

One of the King's advocates confirms this act of filial piety. The author of the *Eloge Historique* does not notice it; he mentions only the grief of these Royal victims. The young princess, Maria-Charlotte, fainted, and in that state was incapable of witnessing the farewell of her august father. The Queen and Madame Elizabeth intreated the King to allow them to see him once again in the morning. This request seemed to embarrass him. " I shall see," said he. " In any case, do not afflict yourselves too much; there is a possibility of a respite."

Louis embraced his wife, his children, and his sister, for the last time; and returning to his chamber, he conversed with the priest who was waiting for him, laying aside every thought but that of eternity, on which he was now going to enter.

Page 325, line 21.

" It would have been miraculous," says a contemporary author, " if Maria-Antoinetta, the consort of a Monarch who was the victim of the first revolutionary excesses; execrated as she was by the brigands, who then tyrannized over France, had escaped in the midst of so many assassinations."

Means were accordingly sought of making her appear guilty towards the Republic in one way or another; and to endeavour to find a pretence for bringing her at least before the Revolutionary Tribunal; it was in this manner effected.

Page 328, line 20.

It was on the Queen's uttering these words that Louis made this sublime answer:

" Our eyes were not given us to weep, but to look up to Heaven, the source of all our consolations, and whence we expect them."

Extract of a Procès-verbal drawn up by the Commissioners appointed to make an accurate Search in the Apartments of the Prisoners detained in the Tower of the Temple.

This 20th day of April 1793, at a quarter before eleven at night, conformably to the decree of the council general, we, the undersigned, went to the Tower of the Temple, where at the aforesaid hour we entered the apartment of Maria-Antoinetta, widow of Louis Capet, and of her children, to take an inventory of the furniture, and of the articles found on their persons, which are as follows:—

First, we examined all the furniture of the said widow Capet, where we found nothing to excite suspicion.....On a night table alone, we found a small book, called the *Christian's Journal*, in which was an image coloured in red, representing on one side a heart in flames, pierced with a sword, and surrounded with stars, with this motto: *Cor Mariæ, ora pro nobis*; on the other side a crown of thorns and a cross under the heart with this motto: *Cor Jesus, miserere nobis.* We found also a paper consisting of four pages, intitled: *Consécration de la France au sacré Cœur de Jésus.* It began with these words: " O Jesus Christ!" and had the passages following: " all the hearts of this kingdom, from the heart of our august Monarch to that of the meanest of his subjects, we unite by the dictates of charity to offer them to you all together..... Yes, heart of Jesus, we offer you our country entirely, and the hearts of all our children.....O Holy Virgin! they are now in your hands, to which we consigned them: in consecrating ourselves

to you, as our patroness and our mother; we now beseech you to offer them to the heart of Jesus.....Presented by you he will receive them, pardon, bless, and sanctify them: he will save the whole French nation; and he will revive in it our holy religion. Amen: amen."

In Maria-Antoinetta's pockets was a red morocco pocket-book, in which we have found nothing worth description, but a tablet, in which was written in pencil: *Brugnier, quai de l'Horloge, No. 65*, and names, and residences of several persons of whom the prisoners might have occasion; besides in the same pockets was a thread-case, containing a steel pencil-case without a pencil.....

Afterwards having minutely examined the chamber occupied by Madame Elizabeth, the sister of the late Louis Capet, we found nothing suspicious; and have discovered only in a small case a stick of red sealing wax partly used, with some box-powder in the same paper.....And about two o'clock in the morning, have closed these minutes, in presence of the aforesaid ladies, who have signed with us.

(Thus signed) MARIA-ANTOINETTA.
ELIZABETH-MARIA.
BENOIT, &c. &c.

Another Extract from a Procès-verbal drawn up by the same Commissioners, on the 23d of the same Month.

We the commissioners, appointed by the council general of the Commune of Paris, in order to remove the seals from the apartment of Louis XVI, are in attendance, &c. &c.

We declare that the books, amongst which we distinguish Horace, the Imitation of Christ, the French Constitution, and the Breviary of Paris, have been put into the hands of the keeper of the prison, as also his furniture, thirty three louis, a gold watch, shoe buckles and garters of gold. The insignia and the crosses of all the orders have been deposited on the bureau of the recorder of the Commune; they shall go to the crucible that no rallying sign

of tyranny, or any relic of superstition may remain. The ribbons have been burnt in the Tower.

At renewed searches made in the prisoners apartments, no vestige whatsoever has been discovered of a correspondence without, or connivance between them, and the six members of the council, accused on the report of Tison. Excepting that in Madame Elizabeth's chamber, in a case, under the bed, was found a hat of Louis. On her being asked how she came by it, she answered, that she had it of her brother, who gave it to her when they lived together in the small Tower, *in order*, said he, *that she should have something to keep for his sake*, and on this account the hat was very dear to her. On observing to her that it was a very unusual thing to keep a hat as a token of affection, she persisted in her answer.

Notwithstanding this explanation, the commissioners add that they are not the less convinced that this hat has been conveyed to the Tower: for, on consulting the accounts, it was proved that Louis XVI. had only one hat which he took with him to the scaffold. This hat attesting the existence of an intercourse with somebody out of doors, has been deposited in the council chamber in the Temple, with a promise to return it to Madame Elizabeth, who has requested this favour with the most earnest entreaties.

Page 331, line 1.

Extract from the Registers of the Temple, 3d of July 1793, half after nine at night.

We the commissioners on duty, went to the apartment of the widow Capet, to whom we read the decree of the 1st instant of the Committee of Public Safety of the National Convention, requiring of her to conform thereto; after repeated entreaties, the widow Capet at last resolved to give us up her son; who has been placed in the apartment appointed for him by the decree of the council of this day, and put into the hands of citizen Simon to whom he is intrusted. We moreover observe that the separation

has been effected with as much feeling as was necessary, on this occasion, and on which the magistrates of the people have paid every attention compatible with the severity of their functions.

For the extract conformable to the minute.

(Signed) EUDES,
GAGNANT,
ARNAUD,
VERON,
CELLIER,
DEVEZE.

The council general heard with indifference this extract read, and then coldly passed to the order of the day.

Page 335, line 3.

The keeper one day went to a fruiterer's at the Pont St. Michel, and asked her for one of her best melons, whatever might be the price. "It is for some person of great consequence then I suppose?" "O yes," replied Richard, "at least she has been of very great consequence."—"Just God!" exclaimed the woman, "it is for the Queen....." She selected the best melon she had, and begged of the man to hasten with it to the Queen, refusing any remuneration.

Page 336, line 13.

The Chevalier de Rougeville whether from goodness of heart, or a wish to serve the Queen, desired much to see her, and used every method in his power to effect it. Having expressed his anxiety on this head, at a house near the rue du Temple, he was informed, that Michonis, one of the Municipal officers, had an easy access to her Majesty, and that he could let him see her. Michonis was to dine the following day at the same house, the Chevalier was also invited, he accepted the invitation; and next day he was one of the first who arrived. Michonis was soon after introduced; they dined; when dinner was almost over, the Queen was spoken of.

The Chevalier who had interested Michonis, by his polite and affable manners, and by his wit, hinted his desire to see the unfortunate Queen. Michonis assured him the thing was possible; and appointed him to meet him at a certain place, the day on which he was to visit the prisoner in the Conciergerie.

The day arrived; the Chevalier joined Michonis. They went together to the Conciergerie. The Queen sat opposite the window with her back to the door: she turned round and saw the Chevalier. She appeared rather surprised. Madame Richard was with Michonis; she had presumed that the person who came with the Municipal officer, was also one himself. But the involuntary emotion of Maria-Antoinetta did not escape her; she watched the Chevalier, who immediately after presented a pink to the Queen; she hesitated. At this moment of confusion a very small paper, such as have devices written on them, fell from the pink; Madame Richard stooped to take it up, the Chevalier sprung towards it at the same time, seized on the paper and swallowed it: Michonis turning round, in a sorrowful accent, cried, "Sir, you have ruined me!" Maria-Antoinetta's countenance expressed by turns astonishment and affliction. The Chevalier escaped; but some time after Michonis was beheaded.

Page 339, line 4.

The Abbé Aubert, a well known journalist, has communicated the following piece of poetry: he had thrown it aside as being very indifferent, but he found it again in 1793, and carried it always about him quite resolved to read it at the Revolutionary Tribunal should he happen to be brought before it.

Lines, which the editors are requested to insert in their paper.

D'une profonde paix nous goûtons les douceurs,
Même au milieu des fureurs de la guerre:
Louis sut, en tout temps, la donner à nos cœurs.
En l'accordant à la fière Angleterre,
Louis admit ses ennemis
Au rang de ses enfans chéris.

Sous l'autorité paternelle
De ce Prince, ami de la paix,
La France a pris une splendeur nouvelle,
Et notre amour égale ses bienfaits.

FOUQUIER DE TINVILLE, *abonné*

The delightful charms of peace we well know,
Amidst even war's clangour loud,
Peace, Louis always, on us could bestow,
By granting it England the proud.

Louis his foes admits,
To rank with friends permits.
With the paternal care,
Of this Prince, foe to war,
Encreasing splendour France obtains,
And his bounty our fond attachment gains.

Page 339, line 14.

On the 13th of September, at six o'clock in the evening, says the author of "The Trials of the Bourbons," the Queen arrayed in mourning entered the grand Hall of Audience. She was seated on a bench opposite the public accuser, Fouquier, and was guarded by two officers of the gendarmerie. Herman, who was at that time president, was appointed to interrogate her, but the Queen could scarcely see him, the Hall not being well lighted, two wax lights only being on the secretary's table. Several persons were present at this examination who, sitting in the dark, could not be easily distinguished by the Queen, notwithstanding her repeated efforts to observe their features, which seemed greatly to disturb her.

On her return from this first examination at eight o'clock at night, her Majesty called Madame Richard, and requested of her a needle and thread. "Madame, you know I am forbidden to give you any thing."—"But I am so much in want of them!"—"For

what purpose?"—"Pray do not deny me!"—The jailor's wife condescended to comply with the entreaties of Maria-Antoinetta. She brought the needle and thread; and the Queen of France taking off her shoes, mended them before Madame Richard.

END OF THE NOTES.

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